THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

WITH

AN ESSAY

ON

HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION, IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

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THE

HISTORICAL REGISTER,

FOR THE YEAR 1736,

AS ACTED AT THE

NEW THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

FIRST ACTED IN MAY 1737.

PREFACE

TO THE

DEDICATION.

AS no man hath a more stern and inflexible hatred to flattery than myself, it hath been usual with me to send most of my performances into the world without the ornament of those epistolary prefaces, commonly called Dedications; a custom however highly censured by my bookseller, who affirms it a most unchristian practice; a patron is, says he, a kind of god-father to a book, and a good author ought as carefully to provide a patron to his works, as a good parent should a godfather to his children: he carries this very far, and draws several resemblances between those two offices (for having, in the course of his trade with dramatic writers, purchased, at a moderate computation, the fee-simple of one hundred thousand similies, he is perhaps the most expert in their application, and most capable of shewing likenesses, in things utterly unlike, of any man living.) What, says he, does more service to a book, or raises curiosity in the reader, equal with——Dedicated to his Grace the Duke of——or the Right

Honourable the Earl of——in an advertisement? I think the patron here may properly be said to *give a name* to the book—and if he gives a present also; what doth he less than a god-father? which present, if the author applies to his own use, what doth he other than the parent? He proceeds to shew how a bookseller is a kind of dry nurse to our works, with other instances which I shall omit, having already said enough to prove the exact analogy between children and books, and of the method of providing for each; which I think affords a sufficient precedent for throwing the following piece on the public, it having been usual for several very prudent parents to act by their children in the same manner.

DEDICATION

TO THE

PUBLICK.

I HOPE you will pardon the presumption of this Dedication since I really did not know in what manner to apply for your leave; and since I expect no present in return; (the reason I conceive, which first introduc'd the ceremony of asking leave among Dedicators:) for surely it is somewhat absurd to ask a man leave to flatter him: and he must be a very impudent or simple fellow, or both, who will give it. Asking leave to dedicate, therefore, is asking whether you will pay for your Dedication, and in that sense I believe it understood by both authors and patrons

But farther, the very candid reception which you have given these pieces, pleads my excuse. The least civility to an author or his works, hath been held, time immemorial, a just title to a Dedication, which is perhaps no more than an honest return of flattery, and in this light I am certain no one ever had so great (I may call it) an obligation as myself, seeing that you have honoured this my performance with your presence every night

of its exhibition, where you have never failed shewing the greatest delight and approbation; nor am I less obliged to you for those eulogiums which you have been heard in all places to—but hold, I am afraid this is an ingenious way which authors have discovered to convey inward flattery to themselves, while outwardly they address it to their patron: wherefore I shall be silent on this head, having more reasons to give why I chose you to patronize these pieces: and

First, The design with which they are writ; for tho' all dramatick entertainments are properly calculated for the publick, yet these, I may affirm, more particularly belong to you: as your diversion is not merely intended by them, their design being to convey some hints, which may, if you please, be of infinite service in the present state of that theatrical world whereof they treat, and which is, I think, at present so far from flourishing as one could wish, that I have with concern observed some steps lately taken, and others too justly apprehended, that may much endanger the constitution of the British theatre: for tho' Mr.— be a very worthy man, and my very good friend, I cannot help thinking his manner of proceeding somewhat too arbitary, and his method of buying actors at exhorbitant prices to be of very ill consequence: for the town must reimburse him these expences, on which account those advanced prices so much complained of must be always continued; which tho' the people in their present flourishing state of trade and riches may very well pay, yet in worse times (if such can be supposed) I am afraid they may fall too heavy, the consequence of which I need not mention. Moreover, should any great genius produce a piece of most exquisite

contrivance, and which would be highly relished by the publick, tho' perhaps not agreeable to his own taste or private interest; if he should buy off the chief actors, such play, however excellent, must be unavoidably sunk, and the public lose all the benefit thereof. Not to trouble the reader with more inconveniences arising from this *Argumentum Argentarium*, many of which are obvious enough——I shall only observe, that corruption has the same influence on all societies, all bodies, which it hath on corporeal bodies, where we see it always produce an entire destruction and total change: for which reason, whoever attempteth to introduce into any community, doth much total change; for which reason, whoever attempteth to introduce corruption into any community, doth much the same thing, and ought to be treated in much the same manner with him who poisoneth a fountain, in order to disperse a contagion, which he is sure every one will drink of.

The last excuse I shall make for this presumption, is the necessity I have of so potent a patron to defend me from the iniquitous surmises of a certain anonymous dialogous author, who in The Gazetteer of the 17th instant has represented The Historical Register as aiming, in conjunction with The Miller of Mansfield, the overthrow of the m———y. If this suggestion had been inserted in The Craftsman or Common-sense, or any of those papers which no-body reads, it might have past unanswered; but as it appears in a paper of so general a reception as The Gazetteer, which lies in the window of almost every post-house in England, it behoves me, I think, in the most serious manner, to vindicate myself from aspersions of so evil a tendency to my future prospects. And

here I must observe, that had not mankind been either very blind or very dishonest, I need not have publickly informed them that The Register is a ministerial pamphlet, calculated to infuse into the minds of the people a great opinion of their ministry, and thereby procure an employment for the author, who has been often promised one, whenever he would write on that side. And first,

Can any thing be plainer than the first atanza of the ode?

> This is a * day, in days of yore,
> Our fathers never saw before;
> This is a day 'tis one to ten,
> Our sons will never see again.

Plainly intimating that such times as these never were seen before, nor will ever be seen again; for which the present age are certainly obliged to their ministry.

What can be meant by the scene of politicians, but to ridicule the absurd and inadequate notions persons among us, who have not the honour to know 'em, have of the ministry and their measures, nay I have put some sentiments into the mouths of these characters, which I was a little apprehensive were too low even for a conversation at an ale-house——I hope The Gazetteer will not find any resemblance here, as I hope he will not make such a compliment to any m——y, as to suppose that such persons have been ever capable of the assurance of aiming at being at the head of a great people, or to any nation, as

* For *day* in the first and third line, you may read *man*, if you please.

to suspect 'em contentedly living under such an administration.

The eagerness which these gentlemen express at applying all manner of evil characters to their patrons, brings to my mind a story I have somewhere read: As two gentlemen were walking the street together, the one said to the other, upon spying the figure of an ass hung out——Bob, Bob, look yonder, some impudent rascal has hung out your picture on a sign-post: The grave companion, who had the misfortune to be extremely short-sighted, fell into a violent rage, and calling for the master of the house threatened to prosecute him, for exposing his features in that publick manner: The poor landlord, as you may well conceive, was extremely astonished, and denied the fact; upon which the witty spark, who had just mentioned the resemblance, appeals to the mob now assembled together, who soon smoked the jest, and agreed with him that the sign was the exact picture of the gentleman: At last a good-natur'd man, taking compassion of the poor figure, whom he saw the jest of the multitude, whisper'd in his ear; Sir, I see your eyes are bad, and that your friend is a rascal and imposes on you; the sign hung out is the sign of an ass, nor will your picture be here unless you draw it yourself.

But I ask pardon for troubling the reader with an impertinent story, which can be apply'd only in the above-mentioned instance to my present subject.

I proceed in my defence to the scene of the patriots; a scene which I thought would have made my fortune, seeing that the favorite scheme of turning patriotism into a jest is so industriously pursued, and I will challenge all the ministerial

advocates to shew me, in the whole bundle of their writings, one passage where false patriotism (for I suppose they have not the impudence to mean any other) is set in a more contemptible and odious light than in the aforesaid scene. I hope too it will be remarked, that the politicians are represented as a set of blundering blockheads rather deserving pity than abhorrence, whereas the others are represented as a set of cunning, self-interested fellows, who for a little paltry bribe would give up the liberties and properties of their country. Here is the danger, here is the rock on which our constitution must, if ever it does, split. The liberties of a people have been subdued by the conquest of valour and force, and have been betrayed by the subtle and dexterous arts of refined policy, but these are rare instances; for geniuses of this kind are not the growth of every age, whereas, if a general corruption be once introduced, and those, who should be the guardians and bulwarks of our liberty, once find, or think they find an interest in giving it up, no great capacity will be required to destroy it: On the contrary the meanest, lowest, dirtiest, fellow, if such a one should have ever the assurance in future ages to mimick power, and brow-beat his betters, will be as able as Machiavel himself could have been, to root out the liberties of the bravest people.

But I am aware I shall be asked, who is this Quidam, that turns the patriots into ridicule, and bribes them out of their honesty? Who but the devil could act such a part? Is not this the light wherein he is every where described in scripture, and the writings of our best divines? Gold hath been always his favorite bait wherewith he fisheth

for sinners; and his laughing at the poor wretches he seduceth, is as diabolical an attribute as any. Indeed it is so plain who is meant by this Quidam, that he who maketh any wrong application thereof might as well mistake the name of Thomas for John, or Old Nick for old Bob.

I think I have said enough to assure every impartial person of my innocence, against all malicious insinuations; and farther to convince them that I am a ministerial writer, (an honour I am highly ambitious of attaining) I shall proceed now to obviate an opinion entertain'd by too many, that a certain person is sometimes the author, often the corrector of the press, and always the patron, of the Gazetteer. To shew the folly of this supposition I shall only insist, that all persons tho' they should not afford him any extraordinary genius, nor any (the least) taste in polite literature, will grant me this Datum, that the said certain person is a man of an ordinary capacity, and a moderate share of common-sense: Which if allowed, I think it will follow that it is impossible he should either write, or countenance a paper written, not only without the least glimmering of genius, the least pretention to taste, but in direct opposition to all common-sense whatever.

If any one should ask me, How then is it carried on? I shall only answer with my politicians, I cannot tell, unless by the assistance of the old gentleman, just before mentioned, who would, I think, alone protect or patronize, as I think, indeed, he is the only person who could invent some of the schemes avowed in, that paper; which, if it does not immediately disappear, I do intend shortly to attempt conjuring it down, intending to publish a paper in defence of the m———y

against the wicked, malicious, and sly insinuations conveyed in the said paper.

You will excuse a digression so necessary to take off surmises, which may prove so prejudicial to my fortune; which however, if I should not be able to accomplish, I hope you will make me some amends for what I suffer by endeavouring your entertainment. The very great indulgence you have shewn my performances at the little theatre, these two last years, have encouraged me to the proposal of a subscription for carrying on that theatre, for beautifying and enlarging it, and procuring a better company of actors. If you think proper to subscribe to these proposals I assure you no labour shall be spared on my side, to entertain you in a cheaper and better manner than seems to be the intention of any other. If nature hath given me any talents at ridiculing vice and imposture, I shall not be indolent, nor afraid of exerting them, while the liberty of the press and stage subsists, that is to say, while we have any liberty left among us. I am, to the publick,

a most sincere Friend,

and most devoted Servant.

THE

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

&c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Medley	Mr. Roberts.
Sourwit	Mr. Lacey.
Lord Dapper	Mr. Ward.
Ground Ivy	Mr. Jones.
Hen, the Auctioneer	Mrs. Charke.
Apollo's Bastard Son	Mr. Blakes.
Pistol	Mr. Davis.
Quidam	Mr. Smith.
Politicians	Mr. Jones. Mr. Topping. Mr. Woodburn Mr. Smith. Mr. Machen.
Patriots	Mr. Topping. Mr. Machen. Mr. Pullen. Mr. Woodburn
Banter	Mr. Smith.
Dangle	Mr. Lowther.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Screen	Mrs. Haywood
Mrs. Barter	Miss Kawer.
Ladies	Mrs. Charke. Mrs. Haywood Mrs. Lacey. Miss Jones.

Prompter, Actors, &c.

THE

HISTORICAL REGISTER,

FOR THE YEAR 1736.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, the Play-house.

Enter several Players.

1*st. Player.*

MR. Emphasis, good morrow, you are early at the rehearsal this morning.

Emph. Why, faith, Jack, our beer and beef sat but ill on my stomach, so I got up to try if I could not walk it off.

1*st.Play.* I wish I had any thing in my stomach to walk off; if matters do not get better with us shortly, my teeth will forget their office.

2*d Play.* These are poor times indeed, not like the days of Pasquin.

1*st Play.* Oh! name 'em not! those were glorious days indeed, the days of beef and punch; my friends, when come there such again?

2d Play. Who knows what this new author may produce? Faith I like my part very well.

1st. Play. Nay, if variety will please the town, I am sure there is enough of it, but I could wish, methinks, the satire had been a little stronger, a little plainer.

2d Play. Now I think it is plain enough.

1st Play. Hum! Ay, it is intelligible; but I would have it downright; 'gad, I fancy I could write a thing to succeed, myself.

2d Play Ay, prithee, what subject woud'st thou write on?

1st Play. Why no subject at all, Sir, but I would have a humming deal of satire, and I would repeat in every page, that courtiers are cheats and don't pay their debts, that lawyers are rogues, physicians, blockheads, soldiers, cowards, and ministers——

2d Play. What, what, Sir?

1st Play. Nay, I'll only name 'em, that's enough to set the audience a-hooting.

2d. Play. Zounds, Sir, here is wit enough for a whole play in one speech.

1st Play. For one play, why, Sir, it's all I have extracted out of above a dozen.

2d. Play. Who have we here?

1st Play. Some gentlemen, I suppose, come to hear the rehearsal.

Enter SOURWIT *and* Lord DAPPER.

Lord Dap. Pray, Gentlemen, don't you rehearse the Historical Register, this morning?

1st. Play. Sir, we expect the author every minute.

Sour. What is this Historical Register, is it a Tragedy? or a Comedy?

1*st. Play.* Upon my word, Sir, I can't tell.

Sour. Then I suppose you have no part in it.

1*st Play.* Yes, Sir, I have several, but——O, here is the author himself, I suppose he can tell, Sir.

Sour. Faith, Sir, that's more than I suppose.

Enter MEDLEY.

Med. My Lord your most obedient servant; this is a very great, and unexpected favour indeed, my Lord. Mr. Sourwit, I kiss your hands; I am very glad to see you here.

Sour. That's more than you may be by-and-by, perhaps.

Lord Dap. We are come to attend your rehearsal, Sir; Pray, when will it begin?

Med. This very instant, my Lord: gentlemen, I beg you would be all ready, and let the Prompter bring me some copies for these gentlemen.

Sour. Mr. Medley, you know I am a plain speaker, so you will excuse any liberties I take.

Med. Dear Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sour. Then I must tell you, Sir, I am a little stagger'd at the name of your piece; doubtless, Sir, you know the rules of writing, and I can't guess how you can bring the actions of a whole year into the circumference of four and twenty hours.

Med. Sir, I have several answers to make to your objection; in the first place, my piece is not of a nature confin'd to any rules, as being avowedly irregular, but if it was otherwise, I think I could quote you precedents of plays that neglect

them; besides, Sir, if I comprise the whole actions of the year in half an hour, will you blame me, or those who have done so little in that time? My Register is not to be fill'd like those of vulgar news-writers, with trash for want of news, and therefore if I say little or nothing, you may thank those who have done little or nothing.

Enter PROMPTER *with Books.*

Oh! here are my books.

Sour. In print already, Mr. Medley?

Med. Yes, Sir, it is the safest way, for if a man stays till he is damn'd, it is possible he never may get into print at all; the town is capricious, for which reason always print as fast as you write, that if they damn your play, they may not damn your copy too.

Sour. Well, Sir, and pray what is your design, your plot?

Med. Why, Sir, I have several plots, some pretty deep, and some but shallow.

Sour. I hope, Sir, they all conduce to the main design.

Med. Yes, Sir they do.

Sour. Pray, Sir, what is that?

Med. To divert the town and bring full houses.

Sour. Pshaw! you misunderstand me, I mean what is your moral, your, your, your——

Med. Oh! Sir, I comprehend you———Why, Sir, my design is to ridicule the vicious and foolish customs of the age, and that in a fair manner, without fear, favour, or ill-nature, and without scurrility, ill-manners, or common-place; I hope to expose the reigning follies in such a manner

that men shall laugh themselves out of them before they feel that they are touch'd.

Sour. But what thread or connexion can you have in this history? For instance, how is your political connected with your theatrical?

Med. O very easily—When my politicks come to a farce, they very naturally lead me to the play-house, where, let me tell you, there are some politicians too, where there is lying, flattering, dissembling, promising, deceiving, and undermining, as well as in any court in Christendom.

Enter a PLAYER.

Play. Won't you begin your rehearsal, Sir?

Med. Ay, ay, with all my heart, is the musick ready for the prologue?

Sour. Musick for the prologue!

Med. Ay, Sir, I intend to have every thing new, I had rather be the author of my own dulness than the publisher of other men's wit; and really, Mr. Sourwit, the subjects for prologues are utterly exhausted: I think the general method has been either to frighten the audience with the author's reputation, or to flatter them to give their applause, or to beseech them to it, and that in a manner that will serve for every play alike: now, Sir, my prologue will serve for no play but my own, and to that I think nothing can be better adapted, for as mine is the history of the year what can be a properer prologue than an Ode to the New Year?

Sour. An Ode to the New Year?

Med. Yes, Sir, an Ode to the New Year—Come, begin, begin.

Enter PROMPTER.

Promp. Sir, the prologue is ready.

Sour. Dear Medley, let me hear you read it, possibly it may be sung so fine I may not understand a word of it.

Med. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

This is a day, in days of yore,
Our fathers never saw before:
This is a day, 'tis one to ten,
Our sons will never see again.
    Then sing the day,
    And sing the song,
    And thus be merry,
    All day long.

This is the day,
And that's the night,
When the sun shall be gay,
And the moon shall be bright.

The sun shall rise,
All in the skies;
The moon shall go,
All down below.
    Then sing the day
    And sing the song;
    And thus be merry
    All day along.

Ay, ay, come on, and sing it away.

Enter Singers, *who sing the Ode.*

Med. There, Sir, there's the very quintessence and cream of all the odes I have seen for several years last past.

Sour. Ay, Sir, I thought you wou'd not be the publisher of another man's wit?

Med. No more I an't, Sir, for the devil of any wit did I ever see in any of them.

Sour. Oh! your most humble Servant, Sir.

Med. Your's Sir, yours; now for my play; Prompter, are the politicians all ready at the table?

Promp. I'll go and see, Sir. [*Exit.*

Med. My first scene, Mr. Sourwit, lies in the island of Corsica, being at present the chief scene of politicks of all Europe.

Enter Prompter.

Promp. Sir, they are ready.

Med. Then draw the scene, and discover them.

Scene draws and discovers five Politicians *sitting at a table.*

Sour. Here's a mistake in the print, Mr. Medley, I observe the second politician is the first person who speaks.

Med. Sir, my first and greatest politician never speaks at all, he is a very deep man, by which, you will observe, I convey this moral, that the chief art of a politician is to keep a secret.

Sour. To keep his politicks a secret, I suppose you mean.

Med. Come, Sir, begin,

2d Polit. Is king Theodore return'd yet?

3d Polit. No.

2d Polit. When will he return?

3d Polit. I cannot tell.

Sour. This politician seems to me to know very little of the matter.

Med. Zounds, Sir, would you have him a prophet as well as a politician? You see, Sir, he knows what's past, and that's all he ought to know; 'sblood, Sir, would it be in the character of a politician to make him a conjurer? Go on, gentlemen: pray, Sir, don't interrupt their debates, for they are of great consequence.

2d Polit. These mighty preparations of the Turks are certainly design'd against some place or other; now, the question is, What place they are design'd against? And that is a question which I cannot answer.

3d Polit. But it behoves us to be upon our guard.

4th Polit. It does, and the reason is, because we know nothing of the matter.

2d Polit. You say right, it is easy for a man to guard against dangers which he knows of, but to guard against dangers which no body knows of, require a very great politician.

Med. Now, Sir, I suppose you think that no body knows any thing.

Sour. Faith, Sir, it appears so.

Med. Ay, Sir, but there is one who knows, that little gentleman, yonder in the chair, who says nothing, knows it all.

Sour. But how do you intend to convey this knowledge to the audience?

Med. Sir, they can read it in his looks; 'sblood, Sir, must not a politician be thought a wise man without his giving instances of his wisdom?

5th Polit. Hang foreign affairs, let us apply ourselves to money.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

Med. Gentlemen, that over again—and be sure to snatch hastily at the money; you're pretty politicians truly,

5th Polit. Hang foreign affairs, let us apply ourselves to money.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

2d Polit. All we have to consider relating to money is how we shall get it.

3d Polit. I think we ought first to consider whether there is any to be got, which, if there be, I do readily agree that the next question is how to come at it.

Omnes. Hum.

Sour. Pray, Sir, what are these gentlemen in Corsica?

Med. Why, Sir, they are the ablest heads in the kingdom, and consequently the greatest men; for you may be sure all well-regulated governments, as I represent this of Corsica to be, will employ in their greatest posts men of the greaest capacity.

2d Polit. I have consider'd the matter, and I find it must be by a tax.

3d Polit. I thought of that, and was considering what was not tax'd already.

2d Polit. Learning; suppose we put a tax upon learning.

3d Polit. Learning, it is true, is a useless com-

modity, but I think we had better lay it on Ignorance; for Learning being the property but of a very few, and those poor ones too, I am afraid we can get little among them; whereas Ignorance will take in most of the great fortunes in the kingdom.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay. [*Exeunt* Politicians.

Sour. Faith, it's very generous in these gentlemen to tax themselves so readily.

Med. Ay, and very wise too, to prevent the people's grumbling, and they will have it all among themselves.

Sour. But what is become of the politicians?

Med. They are gone, Sir, they're gone; they have finish'd the business they met about, which was to agree on a tax, that being done—they are gone to raise it; and this, Sir, is the full account of the whole history of Europe, as far as we know of it, compriz'd in one scene.

Sour. The devil it is! Why, you have not mentioned one word of France, or Spain, or the Emperor.

Med. No, Sir, I turn those over to the next year, by which time we may possibly know something what they are about; at present our advices are so very uncertain, I know not what to depend on; but come, Sir, now you shall have a council of ladies.

Sour. Does this scene lie in Corsica too?

Med. No, no, this lies in London—You know, Sir, it would not have been quite so proper to have brought English politicians (of the male kind I mean) on the stage, because our politicks are not quite so famous: but in female politicians, to the honour of my countrywomen I say it, I believe

no country can excel us; come, draw the scene and discover the ladies.

Promp. Sir, they are not here; one of them is practising above stairs with a dancing-master, and I can't get her down.

Med. I'll fetch 'em, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Sour. Well, my Lord, what does your lordship think of what you have seen?

Lord Dap. Faith Sir, I did not observe it; but it's damn'd stuff, I am sure.

Sour. I think so, and I hope your lordship will not encourage it. They are such men as your lordship, who must reform the age; if persons of your exquisite and refined taste will give a sanction to politer entertainments, the town will soon be asham'd of laughing at what they do now.

Lord Dap. Really, this is a very bad house.

Sour. It is not indeed so large as the others, but I think one hears better in it.

Lord Dap. Pox of hearing, one can't see—— one's self I mean; here are no looking-glasses; I love Lincoln's-Inn-Fields for that reason better than any house in town.

Sour. Very true, my Lord; but I wish your Lordship would think it worth your consideration, as the morals of a people depend, as has been so often and well prov'd, entirely on the public diversions, it would be of great consequence that those of the sublimest kind should meet with your lordship's and the rest of the nobility's countenance.

Lord Dap. Mr. Sourwit, I am always ready to give my countenance to any thing of that kind, which might bring the best company together; for as one does not go to see the play but the company, I think that's chiefly to be considered;

and therefore I am always ready to countenance good plays.

Sour. No one is a better judge what is so than your Lordship.

Lord Dap. Not I indeed, Mr. Sourwit——but as I am one half of the play in the Green-room talking to the actresses, and the other half in the boxes talking to the woman of quality, I have an opportunity of seeing something of the play, and perhaps may be as good a judge as another.

Enter MEDLEY.

Med. My Lord, the ladies cannot begin yet, if your lordship will honour me in the Green-room, there you will find it pleasanter than upon this cold stage.

Lord Dap. With all my heart——Come, Mr. Sourwit.

Sour. I attend your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Promp. Thou art a sweet judge of plays, indeed! and yet it is in the power of such sparks as these to damn an honest fellow, both in his profit and reputation! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter MEDLEY, Lord DAPPER, SOURWIT, *and* PROMPTER.

Medley.

COME, draw the scene, and discover the ladies in Council; pray, my Lord, sit.

[*The scene draws and discovers four ladies.*

Sour. What are these Ladies assembled about?

Med. Affairs of great importance, as you will see———Please to begin all of you.

[*The ladies all speak together.*

All Ladies. Was you at the opera, Madam, last night?

2d. Lady. Who can miss an opera while Farinello stays?

3d Lady. Sure he's the charmingest creature.

4th Lady. He's every thing in the world one could wish.

1st Lady. Almost every thing one could wish.

2d Lady. They say there's a lady in the city has a child by him.

All Ladies. Ha, ha, ha!

2st Lady. Well, it must be charming to have a child by him.

3d Lady. Madam, I met a lady in a visit the other day with three.

All Ladies. All Farinello's.

3d Lady. All Farinello's, all in wax.

1st. *Lady*. O Gemini! Who makes them, I'll send and bespeak half a dozen to-morrow morning.

2d *Lady*. I'll have as many as I can cram into a coach with me.

Sour. Mr. Medley, Sir, is this history? this must be invention.

Med. Upon my word, Sir, it's fact, and I take it to be the most extraordinary accident that has happen'd in the whole year, and as well worth recording. Faith, Sir, let me tell you, I take it to be ominous, for if we go on to improve in luxury, effeminacy and debauchery, as we have done lately, the next age, for aught I know, may be more like the children of squeaking Italians than hardy Britons.

All Ladies. Don't interrupt us, dear Sir.

1st. *Lady*. What mighty pretty company they must be?

2d *Lady*. Oh, the prettiest company in the world.

3d *Lady*. If one could but teach them to sing like their father.

4th *Lady*. I am afraid my husband won't let me keep them, for he hates I shou'd be fond of any thing but himself.

All Ladies. O the unreasonable creature!

1st *Lady*. If my husband was to make any objection to my having 'em, I'd run away from him, and take the dear babies with me.

Med. Come, enter beau Dangle.

Enter DANGLE.

Dang. Fy upon it, Ladies, what are you doing here? Why are you not at the auction? Mr. Hen has been in the pulpit this half hour.

1st Lady. Oh, dear Mr. Hen, I ask his pardon, I never miss him.

2d Lady. What's to be sold to day?

1st Lady. Oh, I never mind that; there will be all the world there.

Dang. You'll find it almost impossible to get in.

All Ladies. Oh! I shall be quite miserable if I don't get in.

Dang. Then you must not lose a moment.

All Ladies. O! not a moment for the world.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Med. They are gone.

Sour. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Lord Dap. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, that last is an exceeding good scene, and full of a great deal of politeness, good sense, and philosophy.

Med. It's nature, my lord, it's nature.

Sour. Faith, Sir, the ladies are much oblig'd to you.

Med. Faith, Sir, it's more than I desire such ladies, as I represent here, shou'd be; as for the nobler part of the sex, for whom I have the greatest honour, their characters can be no better set off, than by ridiculing that light, trifling, giddy-headed crew, who are a scandal to their own sex, and a curse on ours.

Promp. Gentlemen, you must make room, for the curtain must be let down, to prepare the auction-room.

Med. My lord, I believe you will be best before the curtain, for we have but little room behind, and a great deal to do.

Sour. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, I must ask you the same question which one of your ladies did just now; what do you intend to sell at this

auction, the whole stock in trade of some milliner or mercer who has left off business?

Med. Sir, I intend to sell such things as were never sold in any auction before, nor ever will again: I can assure you, Mr. Sourwit, this scene which I look on as the best in the whole performance, will require a very deep attention; Sir, if you should take one pinch of snuff during the whole scene, you will lose a joke by it, and yet they lie pretty deep too, and may escape obserservation from a moderate understanding, unless very closely attended to.

Sour. I hope, however, they don't lie as deep as the dumb gentleman's politicks did in the first act; if so, nothing but an inspir'd understanding can come at 'em.

Med. Sir, this scene is writ in allegory, and tho' I have endeavoured to make it as plain as possible; yet all allegory will require a strict attention to be understood, Sir.

Promp. Sir, every thing is ready.

Med. Then draw up the curtain——Come, enter Mrs. Screen and Mrs. Barter.

The AUCTION.

SCENE *an Auction Room, a Pulpit and Forms plac'd, and several people walking about, some seated near the Pulpit.*

Enter MRS. SCREEN *and* MRS. BARTER.

Mrs. Screen. Dear Mrs. Barter!

Mrs. Bart. Dear Madam, you are early today.

Mrs. Screen. Oh, if one does not get near the pulpit, one does nothing, and I intend to buy a great deal to-day; I believe I shall buy the whole auction, at least if things go cheap; you won't bid against me?

Mrs. Bart. You know I never bid for any thing?

Enter BANTER *and* DANGLE.

Bant. That's true Mrs. Barter, I'll be your evidence.

Mrs. Screen. Are you come? now I suppose we shall have fine bidding; I don't expect to buy cheaper than at a shop.

Bant. That's unkind, Mrs. Screen, you know I never bid against you: it would be cruel to bid against a lady who frequents auctious, only with a design one day or other to make one great auction of her own: No, no, I will not prevent the filling your warehouse; I assure you, I bid against no haberdashers of all wares.

Mrs. Bart. You are a mighty civil person, truly.

Bant. You need not take up the cudgels, Madam, who are of no more consequence at an auction than a mayor at a sessions; you only come here where you have nothing to do, to shew people you have nothing to do any where else.

Mrs. Bart. I don't come to say rude things to all the world as you do.

Bant. No, the world may thank heaven, that did not give you wit enough to do that.

Mrs. Screen. Let him alone, he will have his jest.

Mrs. Bart. You don't think I mind him, I

hope; but pray, Sir, of what great use is your friend Mr. Dangle, here?

Bant. Oh, he is of very great use to all women of understanding.

Dang. Ay, of what use am I, pray?

Bant. To keep 'em at home, that they may not hear the silly things you say to 'em.

Mrs. Screen. I hope, Mr. Banter, you will not banish all people from places where they are of no consequence! you will allow 'em to go to an assembly or a masquerade, without either playing, dancing, or intriguing; you will let people go to an opera without any ear, to a play without any taste, and to a church without any religion?

Enter Mr. HEN, *Auctioneer, (bowing.)*

Mrs. Screen. Oh! dear Mr. Hen, I am glad you are come, you are horrible late to-day.

Hen. Madam, I am just mounting the pulpit; I hope you like the catalogue, ladies?

Mrs. Screen. There are some good things here, if you are not too dilatory with your hammer.

Bant. Boy, give me a catalogue.

Hen. [*In the pulpit.*] I dare swear, Gentlemen and Ladies, this auction will give general satisfaction; it is the first of its kind which I ever had the honour to exhibit, and I believe I may challenge the world to produce some of the curiosities which this choice cabinet contains: A catalogue of curiosities which were collected by the indefatigable pains of that celebrated virtuoso, Peter Humdrum, Esq. which will be sold by auction, by Christopher Hen, on Monday, the 21st day of March, beginning at lot 1. Gentlemen

and ladies, this is lot 1. A most curious remnant of Political Honesty. Who puts it up, Gentlemen? It will make you a very good cloke, you see it's both sides alike, so you may turn it as as often as you will——Come, five pounds for this curious remnant: I assure you several great men have made their birth-day suits out of the same piece ——It will wear for ever, and never be the worse for wearing——Five pounds is bid——no body more than five pounds for this curious piece of Political Honesty, five pound, no more—[*knocks*] Lord Both Sides. Lot 2. A most delicate piece of Patriotism, Gentlemen, who bids? ten pounds for this piece of Patriotism?

1st Court. I would not wear it for a thousand pound.

Hen. Sir, I assure you, several gentlemen at court have worn the same; it's quite a different thing within to what it is without.

1st Court. Sir, it is prohibited goods, I shan't run the risk of being brought into Westminster-hall for wearing it.

Hen. You take it for the Old Patriotism, whereas it is indeed like that in nothing but the cut; but alas! Sir, there is a great difference in the stuff. But, Sir, I don't propose this for a town-suit, this is only proper for the country; consider, Gentlemen, what a figure this will make at an election ——Come, five pound——One guinea——put Patriotism by.

Bant. Ay, put it by, one day or other it may be in fashion.

Hen. Lot. 3. Three grains of Modesty: Come, Ladies, consider how scarce this valuable commodity is.

Mrs. Screen. Yes, and out of fashion too, Mr. Hen.

Hen. I ask your pardon, Madam, it is true French, I assure you, and never changes colour on any account——Half a crown for all this Modesty———Is there not one lady in the room who wants any Modesty?

1*st. Lady.* Pray, Sir, what is it? for I can't see it at this distance.

Hen. It cannot be seen at any distance, Madam, but it is a beautiful powder which makes a fine wash for the complexion.

Mrs. Screen. I thought you said it was true French, and wou'd not change the colour of the skin?

Hen. No, it will not, Madam; but it serves mighty well to blush behind a fan with, or to wear under a lady's mask at a masquerade—— What, nobody bid———Well, lay Modesty aside——Lot 4. One Bottle of Courage, formerly in the possession of lieutenant colonel Ezekiel Pipkin, citizen, alderman and tallow-chandler——What, is there no officer of the train'd-bands here? Or it will serve an officer of the army as well in time of peace, nay, even war, Gentlemen; it will serve all of you who sell out.

1*st Off.* Is the bottle whole? is there no crack in it?

Hen. None, Sir, I assure you; tho' it has been in many engagements in Tothill-fields; nay it has serv'd a campaign or two in Hyde-park, since the alderman's death——it will never waste while you stay at home, but it evaporates immediately if carried abroad.

1st Off. Damn me, I don't want it; but a man can't have too much Courage———Three Shillings for it.

Hen. Three shillings are bid for this bottle of Courage.

1st Beau. Four.

Bant. What do you bid for Courage for?

1st Beau. Not for myself, but I have a commission to buy it for a lady.

1st Off. Five.

Hen. Five shillings, five shillings for all this Courage; no-body more than five shillings? [*knocks.*] your name, Sir?

1st Off. Mackdonald O'Thunder.

Hen. Lot 5, and lot 6. All the Wit lately belonging to Mr. Hugh Pantomine, composer of entertainments for the play-houses, and Mr. William Goosequill, composer of political papers in defence of a ministry; shall I put up these together?

Bant. Ay, it is a pity to part them, where are they?

Hen. Sir, in the next room, where any gentleman may see them, but they are too heavy to bring in; they are near three hundred volumes in folio.

Bant. Put them by, who the devil would bid for them unless he was the manager of some house or other? The town has paid enough for their works already.

Hen. Lot 7. A very clear Conscience, which has been worn by a judge and a bishop.

Mrs. Screen. Is it as clean as if it was new?

Hen. Yes, no dirt will stick to it, and pray observe how capacious it is; it has one particular quality, put as much as you will into it, it is

never full: Come, Gentlemen, don't be afraid to bid for this, for whoever has it will never be poor.

Beau. One shilling for it.

Hen. O fy, Sir, I am sure you want it, for if you had any Conscience, you would put it up at more than that: Come, fifty pound for this Conscience.

Bant. I'll give fifty pound to get rid of my Conscience with all my heart.

Hen. Well, Gentlemen, I see you are resolv'd not to bid for it, so I'll lay it by: Come, lot 8, a very considerable quantity of Interest at Court; come, a hundred pound for this Interest at Court.

Omnes. For me, Mr. Hen!

Hen. A hundred pound is bid in a hundred places, Gentlemen.

Beau. Two hundred pound.

Hen. Two hundred pound, two hundred and fifty, three hundred pound, three hundred and fifty, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, a thousand; a thousand pound is bid, Gentlemen, no body more than a thousand pounds for this Interest at Court; no body more than one thousand? [*knocks.*] Mr. Littlewit.

Bant. Damn me, I know a shop where I can buy it for less.

Lord Dup. Egad, you took me in, Mr. Medley, I could not help bidding for it.

Med. It's a sure sign it's nature, my Lord, and I should not be surpriz'd to see the whole audience stand up and bid for it too.

Hen. All the Cardinal Virtues, lot 9. Come, Gentlemen, put in these Cardinal Virtues.

Gent. Eighteen-pence.

Hen. Eighteen-pence is bid for these Cardinal Virtues; no body more than eighteen pence?

Eighteen pence for all these Cardinal Virtues, no body more. All these Virtues, Gentlemen, are going for eighteen pence; perhaps there is not so much more Virtue in the world, as here is, and all going for eighteen pence: [*knocks*] Your name, Sir.

Gent. Sir, here's a mistake; I thought you had said a Cardinal's Virtues; 'sblood, Sir, I thought to have bought a pennyworth; here's Temperance and Chastity, and a pack of stuff that I would not give three farthings for.

Hen. Well, lay 'em by: Lot 10, and lot 11, A great deal of Wit, and a little Common Sense.

Bant. Why do you put up these together? they have no relation to each other.

Hen. Well, the Sense by itself: then lot 10, a little Common Sense——I assure you, Gentlemen, this is a very valuable commodity; come, who puts it in?

Med. You observe, as valuable as it is, no body bids? I take this, if I may speak in the stile of a great writer, to be a most emphatical silence; you see, Mr. Sourwit, no one speaks against this lot, and the reason no body bids for it, is because every one thinks he has it.

Hen. Lay it by, I'll keep it myself: lot 12.

[*Drum beats.*

Sour. Hey-day! What's to be done, now, Mr. Medley?

Med. Now, Sir, the sport begins.

Enter a Gentleman laughing. [*Hazza within.*

Bant. What's the matter?

Gent. There's a sight without would kill all mankind with laughing: Pistol is run mad, and

thinks himself a great man, and he's marching thro' the streets with a drum and fiddles.

Bant. Please heaven, I'll go and see this sight. [*Exit.*

Omnes. And so will I. [*Exeunt.*

Hen. Nay, if every one else goes, I don't know why I should stay behind.

Lord Dap. Mr. Sourwit, we'll go too.

Med. If your Lordship will have but a little patience, 'till the scene be chang'd, you shall see him on the stage.

Sour. Is not this jest a little over-acted?

Med. I warrant, we don't over-act him half so much as he does his parts; tho' 'tis not so much his acting capacity which I intend to exhibit as his ministerial.

Sour. His ministerial!

Med. Yes Sir; you may remember I told you before my rehearsal that there was a strict resemblance between the states political and theatrical; there is a ministry in the latter as well as the former; and I believe as weak a ministry as any poor kingdom could ever boast of; parts are given in the latter to actors, with much the same regard to capacity, as places in the former have sometimes been, in former ages I mean; and tho' the publick damn both, yet while they both receive their pay, they laugh at the publick behind the scenes; and if one considers the plays that come from one part, and the writings from the other, one would be apt to think the same authors were retain'd in both: But, come, change the scene into the street, and then enter Pistol *cum suis*——————Hitherto, Mr. Sourwit, as we have had only to do with inferior characters, such as beaux and tailors, and so forth, we have

dealt in the prosaick; now we are going to introduce a more considerable person, our muse will rise in her stile: Now, Sir, for a taste of the sublime; come, enter Pistol.

[*Drum beats, and fiddles play.*

Enter PISTOL *and Mob.*

Pist. Associates, brethren, countrymen, and friends,
Partakers with us in this glorious enterprize,
Which for our consort we have undertaken;
It grieves us much, yes by the gods it does!
That we whose great ability and parts
Have rais'd us to this pinnacle of power,
Entitling us prime minister theatrical;
That we shou'd with an upstart of the stage
Contend successless on our consort's side;
But tho' by just hereditary right
We claim a lawless power, yet for some reasons,
Which to ourself we keep as yet conceal'd
Thus to the publick, deign we to appeal:
Behold how humbly the great Pistol kneels.
Say then, Oh Town, is it your royal will,
That my great consort represent the part
Of Polly Peachum in the Beggar's Opera?

[*Mob hiss.*

Pist. Thanks to the town, that hiss speaks their assent;
Such was the hiss that spoke the great applause,
Our mighty father met with, when he brought
His Riddle on the stage; such was the hiss,
Welcom'd his Cæsar to the Egptian shore;
Such was the hiss, in which great John shou'd have expired:
But, wherefore do I try in vain to number

Those glorious hisses, which from age to age
Our family has borne triumphant from the stage?

Med. Get thee gone for the prettiest hero that ever was shown on any stage. [*Exit* Pistol.

Sour. Short and sweet, faith; what, are we to have no more of him?

Med. Ay, ay, Sir: he's only gone to take a little breath.

Lord Dap. If you please; Sir, in the mean time, we'll go to take a little fire, for 'tis confounded cold upon the stage.

Med. I wait upon your lordship: stop the rehearsal a few moments, we'll be back again instantly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter MEDLEY, SOURWIT, *and* Lord DAPPER.

Medley.

NOW, my Lord, for why modern Apollo: come make all things ready, and draw the scene as soon as you can.

Sour. Modern, why modern? You common-place satirists are always endeavouring to persuade us, that the age we live in, is worse than any other has been, whereas mankind have differ'd very little since the world began; for one age has been as bad as another.

Med. Mr. Sourwit, I do not deny that men have been always bad enough; vice and folly are not the invention of our rage; but I will maintain, that what I intend to ridicule in the following scene, is the whole and sole production and invention of some people now living; and faith, let me tell you, tho' perhaps the publick may not be the better for it, it is an invention exceeding all the discoveries of every philosopher or mathematician, from the beginning of the world to this day.

Sour. Ay, pray what is it?

Med. Why, Sir, it is a discovery lately found out, that a man of great parts, learning, and virtue, is fit for no employment whatever; that an estate renders a man unfit to be trusted; that being a blocked is a qualification for business; that honesty is the only sort of folly for which a man ought to be utterly neglected and contemned. And—But here is the inventor himself.

Scene draws, and discovers Apollo *in a great Chair, surrounded by Attendants.*

Come, bring him forward, that the audience may see and hear him: you must know, Sir, this is a bastard of Apollo, begotten on that beautiful nymph Moria, who sold oranges to Thespis's company, or rather cart-load, of comedians; and being a great favourite of his father's, the old gentleman settled upon him the entire direction of all our play-houses and poetical performances whatever.

Apol. Prompter.

Promp. Sir.

Apol. Is there any thing to be done?

Promp. Yes, Sir, this play to be cast.

Apol. Give it me. The life and death of king John, writttten by Shakespear: who can act the king?

Promp. Pistol, Sir, he loves to act it behind the scenes.

Apol. Here are a parcel of English lords.

Promp. Their parts are but of little consequence; I will take care to cast them.

Apol. Do; but be sure you give them to actors who will mind their cues——Faulconbridge—— What sort of a character is he?

Promp. Sir, he is a warrior, my cousin here will do him very well.

1st Play. I do a warrior! I never learnt to fence.

Apol. No matter, you will have no occasion to fight; can you look fierce, and speak well?

1st Play. Boh!

Apol. I would not desire a better warrior in the house than yourself.——Robert Faulconbridge ——What is this Robert?

Promp. Really, Sir, I don't well know what he is, his chief desire seems to be for land, I think; he is no very considerable character, any body may do him well enough; or if you leave him quite out, the play will be little the worse for it.

Apol. Well, I'll leave it to you——Peter of Pomfret, a prophet——Have you any body that looks like a prophet?

Promp. I have one that looks like a fool.

Apol. He'll do—Phillip of France.

Promp. I have cast all the French parts except the Ambassador.

Apol. Who shall do it? His part is but short; have you never a good genteel figure, and one that can dance? For as the English are the po-

litest people in Europe, it will be mighty proper that the Ambassador should be able at his arrival to entertain them with a jig or two.

Promp. Truly, Sir, here are abundance of dancing-masters in the house, who do little or nothing for their money.

Apol. Give it to one of them; see that he has a little drollery tho' in him, for Shakespear seems to have intended him as a ridiculous character, and only to make the audience laugh.

Sour. What's that, Sir, do you affirm that Shakespear intended the ambassador Chatilion a ridiculous character?

Med. No, Sir, I don't.

Sour. Oh, Sir, your humble servant, then I misunderstood you; I thought I had heard him say so.

Med. Yes, Sir, but I shall not stand to all he says.

Sour. But, Sir, you should not put a wrong sentiment into the mouth of the god of wit.

Med. I tell you he is the god only of modern wit, and he has a very just right to be god of most of the modern wits that I know; of some who are lik'd for their wit; of some who are preferr'd for their wit; of some who live by their wit; of those ingenious gentlemen who damn plays, and those who write them too perhaps. Here comes one of his votaries; come, enter, enter—Enter Mr. Ground-Ivy.

Enter GROUND-IVY.

Ground. What are you doing here?

Apol. I am casting the parts in the tragedy of King John.

Ground. Then you are casting the parts in a tragedy that won't do.

Apol. How, Sir! Was it not written by Shakespear, and was not Shakespear one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived?

Ground. No, Sir, Shakespear was a pretty fellow, and said some things which only want a little of my licking to do well enough; King John, as now writ, will not do——But a word in your ear, I will make him do.

Apol. How?

Ground. By alteration, Sir: it was a maxim of mine, when I was at the head of theatrical affairs, that no play, tho' ever so good, would do without alteration——For instance, in the play before us the bastard Faulconbridge is a most effeminate character, for which reason I would cut him out, and put all his sentiments in the mouth of Constance, who is so much properer to speak them——Let me tell you, Mr. Apollo, propriety of character, dignity of diction, and emphasis of sentiment, are the things I chiefly consider on these occasions.

Promp. I am only afraid as Shakespear is so popular an author, and you, asking your pardon, so unpopular——

Ground. Damn me, I'll write to the town and desire them to be civil, and that in so modest a manner, that an army of Cossacks shall be melted: I'll tell them that no actors are equal to me, and no authors ever were superior: and how do you think I can insinuate that in a modest manner?

Promp. Nay, faith I can't tell.

Ground. Why, I'll tell them that the former only tread on my heels, and that the greatest among the latter have been damn'd as well as myself; and after that, what do you think of your

popularity? I can tell you, Mr. Prompter, I have seen things carried in the house against the voice of the people before to-day.

Apol. Let them hiss, let them hiss, and grumble as much as they please, as long as we get their money.

Med. There, Sir, is the sentiment of a great man, aud worthy to come from the great Apollo himself.

Sour. He's worthy his sire, indeed, to think of this gentleman for altering Shakespear.

Med. Sir, I will maintain this gentleman as proper as any man in the kingdom for the business.

Soür. Indeed!

Med. Ay, Sir, for as Shakepear is already good enough for people of taste, he must be alter'd to the palates of those who have none; and if you will grant that, who can be properer to alter him for the worse? But if you are so zealous in old Shakespear's cause, perhaps you may find by-and-by all this come to nothing—Now for Pistol.

PISTOL *enters, and overturns his Father.*

Ground. Pox on't, the boy treads close on my heels in a literal sense.

Pist. Your pardon, Sir, why will you not obey?
Your son's advice, and give him still his way?
For you, and all who will oppose his force,
Must be o'erthrown in his triumphant course.

Sour. I hope, Sir, your Pistol is not intended to burlesque Shakespear.

Med. No, Sir, I have too great an honour for Shakespear to think of burlesquing him, and to be sure of not burlesquing him, I will never at-

tempt to alter him, for fear of burlesquing him by accident, as perhaps some others have done.

Lord Dap. Pistol is the young captain.

Med. My Lord, Pistol is very insignificant fellow in town, who fancies himself of great consequence, and is of none; he is my Lord Pistol, Captain Pistol, Counsellor Pistol, Alderman Pistol, Beau Pistol, and——and——Odso, what was I going to say? Come, go on.

Apol. Prompter, take care that all things well go on;
We will retire, my friend, and read King John.
[*Exeunt.*

Sour. To what purpose, Sir, was Mr. Pistol introduced?

Med. To no purpose at all, Sir; it's all in character, Sir, and plainly shews of what mighty consequence he is—And there ends my article from the theatre.

Sour. Hey-day! What's become of your two Pollys.

Med. Dam'd, Sir, damn'd; they were damn'd at my first rehearsal, for which reason I have cut them out; and to tell you the truth, I think the town has honour'd 'em enough with talking of 'em for a whole month; tho', faith, I believe it was owing to their having nothing else to talk of. Well, now for my patriots—You will observe, Mr. Sourwit, that I place my politicians and my patriots at opposite ends of my piece, which I do, Sir, to shew the wide difference between them; I begin with my politicians, to signify that they will always have the preference in the world to patriots, and I end with patriots to leave a good relish in the mouths of my audience.

Sour. Ay; by your dance of patriots, one

would think you intend to turn patriotism into a jest.

Med. So I do—But don't you observe I conclude the whole with a dance of patriots? which plainly intimates, that when patriotism is turn'd into a jest, there is an end of the whole play: come, enter four patriots——You observe I have not so many patriots as politicians; you will collect from thence that they are not so plenty.

Sour. Where does the scene lie now, Sir?

Med. In Corsica, Sir, all in Corsica.

Enter four PATRIOTS *from different doors, who meet in the center and shake hands.*

Sour. These patriots seem to equal your greatest politicians in their silence.

Med. Sir, what they think now cannot well be spoke, but you may conjecture a great deal from their shaking their heads; they will speak by-and-by——as soon as they are a little heated with wine: you cannot, however, expect any great speaking in this scene, for tho' I do not make my patriots politicians, I don't make them fools.

Sour. But, methinks, your patriots are a set of shabby fellows.

Med. They are the cheaper dress'd; besides, no man can be too low for a patriot, tho' perhaps it is possible he may be too high.

1st Patr. Prosperity to Corsica.

2nd Patr. Liberty and property.

3rd Patr. Success to trade.

4th Patr. Ay, to trade—to trade—particularly to my shop.

Sour. Why do you suffer that actor to stand

laughing behind the scenes, and interrupt your rehearsal?

Med. O, Sir, he ought to be there, he's a laughing in his sleeve at the patriots; he's a very considerable character—and has much to do by-and-by.

Sour. Methinks the audience shou'd know that, or perhaps they may mistake him as I did, and hiss him.

Med. If they should, he is a pure impudent fellow, and can stand the hisses of them all; I choose him particularly for the part——Go, on Patriots.

1*st Patr.* Gentlemen, I think this our island of Corsica is in an ill state: I do not say we are actually in war, for that we are not; but however we are threatened with it daily, and why may not the apprehension of a war, like other evils, be worse than the evil itself; for my part, this I will say, this I will venture to say, That let what will happen I will drink a health to peace.

Med. This gentleman is the noisy patriot, who drinks and roars for his country, and never does either good or harm in it—The next is the cautious patriot.

2*d Patr.* Sir give me your hand; there's truth in what you say, and I will pledge you with all my soul, but remember, it is all under the rose.

3*rd Patr.* Look'e gentlemen, my shop is my country, I always measure the prosperity of the latter by that of the former. My country is either richer, or poorer, in my opinion, as my trade rises or falls; therefore, Sir, I cannot agree with you that a war wou'd be disserviceable; on the contrary, I think it the only way to make my

country flourish; for as I am a sword-cutler, it would make my shop flourish, so here's to war.

Med. This is the self-interested patriot; and now you shall hear the fourth and last kind, which is the indolent patriot, one who acts as I have seen a prudent man in company, fall asleep at the beginning of a fray, and never wake 'till the end on't.

4th Patr. [*Waking.*] Here's to peace or war, I do not care which.

Sour. So this gentleman being neutral, peace has it two to one.

Med. Perhaps neither shall have it, perhaps I have found a way to reconcile both parties: but go on.

1st Patr. Can any one, who is a friend to Corsica, wish for war, in our present circumstances? ——I desire to ask you all one question, Are we not a set of miserable poor dogs?

Omnes. Ay, Ay.

3rd Patr. That we are sure enough, that no body will deny.

Enter QUIDAM.

Quid. Yes, Sir, I deny it. [*All start.*] Nay, Gentlemen, let me not disturb you, I beg you will all sit down, I am come to drink a glass with you ——Can Corsica be poor while there is this in it? [*Lays a purse on the table.*] Nay, be not afraid of it, Gentlemen, it is honest gold I assure you; you are a set of poor dogs, you agree; I say you are not, for this is all yours, there, [*Pours it on the table.*] take it among you.

1st Patr. And what are we to do for it?

Quid. Only say you are rich, that's all.

Omnes. Oh, if that be all!

[*They snatch up the money.*

Quid. Well, Sir, what is your opinion now? tell me freely.

1*st*. *Patr*. I will; a man may be in the wrong through ignorance, but he's a rascal who speaks with open eyes against his conscience——I own I thought we were poor, but Sir, you have convinc'd me that we are rich.

Omnes. We are all convinc'd.

Quid. Then you are all honest fellows, and here is to your healths; and since the bottle is out, hang sorrow, cast away care, e'en take a dance, and I will play you a tune on the fiddle.

Omnes. Agreed.

1*st Patr*. Strike up when you will, we are ready to attend your motions. [*Dance here;* Quidam *dances out, and they all dance after him.*

Med. Perhaps there may be something intended by this dance which you don't take.

Sour. Ay, what prithee?

Med. Sir, every one of these patriots have a hole in their pockets, as Mr. Quidam the fiddler there knows; so that he intends to make them dance 'till all the money is fall'n through, which he will pick up again, and so not lose one halfpenny by his generosity; so far from it, that he will get his wine for nothing, and the poor people, alas! out of their own pockets, pay the whole reckoning. This, Sir, I think is a very pretty Pantomine trick, and an ingenious burlesque on all the fourberies which the great Lun has exhibited in all his entertainments. And so ends my play, my farce, or what you please to call it; may I hope it has your Lordship's approbation?

LordDap. Very pretty, indeed, it's very pretty.

Med. Then, my Lord, I hope I shall have your encouragement; for things in this town do not always succeed according to their merit; there is a vogue, my Lord, which if you will bring me into, you will lay a lasting obligation on me: And you, Mr. Sourwit, I hope, will serve me among the cri ticks, that I may have no elaborate treatise writ to prove that a farce of three acts is not a regular play of five. Lastly, to you, Gentlemen, whom I have not the honour to know, who have pleas'd to grace my rehearsal; and you Ladies, whether you be Shakepear's Ladies, or Beaumont and Fletcher's Ladies, I hope you will make allowances for a rehearsal,

And kindly all report us to the town;
No borrow'd, nor no stol'n goods we've shown,
If witty, or if dull, our play's our own.

EURYDICE,

A

FARCE:

AS IT WAS D—MN'D AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PLUTO.

ORPHEUS.

PROSERPINE.

EURYDICE.

CHARON.

GHOSTS, &c.

EURYDICE.

[*The musick-bell rings.*]

Enter the Author *in a hurry.* *A* Critick *following.*

Author.

HOLD, hold, Mr. Chetwood; don't ring for the overture yet, the devil is not dressed. He has but just put on his cloven foot.

Crit. Well, Sir, how do you find yourself? In what state are your spirits?

Auth. Oh! never better. If the audience are but in half so good a humour, I warrant for the success of my farce.

Crit. I wish it may succeed; but as it is built (you say) on so ancient a story as that of Orpheus and Eurydice, I fear some part of the audience may not be acquainted with it. Would it not have been adviseable to have writ a sheet or two by a friend, addressed to the spectators of Eurydice, and let them a little into the matter?

Auth. No, no; any man may know as much of the story as myself, only by looking at the end of Littleton's dictionary, whence I took it. Besides Sir, the story is vulgarly known. Who has not heard that Orpheus went down to the shades after

his wife who was dead, and so enchanted Proserpine with his musick, that she consented he should carry her back, with a proviso he never turned to look on her in his way, which he could not refrain from, and so lost her.——Dear Sir, every schoolboy knows it.

Crit. But for the instruction of those beaus who never were at school.

Auth. They may learn it from those who have. If you will secure me from the criticks, I don't fear the beaus.

Crit. Why, Sir, half the beaus are criticks.

Auth. Ay! 'sgad, I should as soon have suspected half the Dutchmen to be dancing-masters. If I had known this, I should have spared them a little. I must leave out the first scene, I believe.

Crit. Why that?

Auth. Why, it is a scene between the ghosts of two beaus. And if the substance of a beau be such an unsubstantial thing, as we see it, what must the shadow of that substance be?

Crit. Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous.

Auth. Ay, I think so. I think, we do come up to the ridiculous in our farce, and that is what a farce ought to be, and all it ought to be: for as your beaus set up for criticks, so these criticks on farces may set up for beaus. But come, I believe by this, the devil and the ghosts are ready, so now, Mr. Chetwood, you may ring away. Sir, if you please to sit down with me between the scenes, I shall be glad of your opinion of my piece.

(They sit: the Overture is play'd.)

Crit. Pray, Sir, who are these two gentlemen that stand ready to rush on the stage? Are they the two ghosts you mention?

Auth. Yes, Sir, they are. Mr. Spindle and Captain Weazle, the one belongs to the court, the other to the army; and they are the representatives of their several bodies. You must know farther, the one has been dead some time, the other but just departed: but hush, they are gone on.

Enter Captain WEAZLE, Mr. SPINDLE.

Capt. Weaz. Mr. Spindle, your very humble servant. You are welcome, Sir, on this side the river Styx. I am glad to see you dead with all my heart.

Mr. Spin. Captain Weazle, I thank you. I hope you are well.

Capt. Weaz. As well as a dead man can be, my dear.

Mr. Spin. And faith! that's better than any living man can be, at least any living beau. Dead men (they say) feel no pain; and I am assure, we beaus, while alive, feel little else: but however, at last, thanks to a little fever and a great doctor, I have shaken off a bad constitution; and now I intend to take one dear swing of raking, drinking, whoring, and playing the devil, as I have done in the other world.

Capt. Weaz. I suppose then you think this world exactly like that you have left?

Mr. Spin. Why, you have whores here, have you not?

Capt. Weaz. Oh, in abundance.

Mr. Spin. Give me a buss for that, my dear. And some of our acquaintance, fine ladies, are there not?

Capt. Weaz. Ay, scarce any other.

Mr. Spin. Thou dear dog! Well, and how

dost thou lead thy life, thy death, I should say, among 'em?

Capt. Weaz. Faith! Jack, even as I led my life between cards, dice, musick, taverns, wenches, masquerades.

Mr. Spin. Masquerades! have you those too?

Capt. Weaz. Those! Ay, they were borrow'd hence.

Mr. Spin. What a delicious place this hell is?

Capt. Weaz. Sir, it is the only place a fine gentleman ought to be in.

Mr. Spin. How it was misrepresented to us in the other world!

Capt. Weaz. Pshaw! that hell did not belong to our religion; for you and I, Jack, you know, and most of our acquaintance were always heathens.

Mr. Spin. Well, but what sort of a fellow is the old gentleman, the devil, hey?

Capt. Weaz. Is he? Why a very pretty sort of a gentleman, a very fine gentleman; but my dear, you have seen him five hundred times already. The moment I saw him here, I remember to have seen him shuffle cards at White's and George's; to have met him often on the Exchange and in the Alley, and never missed him in or about Westminster-Hall. I will introduce you to him.

Mr. Spin. Ay, do. And tell him I was hanged, that will recommend me to him.

Capt. Weaz. No, hanged, no; then he will take you for a poor rogue, a sort of people he abominates so, that there are scarce any of them here. No, if you would recommend yourself to him, tell him you deserved to be hanged, and was too great for the law.

Mr. Spin. Won't he find me out?

Capt. Weaz. If he does, nothing pleases him so much as lying: for which reason, he is so fond of no sort of people as the lawyers.

Mr. Spin. Methinks he might, for the same reason, be fond of us courtiers, too.

Capt. Weaz. Sir, we have no cause to complain of our reception.

Mr. Spin. But have you no news here, Jack?

Capt. Weaz. Yes, truly we have some, and pretty remarkable news too. Here is a man come hither after his wife.

Mr. Spin. What! to desire the devil to take great care of her, that she may not come back again?

Capt. Weaz. No, really, to desire her back again; and 'tis thought he will obtain his request.

Mr. Spin. Ay; he must be a hard-hearted devil indeed, to deny a man such a request as that.

Capt. Weaz. Did you never hear of him in the other world? He is a very fine singer, and his name is Orpheus.

Mr. Spin. Oh ay! he's an Italian. Signior Orpheo—I have heard him sing in the opera in Italy. I suppose, when he goes back again they will have him in England. But who have we here?

Capt. Weaz. This is the woman I spoke of, Madam Eurydice.

Mr. Spin. Faith! she is handsome, and if she had been any body's wife but my own, I would have come hither for her with all my heart.

Auth. That sentiment compleats the character of my courtier, who is so complaisant, that he sins only to comply with the mode; and goes to the devil, not out of any inclination, but because it is the fashion. Now for Madam Eurydice, who is the fine lady of my play: and a fine lady she is, or I am mistaken.

Enter EURYDICE.

Eur. Captain Weazle, your very humble servant.

Capt. Weaz. Your servaht, Lady Fair. A gentleman of my acquaintance desires the honour of kissing your hands.

Eur. Any gentleman of your acquaintance. From England, I presume.

Mr. Spin. Just arrived thence, Madam.

Eur. You have not been at court yet, Sir, I suppose. You will meet with a very hearty welcome from his majesty. He has a particular kindness for people of your nation.

Mr. Spin. I hope, Madam, we shall always deserve it.

Capt. Weaz. But I hope the news is not true, that we are to lose you, Madam Eurydice?

Eur. How can you doubt it, when my husband is come after me? Do you think Pluto can refuse me, or that I can refuse to go back with a husband who came hither for me?

Mr. Spin. Faith! I don't know: but if a husband was go to back to the other world after his wife, I believe he would scarce persuade her to come hither with him.

Eur. Oh but, Sir, this place alters us much for the better. Women are quite different creatures after they have been here some time.

Capt. Weaz. And so you will go?

Eur. It is not in my power. You know it is positively against the law of the realm. In desiring to go, I discharge the dvty of a wife. And if the devil won't let me, I can't help it.

Capt. Weaz. I am afraid of the power of his

voice, I wish he be able to resist that charm; and I fancy, if you was to confess ingenuously, it is his voice that charms you to go back again.

Eur. Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken. I do not think the merit of a man like that of a nightingale, lies in his throat. It is true, he has a fine pipe, and if you will carry your friend to court this morning, he may hear him; but though it is possible my heart may have its weak sides, I solemnly protest no one will ever reach it through my ears.

Mr. Spin. That's strange: for it is the only way to all the ladies' hearts in the other world.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I find you beaus know just as much of a woman as you ever did. Do you imagine when a lady expires at an opera, she thinks of the signior that's singing? No, no, take my word for it, musick puts softer and better things in her head.

AIR I.—(DO NOT ASK ME, CHARMING PHILLIS.)

When a woman lies expiring
at fal, lal, lal, lal, la!
Do you think her, Sir, desiring
nothing more than ha, ha, ha?

[*Exit between the beaus.*

Crit. If you will give me leave, Sir, I think you have not enough distinguish'd the character of your courtier from your soldier.

Auth. What soldier! Have you mistaken my army-beau for a soldier? You might as well take a Temple-beau for a lawyer. Sir, a beau is a beau still, whatever profession he belongs to; the beaus in all professions differ in nothing but

in dress; and therefore, Sir, to distinguish the character of my army-beau from my court-beau, I clap a cockade into his hat, and that is all the distinction I can make between them———But mum: Pluto is going on.

Scene, the Court of PLUTO.

Enter PLUTO, PROSERPINE, *and* ORPHEUS.

Pluto. Indeed, friend Orpheus, I am concerned I cannot grant your request without infringing the laws of my realm. Ask me any thing else, and be certain of obtaining: riches, power, or whatever is in my gift. Indeed, you ought to be contented with the common fate of men. Consider, you had the possession of your wife something more than a twelvemonth.

Pros. Long enough, I am sure, for any poor woman to be confined within the fetters of matrimony.

Pluto. Is it possible, that that voice, which can lull the cares of every other asleep, should not be able to assuage those of your own breast?

Auth. Now for a taste of Recitativo. My farce is an Oglio of tit-bits.

ORPHEUS, (in Recitativo.)

Curst be the cruel scissars of the fates,
That snipt her thread of life, and curst that law
Which now forbids her to my arms.
No, cruel king, detain your offer'd wealth,
And hang my harp forsaken in your realm:
For all things useless are to me
Without Eurydice.

AIR II.

1. Riches, can you ease restore,
Riches make me wish the more
The possession of my sweet,
To bestow them at her feet.

2. What relief in softest lays
Warbling all my charmer's praise,
Bidding fiercer passion rise,
Teaching languish to my eyes.

3. Then can wealth and musick please,
When my charmer smiles at these;
But lest Envy these bemoan,
Give me, give me her alone.

Pluto. *(In raptures.) O caro, caro.*—(What shall I do? If I hear another song I am vanquished. Should he desire thee, my dear, I could hardly deny him.) [*Aside to* Proserpine.

Pros. That may possibly be, my dear, (and I wish he would with all my heart.) [*Aside.*

Pluto. Consider, child, there is no danger in the precedent: for as he is the first man who ever desired to have his wife again, it is possible he may be the last.

Pros. I own the request odd enough; nor do I know any miracle that would equal it, unless she should consent to go along with him, which I much question: for I don't remember to have ever heard her mention her husband's name 'till his arrival here. And though you may make free with your own laws, and your own people, I hope Mr. Pluto, you will not usurp any authority over mine. By Styx, if you give one dead wife back

again to her husband, against her will, I will make hell too hot to hold you.

Pluto. Do not be in a passion, my dear.

Pros. My dear, I will be in a passion. Shall you prescribe to me what to be in?

Pluto. You need not fear the loss of your subjects: tho' you should promise to return every wife that was asked.

Pros. How, Sir! have I not several widows, whose jointures died with them; whose husbands would not only ask, but walk hither barefoot to get them again? But you are always despising my subjects. I am sure no goddess of quality was ever used as I am. It would never be believed upon earth, that the devil is a worse husband than any there.

Auth. Considering where the scene lies, I think these sentiments are not *mal-a-propos.*

Enter EURYDICE, WEAZLE, SPINDLE. WEAZLE *introduces* SPINDLE *to* PLUTO *and* PROSERPINE. EURYDICE *goes to* ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS (Recitativo.)

Oh my Eurydice! the cruel king,
Still obdurate, refuses to my arms
The repossession of my love.

EURYDICE (Recitativo.)

Unkind Fate,
So Soon to put an end to all our joys!
And barbarous law of Erebus
That will not reinstate us in our bliss.

Orph. And must you stay?
Eur. And must you go?
Orph. Oh no!
Eur. 'Tis so.
Orph. Oh no!
Eur. 'Tis so.

Crit. Why does Eurydice speak in recitativo?

Auth. Out of complaisance to her husband. As you will find her behave through my whole piece, like a very polite and well-bred lady.—I intend this couple as a contrast to the devil and his wife.

AIR III.

Orph. Farewell, ye groves and mountains,
Ye once delightful fountains,
Where my charmer us'd to stray,
Where in gentle am'rous play,
Wanton, willing,
Burning, billing,
Ever chearful, ever gay,
We have spent the summer-day.

2. Where herds forget their lowing,
And trees forget their blowing,
Joining with the fleecy flocks,
And the hard and massy rocks,
All came prancing,
Skipping, dancing:
Not the magick of my song
But thy eyes drew all along.

Pluto. I am conquered; by Styx, you shall

have her back. Take my wife too; take every thing; another song, and take my crown.

Pros. Hold, hold, not so generous, good king Pluto. If the young lady pleases to return with her husband, as you have sworn by Styx, she may.

Auch. There, Sir, there. I have carried the power of musick beyond Orpheus Amphion, and all of them; I have made it inspire a man to get the better of his wife.

Pros. But I insist on her consent being asked.

Spin. [*to* Weaz.] I find in hell the grey mare is the better horse.

Weaz. Yes, faith! Jack, and no where else, I believe.

Orph. Thanks most infernal majesty;
I ask no greater boon.

Eur. You may depend too surely on your Eurydice, to doubt her consent to whatever would make you happy. But—it is a long way from hence to the other world; and you know, by experience, my dear, I am an exceeding bad traveller.

Orph. I'll carry you on my shoulders.

Eur. O, dear creature! your shoulders would fail; indeed, they would. And if I should be taken sick on the road, what should I do? Indeed, in this world, I might make a tolerable shift; but on the other side the river Styx, if I was fainting, no public house dare sell me a dram.

Orph. I will buy two gallons, and carry them with me.

Eur. Life, child, is so very uncertain, that who knows but as soon as I am got hence, I may be summoned back the next day; and consider, what

an intolerable fatigue two such journeys taken together would be.

Orph. Is it not a journey which I have undertaken for you?

Eur. O you great creature, you! You are a man, and I am a poor weak woman. I hope you don't compare your strength with mine. Besides, if I was able to go, it is really so much better to be here than to be married, that I must be mighty silly to think of returning.——Indeed, dear Orphy, I should be ashamed to shew my face after it.

AIR IV.

Oh Lud! I should be quite asham'd,
My former friends to see;
In an assembly if I'm nam'd,
They'd point and cry, *that's she.*

From husbands when 'tis thought so fine
For wives to run away,
Should I return again with mine,
What can the world all say?

Orph. Can you go then? will you refuse me?

Eur. My dear, you know I always hated to refuse you so much, that I hated you should ask me any thing; if it was reasonable, I should do it of my own accord: but I never will be persuaded out of my reason.

AIR V.

Orph. That marriage is a great evil,
Who'll ever dispute more in life,

When they hear I've prevail'd on the devil,
And cannot prevail on my wife, poor man!
And cannot prevail on my wife.

Eur. But when those who hear your sad ditty,
Shall the date of your wedding explore,
Do you think men a husband will pity,
Who should have known better before,
poor man!
Who should have known better before?

Pluto. The doom is fix'd, I ask your pardon, my dear [*to* Pros.] but I swore by Styx before I thought of it, that she should go.

Pros. Ay, you are always swearing before you think of it: However, Eurydice, since that's the case, the oath must be kept. But I can add a clause to the bill, if he looks back on you once in the way, you shall return, and that I swear by Styx.

Pluto. Do you hear, Sir, what my wife says?

Mr. Spin. [*to* Weaz.] This river Styx, seems a pretty way of ending controversies between man and wife. It is pity the Thames had not the same virtue.

Orph. Thanks, most diabolical majesty, for your infenal kindness.

Pluto. I hope you will take care, and not forfeit the advantage of this favour I have granted you.

Pros. Which I have granted, if you please, Sir.

Pluto. Ay, which my wife has granted.

Capt. Weaz. [*to Spin.*] You see how ill people express themselves, when they call a bad husband the devil of a husband.

Eur. I thank your majesty, Madam, for your

interposition in my behalf, and if I did not improve it, I should be unworthy of your royal favour.

Pros. I doubt not but you have been here long enough to learn to outwit your husband.

Eur. Few women, Madam, need come hither to learn that art.

Pros. I am glad they behave so well.——— Dear Eurydice, I wish you a good journey with all my heart, and hope to see you soon again.

Eur. The first moment it is in my power, I assure your majesty.

Pluto. Friend Orpheus, farewel, I give thee thy wife with greater pleasure, since I hope, as thou hast come hither now to get her, thou wilt return hither shortly to get rid of her.

[*Exeunt* Pluto, Pros. Capt, Weaz. *and* Spin.

Eur. Well, Sir; and so I must take a trip with you to the other world. How was it possible, you could come hither to fetch me back when I was dead who had so often wished me here, while alive?

Orph. Those were only the sudden blasts of passion. Besides, as is the common fate of mortals, I never knew my happiness 'till I lost it.

Eur. And was you then really concerned for me?

Orph. Yes, my dear, and I think you was so for me,; your tears at our parting, gave me sufficient assurance.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I was afraid of dying, child, that was all. Upon my word, my dear, parting with thee was all the little comfort I had.

Orph. Did you desire it then?

Eur. Most heartily, upon my word. I seldom prayed for any thing else.

Orph. Why, did we not live comfortably together?

Eur. O very comfortably? Did you not leave me to run after the golden fleece?

Orph. Nay, if you come to that, did you not run away from me, and stay at Thebes by yourself a whole winter?

Eur. And did not you keep a mistress in my absence, when you might have come to me?

Orph. Did not you spend in diversions and play, what should have kept your family?

Eur. And did not you spend on mistresses what should have kept your wife?

Orph. Was not you almost eternally in the vapours?

Eur. And was not you the occasion of my vapours? Did not you kill my favourite monkey, because I would not dance with that rake Hercules, and the rest of your brother Argonauts.

Orph. You have dined with that rake Hercules when I have not been by, I believe; and did not you crack one of my best fiddles, only because I would not dance with that coquet Miss Atalanta, and the rest of your flirts.

Eur. You have danced with her in private, I fancy; and I would break your fiddle again, Sir, on the same occasion.

Orph. And I would see you and your monkey at the devil, if you affronted my friends.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! Then you would come after me again, as you have now; ha, ha, ha!

Orph. Nay, do not laugh so immoderately.

Eur. How can I avoid it at this comfortable state of life which you are so fond of, as to desire over again?

Orph. But experience might teach us to amend our faults for the future.

Eur. Experience rather ought to teach us the impossibility of such an amendment: for if we could have learnt so, we might have learnt from the examples of others, when we were first married and from our own in a short time; but I never perceived any better effect from the remembrance of a past quarrel than the working up a new one Could experience cure folly, men would not want that cure very early in life.

AIR VI.

If men from experience a lesson could reap,
To fly from the folly they'd seen,
What madman at forty a mistress would keep,
What woman would love at eighteen!
What woman, &c.

The levees of statesmen and courts of the law,
Boys only would haunt very soon;
And all married broils to conclusion would draw,
At the end of the sweet honey moon.
At the end, &c.

So if you have a mind to improve and profit by your own experience, e'en look back at the third step, and return single as you came.

Orph. No, I will be so complacent, that I had rather prove your hypothesis than my own.

Eur. Then, pray, set out: In those last words of your's matrimony seemed to begin again: for to refuse his wife with civility, is the true complacence of a husband———So, a good journey to us.

AIR VII.

(TURN, O TURN THEE, DEAREST CREATURE.)

Turn, O turn, dear, do not fly me;
I could ever thus hold out:
If you lov'd, you'd not deny me;
If you lov'd you'd look about.
[*Exit, she following.*

Scene, the Banks of the River Styx.

[*They call* Charon *several Times without.*]

Auth. So now Charon is out of the way, and the audience will be put out of humour.

Crit. But pray, Sir, why does Orpheus talk sometimes in Recitativo, and sometimes out of it?

Auth. Why, Sir, I don't care to tire the audience with too much Recitativo; I observe they go to sleep at it at an opera. Besides, you may give yourself a good reason, why he leaves off singing; for I think his wife may very well be supposed to put him out of tune—Are you satisfied?

Crit. I could ask another question.——Why have you made the devil hen-pecked?

Auth. Sir, you know where I have laid the the scene, and how could hell be better represented than by supposing the people under petticoat government?——But O! Charon is come at last.

Enter CHARON *and* MACCAHONE.

Cha. You, Mr. Maccahone, will you please to pay me my fare?

Mac. Ay, fet would I with all my shoule, but honey, I did die not worth a sixpence, and that I did leave behind me.

Cha. Sir, if you do not pay me, I shall carry you back again.

Mac. To my own country! Arrah do, honey, Uboboo! what a shoy it will be to my relations, that are now singing an anthem called the Irish Howl over me, to see me alive when they know that I am dead.

Cha. If you do not pay your fare, I shall carry you to the other side of the river, where you shall wander on the banks a thousand years.

Mac. Shall I? what, where I did see half a dozen gentlemen walking alone? Uboboo! upon my shoule, the laugh is coming upon my face.

Cha. Prithee, what dost thou laugh at?

Mac. I laugh to think how I will bite you.

Cha. What wilt thou do?

Mac. Upon my shoule, I will get a bridge and swim over upon it, and I will send upon the post to the other world to buy a bridge, and I know where I can buy one very cheap; and when there is a bridge, I believe no one will come into your boat that can go over the water upon dry land.

Cha. Here take this fellow some of you, and ferry him back again, where he shall stay till his bridge is built. But whom have we here? I suppose the couple who are by Pluto's special order to be ferry'd over to the other side.

Enter Orpheus *and* Eurydice.

Orph. If you please, Mr. Charon, to prepare

your boat. I suppose you have received your orders.

Cha. Master, the boat is just gone over, it will be back again instantly. I wish you would be so good in the mean time, master, to give us one of your Italian catches.

Orph. Why dost thou love musick then, friend Charon?

Cha. Yes, fags! Master, I do. It went to my heart t'other day, that I did not dare ferry over Signior Quaverino.

Orph. Why didst thou not dare?

Cha. I don't know, Sir; judge Rhadamanthus said it was against the law: for that no body was to come into this country but men and women; and that the Signior was neither the one nor the other.

Orph. Your lawyers, I suppose, have strange quirks here in hell.

Cha. Nay, for that matter, they are pretty much the same here as on earth.

Eur. Help, help, I shall be drowned, I shall be drowned!

Orph. [*turning*] Ha! Eurydice's voice!

Eur. O unlucky misfortune! why would you look behind you, when you knew the queen's command?

Orph. Thou wicked woman, why wouldst thou tempt me?

Eur. How unreasonable is that, to lay the blame on me! Can I help my fears? You know I was always inclined to be hysterical: but it is like you, to lay the blame on me, when you know yourself to be guilty; when you know you are tired of me already, and looked back, purposely to lose me.

Orph. And dost thou accuse me?

Eur. I don't accuse you. I need not accuse you. Your own wicked conscience must do it. Oh! had you loved like me, you could have borne to have gone a million of miles. I am sure, I could have gone farther, and never once have looked back upon you. [*Pretending to cry.*]

Orph. Curst accident; but still we may go on. Proserpine can never know it.

Eur. [*Speaking brisk*] No, I promised to return the moment you looked back; and a woman of honour must keep her promise, though it be to leave her husband.

AIR VIII.

Farewell, my dear,
Since fate severe
Has cut us twice in twain.
Orph. Say not farewell,
I'll back to hell,
And sing thee back again.
Eur. No, Orpheus, no,
You shall not go.
Orph. And must we, must we part?
Eur. We must away,
For if you stay,
Indeed 'twill break my heart,
Your servant, dear,
I downward steer,
You upward to the light;
Take no more leave,
For I must grieve
'Till you are out of sight.

Cha. Come, master Orpheus, never take it to

heart: but e'en part as merrily as your lady did. I believe the devil would be very glad to go with you, if he could leave his wife behind him.

ORPHEUS. (Recitativo.)

Ungrateful barbarous woman!
Infernal Stygian monster!
Henceforth mankind
I'll teach to hate the sex.

AIR IX.

If a husband henceforth, who has buried his wife,
Of Pluto, request her again brought to life:
Pluto, grant his request as he enters thy portal,
And Jove for his comfort,
And Jove for his comfort,
O make her, O make her, O make her immortal!

Auth. There, now the audience must stay a little, while the grave scene is preparing. Pray, Mr. Chetwood, hasten things as much as possible.

Crit. I see Mr. Orpheus is come to his Recitativo again.

Auth. Yes, Sir, just as he lost his senses. I wish our opera composers could give as good a reason for their Recitativo.

Crit. What would you have them bring nothing but mad people together into their opera's?

Auth. Sir, if they did not bring abundance of mad people together into their operas, they would not be able to subsist long at the extravagant prices they do, nor their singers to keep useless

mistresses; which by the by, is a very ingenious burlesque on our taste.

Crit. Ay, how so?

Auth. Why, Sir, for an English people to support an extravagant Italian opera, of which they understand nor relish neither the sense nor the sound, is as heartily ridiculous and much of a piece with an eunuch's keeping a mistress: nor do I know whether his ability is more despised by his mistress, or our taste, by our singers.

Crit. Hush, hush, don't disturb the play.

SCENE, Pluto's *Court.*

PLUTO, WEAZLE, SPINDLE.

Pluto. Well, Mr. Spindle, pray how do you like your way of living here?

Mr. Spin. Upon my word, may it please your majesty, it is so very like the life I used to lead, that I can scarce perceive any difference, unless (I hope you majesty will not be offended) I think you are not quite so wicked here, as we used to be in the other world.

Pluto. Why truly, that is what I am afraid of, Mr. Spindle and that is what I regret very much: but I know no remedy for it; for as it is impossible to make the people here worse, so I believe it is impracticable to make them there better. (How little these wretches know, that the vices which were their pleasures in the other world, are their punishment here; and that the most vicious man need scarce any other punishment than that of being confined to his vice!) [*Aside.*

Auth. There, Sir! There is morality for you

out of the mouth of the devil, if that be not *a fuco dare lucem*, let another handle the pen for me.

Mr. Spin. One vice in particular, that we excel you in, is hypocrisy.

Weaz. It cannot be otherwise: for as his diabolical majesty is known to have such an antipathy to virtue, you may be certain, no one here will affect it.

Pluto. Why not? I am no enemy to the affectation of it: and if they were to counterfeit never so nicely, they might depend on it, I should see thro' them. But ha! my wife and Eurydice!

Enter PROSERPINE *and* EURYDICE.

Pros. Yes, Sir, the gentleman could not stay, it seems, 'till he got home; but looked back on his treasure, and so forfeited it.

Eur. And yet, I took all the pains in my power to prevent it, continually intreating him to look forward, frightened out of my wits every step, lest he should see me by a side glance, and yet all would not do; he would, [*sobbing*] he would look back upon me, and so I have lost him for ever.

Pluto. Be comforted, Madam.

Eur. It is in your power to comfort me.

Pluto. And, be assured, it is in my will.

Eur. Then you must promise me never to send me back: for truly, there is [*composed*] so much pain in parting, that since it must happen, I am resolved never to see my husband again, if I can help it.

Pros. Be easy: for by Styx, he never shall send you back.

Mr. Spind. However, there is some hypocrisy here, I find. [*Aside to* Weazle.

Weaz. Ay, among the women.

Pros. Well, my dear Eurydice, I am so pleased to see you returned, that I will celebrate a holiday in all my dominions. Let Tantalus drink, and take Ixion off the wheel. Let every one's punishment be remitted a whole day. Do you hear, husband? what are you thinking of?——Do you take care and signify my pleasure?

Pluto. I shall, my dear. Do you hear, all of you? It is my wife's pleasure that you should all keep holiday.

Pros. And hark'e, Sir, I desire you would wave your wand, and conjure back some of your devils that dance at the play-houses in the other world.

Pluto. My dear I will obey your commands.

Pros. You see, my dear Eurydice, the manner in which I live with my husband. He settled one half of the government on me at my marriage, and I have, thank fate, pretty well worked him out of the other half: Thus I make myself some little amends for his immortality.

Eur. And sure a wife ought to have some amends made her for such a terrible circumstance.

Pluto. My dear, the dancers are come.

Eur. Well I am quite charmed with your majesty's behaviour to a husband.

Pros. And I am so charmed with yours, that you shall henceforth be my chief favourite.

A Grand DANCE.

Chorus.

Eur. From lessons like these
You may if you please,
Good husbands, learn to be civil;
For you find 'tis in vain
To wish for us again,
When once we are gone to the devil.

Pros. At each little pet,
Do not quarrel and fret,
And wish your wives dead for I tell you,
If they once touch this shore,
You shall have them no more,
Tho' to fetch them you send Farinello.

Pluto. Attend to Old Nick,
Ye brethren that stick
Like me in Hymen's fast fetters;
If you'd lead quiet lives,
Give way to your wives,
As you see must be done by your betters.

Chor. Attend to Old Nick,
Ye brethren that stick,
Like him in Hymen's fast fetters;
If you'd lead quiet lives,
Give way to your wivss,
As you see must be done by your betters.

EURYDICE HISS'D:

OR, A

WORD TO THE WISE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Spatter	Mrs. Charke.
Sourwit	Mr. Lacey.
Lord Dapper	Mr. Ward.
Pillage....................	Mr. Roberts.
Honestus	Mr. Davis.
Muse	Mrs. Haywood.
Actors	Mr. Blakes. Mr. Lowther. Mr. Pullen. Mr. Topping. Mr. Woodburn. Mr. Machen.
Gentlemen................	Mr. Jones. Mr. Machen. Mr. Woodburn.

EURYDICE HISS'D:

OR, A

WORD TO THE WISE.

Enter SPATTER, SOURWIT, *and* Lord DAPPER.

Spatter.

MY Lord, I am extremely obliged to you for the honour you shew me in staying to the rehearsal of my Tragedy: I hope it will please your lordship, as well as Mr. Medley's Comedy has, for I assure you it is ten times as ridiculous.

Sour. Is it the merit of a Tragedy, Mr. Spatter, to be ridiculous?

Spat. Yes, Sir, of such tragedies as mine; and I think you, Mr. Sourwit, will grant me this, that a Tragedy had better be ridiculous than dull; and that there is more merit in making the audience laugh, than in setting them asleep.

Lord Dap. I beg, Sir, you would begin, or I shan't get my hair powder'd before dinner; for I am always four hours about it.

Sour. Why, pr'ythee, what is this Tragedy of thine?

Spat. Sir, it is the damnation of Eurydice; I fancy, Mr. Sourwit, you will allow I have chose

this subject very cunningly, for as the Town have damn'd my play, for their own sakes they will not damn the damnation of it.

Sour. Faith, I must confess, there is something of singular modesty in the instance.

Spat. And of singular prudence too; what signifies denying the fact after sentence, and dying with a lye in your mouth; No, no, rather like a good pious criminal, rejoice, that in being put to shame, you make same atonement for your sins; and I hope to do so in the following play, for it is, Mr. Sourwit, of a most instructive kind, and conveys to us a beautiful image of the instability of human greatness, and the uncertainty of friends. You see here the author of a mighty farce at the very top and pinacle of poetical or rather farcical greatness, follow'd, flatter'd, and adored by a crowd of dependants: on a sudden fortune changing the scene, and his farce being damn'd, you see him become the scorn of his admirers, and deserted and abandoned by all those who courted his favour, and appear'd the foremost to uphold and protect him. Draw the scene, and discover Mr. Pillage. [*Scene draws.*

Sour. Who is he?

Spat. The author of the farce.

Sour. A very odd name for an author.

Spat. Perhaps you will not remain long in that opinion: but silence.

Pil. Who'd wish to be the author of a farce,
Surrounded daily by a croud of actors,
Gaping for parts, and never to be satisfied?
Yet, say the wise, in loftier seats of life,
Solicitation is the chief reward;
And Wolsey's self, that mighty minister,
In the full height and zenith of his power,

Amid a crowd of sycophants and slaves,
Was but perhaps the author of a farce,
Perhaps a damn'd one too. 'Tis all a cheat,
Some men play little farces, and some great.
[*Exit.*

Spat. Now for the levee.

Sour. Whose levee, Sir?

Spat. My poet's, Sir.

Sour. 'Sdeath, Sir, did ever any mortal hear of a poet's levee?

Spat. Sir, my poet is a very great man.

Sour. And pray, Sir, of what sort of people do you compose your great man's levee?

Spat. Of his dependants, Sir: pray of what sort of people are all great men's levees compos'd? I have been forc'd, Sir, to do a small violence to history, and make my great man not only a poet, but a master of a play-house; and so, Sir, his levee is compos'd of actors soliciting for parts, printers for copies, box-keepers, scene-men, fidlers, and candle-snuffers. And now, Mr. Sourwit, do you think I could have compos'd his levee of properer company? Come, enter, enter Gentlemen. [*The* Levee *enters, and range themselves to a ridiculous tune.*

Enter PILLAGE.

1*st. Act.* Sir, you have promis'd me a part a long time: if you had not intended to employ me, it would have been kind in you to have let me known it, that I might have turn'd myself to some trade or other.

Pil. Sir, one farce cannot find parts for all; but you shall be provided for in time. You must

have patience: I intend to exhibit several farces, depend on me you shall have a part.

1*st Act.* I humbly thank you.

2*nd Act.* Sir, I was to have had a principal part long ago.

Pil. Speak to me before the parts are cast, and I will remember you in my next farce; I shall exhibit several. I am very glad to see you, you remember my farce is to [*To 3rd Actor*] come on to-day, and will lend me your hands.

3*rd Act.* Depend on me.

Pil. And you, Sir, I hope, will clap heartily.

4*th Act.* De'l o' my sal, but I will.

Pil. Be sure and get into the house as soon as the doors are open.

4*th Act.* Fear me not, I will but get a bet of denner, and I will be the first in the huse—but—

Pil. What, Sir?

4*th Act.* I want money to buy a pair of gloves.

Pil. I will order it you out of the office.

4*th Act.* De'el o' my sal, but I will clap every gud thing, 'till I bring the huse down.

Pil. That won't do: the town of its own accord will applaud what they like; you must stand by me, when they dislike—I don't desire any of you to clap unless when you hear a hiss——let that be your cue for clapping.

All. We'll observe.

5*th Act.* But, Sir, I have not money enough to get into the house.

Pil. I cannot disburse it.

5*th Act.* But I hope you will remember your promises, Sir.

Pil. Some other time, you see I am busy——What are your commands, Sir?

1st. Print. I am a printer, and desire to print your play.

2d Print. Sir, I'll give you the most money.

Pil. [*To 2nd Printer, whispering.*] You shall have it—Oh! I am heartily glad to see you. [*Takes him aside*] You know my farce comes on to-day, and I have many enemies; I hope you will stand by me.

Poet. Depend on me, never fear your enemies, I'll warrant we make more noise than they.

Pil. Thou art a very honest fellow.

[*Shakes him by the hand.*

Poet. I am always proud to serve you.

Pil. I wish you would let me serve you, I wish you would turn actor, and accept of a part in some of my farces.

Poet. No, I thank you, I don't intend to come upon the stage, myself; but I desire you would let me recommend this handsome, genteel, young fellow to act the part of a fine gentleman.

Pil. Depend on it, he shall do the very first I bring on the stage: I dare swear, Sir, his abilities are such that the town will be obliged to us both for producing them.

Poet. I hope so, but I must take my leave of you, for I am to meet a strong party that I have engaged for your service.

Pil. Do, do, be sure, do clap heartily.

Poet. Fear not, I warrant we bring you off triumphant. [*Exeunt.*

Pil. Then I defy the town; if by my friends,
Against their liking I support my farce,
And fill my loaded pockets with their pence,
Let after-ages damn me if they please.

Sour. Well, Sir, and pray what do you principally intend by this levee scene?

Spat. Sir, I intend first to warn all future authors from depending solely on a party to support them against the judgment of the town. Secondly, shewing that even the author of a farce may have his attendants and dependants: I hope greater persons may learn to despise them, which may be a more useful moral than you may apprehend; for perhaps the mean ambition of being worshipp'd, flatter'd, and attended by such fellows as these, may have led men into the worst of schemes, from which they could promise themselves little more.

Enter HONESTUS.

Hon. You sent me word that you desir'd to see me.

Pil. I did, Honestus, for my farce appears
This day upon the stage——and I intreat
Your presence in the pit, to help applaud it.
Hon. Faith, Sir, my voice shall never be corrupt.
If I approve your farce, I will applaud it;
If not, I'll hiss it, tho' I hiss alone.
Pil. Now, by my soul, I hope to see the time,
When none shall dare to hiss within the house.
Hon. I rather hope to see the time, when none
Shall come prepar'd to censure or applaud,
But merit always bear away the prize.
If you have merit, take your merit's due;
If not, why should a bungler in his art,
Keep off some better genius from the stage?
I tell, you, Sir, the farce you act to-night,
I don't approve, nor will the house, unless

Your friends by partiality prevail.
Besides, you are most impolitick to affront
The army in the beginning of your piece;
Your satire is unjust, I know no ghost
Of army-beaus, unless of your own making.

Sour. What do you mean by that?

Spat. Sir, in the farce of Eurydice, a ghost of an army-beau was brought on the stage.

Sour. O! ay, I remember him.

Pil. I fear them not, I have so many friends,
That the majority will sure be mine.

Hon. Curse on this way of carrying things by friends.
This bar to merit; by such unjust means,
A play's success, or ill success is known,
And fix'd before it has been tried i' th' house;
Yet grant it shou'd succeed, grant that by chance
Or by the whim and madness of the town,
A farce without contrivance, without sense
Should run to the astonishment of mankind;
Think how you will be read in after-times,
When friends are not, and the impartial judge
Shall with the meanest scribbler rank your name;
Who would not rather wish a Butler's fame,
Distress'd and poor in every thing but merit,
Than be the blundering laureat to a court?

Pil. Not I—On me, ye gods, bestow the pence,
And give your fame to any fools you please.

Hon. Your love of pence sufficiently you shew,
By raising still your prices on the town.

Pil. The town for their own sakes these prices pay,
Which the additional expence demands.

Hon. Then give us a good tragedy for our money,
And let not Harlequin still pick our pockets,

With his low paltry tricks and juggling cheats,
Which any school-boy, was he on the stage,
Could do as well as he——In former times,
When bettter actors acted better plays,
The town paid less.

Pil. We have more actors now.

Hon. Ay, many more, I'm certain, than you need.
Make your additional expence apparent,
Let it appear quite necessary too,
And then, perhaps, they'll grumble not to pay.

Pil. What is a manager whom the publick rule?

Hon. The servant of the publick, and no more:
For tho' indeed you see the actors paid,
Yet from the people's pockets come the pence,
They therefore should deside what they will pay for.

Pil. If you assist me on this trial day,
You may assure yourself a dedication.

Hon. No bribe—I go impartial to your cause,
Like a just critick to give worth applause,
But damn you if you write against our laws.
[*Exit.*

Pil. I wish I cou'd have gain'd one honest man
Sure to my side——But since the attempt is vain,
Numbers must serve for worth; the vessel sails
With equal rapid fury and success,
Born by the foulest tide, as clearest stream.

Enter Valet de Chambre.

Val. Your honour's muse
Is come to wait upon you.

Pil. Shew her in.

I guess she comes to chide me for neglect,
Since twice two days have past since I invok'd her.

Enter Muse.

Sour. The devil there have! This is a mighty pretty way the gentleman has found out to insinuate his acquaintance with the muses; though, like other ladies I believe they are often wrong'd by fellows who brag for favours they never receiv'd.

Pil. Why wears my gentle muse so stern a brow?
Why awful thus affects she to appear,
Where she delighted to be so serene?

Muse. And dost thou ask, thou traitor, dost thou ask?
Art thou not conscious of the wrongs I bear,
Neglected, slighted, for a fresher muse?
I, whose fond heart too easily did yield
My virgin joys and honour to thy arms,
And bore thee Pasquin.

Pil. Where will this fury end?

Muse. Ask thy base heart, whose is Eurydice?

Pil. By all that's great, begotten on no muse,
The trifling offspring of an idle hour,
When you were absent, far below your care.

Muse. Can I believe you had her by no muse?

Pil. Ay, by your love, and more, by mine you shall;
My raptur'd fancy shall again enjoy thee;
Cure all thy jealousies, and ease thy fears.

Muse. Wilt thou? make ready then thy pen and ink.

Pil. O they are ever ready; when they fail,

May'st thou forsake me, may'st thou then inspire
The blundering brain of scribblers, who for hire,
Would write away their country's liberties.

Muse. O name not wretches so below the muse:
No, my dear Pillage, sooner will I whet
The Ordinary of Newgate's leaden quill:
Sooner will I indite the annual verse,
Which city bellmen, or court laureats sing;
Sooner with thee in humble garret dwell,
And thou, or else thy muse disclaims thy pen,
Would'st sooner starve, ay, even in prison starve,
Than vindicate oppression for thy bread,
Or write down liberty to gain thy own.

Sour. Hey-day! methinks this merry tragedy is growing sublime,

Spat. That last is, indeed, a little out of my present stile; is dropt from me before I was aware; talking of liberty made me serious in spite of my teeth, for between you and me, Mr. Sourwit, I think that affair is past a jest: But I ask your pardon, you shall have no more on't.

Pil. Come to my arms, inspire me with sweet thoughts.
And now thy inspiration fires my brain:
Not more I felt thy power, nor fiercer burnt
My vig'rous fancy, when thy blushing charms
First yielded trembling, and inspir'd my pen
To write nine scenes with spirit in one day.

Muse. That was a day indeed!

Sour. Ay, faith! so it was.

Muse. And do's my Pillage write with joy as then?
Would not a fresher subject charm his pen?

Pil. Let the dull sated appetite require
Variety to whet its blunted edge;
The subject which has once delighted me,

Shall still delight, shall ever be my choice;
Come to my arms, thou master-piece of nature.
The fairest rose, first op'ning to the sun,
Bears not thy beauty, nor sends forth thy sweets;
For that once gather'd loses all its pride,
Fades to the sight, and sickens to the smell;
Thou, gather'd charmest every sense the more,
Can'st flourish, and be gather'd o'er and o'er.

[*Exeunt.*

Spat. There, they are gone to write a scene, and the town may expect the fruit of it.

Sour. Yes, I think the town may expect an offspring indeed.

Spat. But now my catastrophe is aproaching; change the scene to the out-side of the play-house, and enter two gentlem.

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1st Gent. Came you from the house?

2nd Gent. I did.

1st Gent. How wears the farce?

2nd Gent. The pit is cramm'd I could not get admission,
But at the door I heard a mighty noise,
It seem'd of approbation and of laughter.

1st. Gent. If laughter it was surely approbation,
For I've long studied the dramatick art,
Read many volumes, seen a thousand plays,
Whence I've at length found out this certain truth,
That laughs applaud a farce, and tears a tragedy.

Sour. A very great discovery indeed, and very pompuously introduced!

Spat. You sneer, Mr. Sourwit: but I have seen discoveries in life of the same nature, introduced with much greater pomp.

Sour. But don't you intend to lay the scene in the theatre, and let us see the farce fairly damn'd before us?

Spat. No, Sir, it is a thing of too horrible a nature; for which reason I shall follow Horace's rule, and only introduce a description of it. Come, enter, Description; I assure you I have thrown myself out greatly in this next scene.

Enter third GENTLEMAN.

3rd Gent. Oh, friends, all's lost; Eurydice is damn'd.

2nd Gent. Ha! damn'd! A few short moments past I came
From the pit-door, and heard a loud applause.

3rd Gent. 'Tis true, at first the pit seem'd greatly pleas'd,
And loud applauses thro' the benches rung,
But as the plot began to open more,
(A shallow plot) the claps less frequent grew,
'Till by degrees a gentle hiss arose;
This by a cat-call from the gallery
Was quickly seconded: Then follow'd claps,
And 'twixt long claps and hisses did succeed,
A stern contention. Victory hung dubious.
So hangs the conscience, doubtful to determine,
When honesty pleads here, and there a bribe;
At length some ill-fated actor's mouth,
Sudden there issued forth a horrid dram,
And from another rush'd two gallons forth:
The audience, as it were contagious air,
All caught it, halloo'd, cat-call'd, hiss'd, and groan'd.

1st Gent. I always thought indeed, that joke would damn him;
And told him that the people wou'd not take it.

3rd Gent. But it was mighty pleasant to behold,
When the damnation of the farce was sure,
How all those friends who had begun the claps,
With greatest vigour strove who first shou'd hiss,
And shew disapprobation. And John Watts,
Who was this morning eager for the copy,
Slunk hasty from the pit, and shook his head.

2nd Gent. And so 'tis certain that his farce is gone?

3rd Gent. Most certain.

2nd Gent. Let us then retire with speed,
For see he comes this way.

3rd Gent. By all means,
Let us avoid him with what haste we can.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter PILLAGE.

Pil. Then I am damn'd——Curst henceforth be the bard,
Whoe'er depends on fortune, or on friends.

Sour. So, the play is over: for I reckon you will not find it possible to get any one to come near this honest gentleman.

Spat. Yes, Sir, there is one, and you may easily guess who it is: The man who will not flatter his friend in prosperity, will hardly leave him in adversity——Come, enter Honestus.

Pil. Honestus here! will he not shun me too.

Hon. When Pasquin ran, and the town lik'd you most,
And every scribbler loaded you with praise,
I did not court you, nor will shun you now.

Pil. Oh! had I taken your advice, my friend!
I had not now been damn'd——Then had I trusted
To the impartial judgment of the town,
And by the goodness of my piece had try'd
To merit favour, nor with vain reliance
On the frail promise of uncertain friends,
Produc'd a farce like this—Friends who forsook me
And left me nought to comfort me but this.
[*Drinks.*

Hon. Forbear to drink.

Pil. Oh! it is now too late.
Already I have drank two bottles off,
Of this fell portion, and it now begins
To work its deadly purpose on my brain;
I'm giddy, ha! my head begins to swim,
And see Eurydice all pale before me;
Why dost thou haunt me thus? I did not damn thee.
By Jove there never was a better farce:
She beckons me—Say—whether—blame the town,
And not thy Pillage—Now my brain's on fire!
My staggering senses dance——and I am——

Hon. Drunk.
That word he should have said, that ends the verse;
Farewel, a twelve hours nap compose thy senses.
May mankind profit by the sad example,
May men grow wiser, writers grow more scarce,
And no man dare to make a simple farce.

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK:

OR,

PHAETON IN THE SUDS.

A DRAMATICK ENTERTAINMENT OF WALKING,

IN SERIOUS AND FOOLISH CHARACTERS.

Interlarded with Burlesque, Grotesque, Comick Interludes,

CALLED

HARLEQUIN A PICK-POCKET.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

THE NEW THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET.

Being ('tis hoped) the last Entertainment that will ever be exhibited on any Stage.

INVENTED BY THE INGENIOUS

MONSIEUR SANS ESPRIT.

THE MUSICK COMPOSED BY THE HARMONIOUS

SIGNIOR WARBLERINI.

AND THE SCENES PAINTED BY THE PRODIGIOUS

MYNHEER VAN BOTTOM-FLAT.

Monstr' horrend' inform.———

FIRST ACTED IN 1744.

TO

Mr. JOHN LUNN,

VULGARLY CALLED ESQUIRE.

Sir,

THO' Pasquin has put Dedications in so ridiculous a light, that patrons may, perhaps, pay some shame for the future for reading their own praises; yet I hope you will not begin to be affected with so troublesome a passion, when I tell you, I know no man in England to whom I can so properly dedicated the following pages as yourself.

It is to you, Sir, we owe (if not the invention) at least the bringing into a fashion, that sort of writing which you have pleased to distinguish by the name of Entertainment. Your success herein (whether owing to your heels or your head I will not determine) sufficiently entitles you to all respect from the inferior dabblers in things of this nature.

But, Sir, I have farther obligation to you than the success, whatever it be, which this little farce may meet with, can lay on me. It was to a play judiciously brought on by you in the May-month, to which I owe the original hint, as I have always own'd, of the contrasted poets, and two or three other particulars, which have received great applause on the stage. Nor am I less obliged to you for discovering in my imperfect performance

the strokes of an author, any of whose wit, if I have preserved entire, I shall think it my chief merit to the town. Tho' I cannot enough cure myself of selfishness, while I meddle in dramatick writings, to profess a sorrow that one of so superior a genius is led, by his better sense and better fortune, to more profitable studies than the stage. How far you have contributed to this, I will not presume to determine. Farther, as Pasquin has proved of greater advantage to me, than it could have been at any other play-house, under their present regulations, I am oblig'd to you for the indifference you shewed at my proposal to you of bringing a play on your stage this winter, which immediately determin'd me against any farther pursuing that project; for as I never yet yielded to any mean or subservient solicitations of the great men in real life, I could by no means prevail on myself to play an under-part in that dramatick entertainment of greatness, which you are pleased to divert yourself with in private, and which, was you to exhibit it in publick, might prove as profitable to you, and as diverting a Pantomime to the town, as any you have hitherto favour'd us with.

I am, moreover, much oblig'd to you for that satire on Pasquin, which you was so kind to bring on your stage; and here I declare (whatever people may think to the contrary) you did it of your own mere goodness, without any reward or solicitation from me. I own it was a sensible pleasure to me to observe the town, which had before been so favourable to Pasquin at his own house, confirming that applause, by thoroughly condemning the satire on him at yours.

Whether this was written by your command, or your assistance, or only acted by your permission; I will not venture to decide. I believe every impartial honest man will conclude, that either lays me under the same obligation to you, and justly entitles you to this dedication. Indeed I am inclined to believe the latter; for I fancy you have too strong a head ever to meddle with Common-sense, especially since you have found the way so well to succeed without her, and you are too great and good a Manager, to keep a needless supernumerary in your house.

I suppose you will here except something in the dedicatory style on your person and your accomplishments: But why should I entertain the town with a recital of your particulur perfections when they may see your whole merit all at once, whenever, you condescend to perform the Harlequin! However, I shall beg leave to mention here (I solemnly protest, without the least design of flattery) your adequate behaviour in that great station to which you was born, your great judgment in plays and players, too well known to be here expatiated on; your generosity, in diverting the whole kingdom with your race-horses at the expence, I might almost say, of more than your purse. To say nothing of your wit, and other perfections, I must force myself to add, tho' I know every man will be pleas'd with it but yourself, That the person who has the honour to know your very inmost thoughts best, is the most sensible of your great endowments.

But, Sir, while I am pleasing myself, and I be-

lieve the world, I am, I fear, offending you; I will therefore desist, tho' I can affirm, what few dedicators can, that I can, and perhaps may say much more; and only assure you that I am, with the sincerity of most of the foregoing lines,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

PASQUIN.

ARGUMENT.

PHAETON was the son of PHOEBUS, and CLYMENE, a Grecian Oyster-wench. The parish-boys would often upbraid him with the infamy of his mother CLYMENE, telling him, she reported him to be the son of APOLLO, only to cover her adultery with a serjeant of the Foot-guards. He complains to CLYMENE of the affront put upon them both. She advises him to go to the Round-house (the temple of his father) and there be resolved from his own mouth of the truth of his Sire; bidding him at the same time beg some indubitable mark, that should convince the world that his mother was a virtuous woman, and whore to PHOEBUS. He goes to the said Round-house, where APOLLO grants his request, and gives him the guidance of his lanthorn for a day. The youth falling asleep, was tumbled out of the wheel-barrow, and what became of him I could never learn.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Machine, the Composer ..	Mr. Roberts.
Fustian, an Author	Mr. Lacy.
Sneerwell, a Critick	Mr. Machen.
Prompter	Mr. Turner.
Clymene	Mrs. Charke.
Jupiter	Mr. Freeman.
Neptune	Mr. Wallis.
Phoebus	Mr. Toping.
Old Phaeton	Mr. Smith.
Young Phaeton	Mr. Boothby.
Aurora	Mrs. Egerton.
Aurora's Maid	Miss Jones.
Terra	Miss Burgess.
Genius of Gin	Miss Ferguson.
Harlequin	Mr. Rosamond.
Justice	Mr. Jones.
Justices's Clerk	Mons. Castiglione.
Managers	Mr. Freeman. Mr. Turner.
Stars	Master Sherwin. Miss Ferguson.
Columbine	Mademoiselle Beaumaunt
1st Countryman	Mr. Smith.
2d Countryman	Mr. Lowder.
3d Countryman	Mr. Collerd.
1st Rake	Mr. Boothby.
2d Rake	Mr. Pullen.
3d Rake	Mr. Wallis.
4th Rake	Mr. Phenix.
Chairmen	Mr. Smith. Mr. Collerd.
Pistol	Mr. Lowder.
Tragedy King	Mr. Pullen.
School-Mistress	Mrs. Egerton.
Tragedy Queen	Miss Jones.
Watchmen	Mr. Smith. Mr. Lowder. Mr. Collerd. Mr. Chapman.

Constables Watch, Fiddlers, Lanthorns, Suns, Moons Whores, &c. &c. &c.

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK:

OR,

PHAETON IN THE SUDS.

PROMPTER, FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, *and* MACHINE.

Prompter.

MR. Fustian, I hope the tragedy is over, for Mr. Machine is just come, and we must practise the entertainment.

Fust. Sir, my tragedy is done; but you need not be in such haste about your entertainment, for you will not want it this season.

Promp. That, Sir, I don't know; but we dare not disoblige Mr. Machine, for fear he should go to the other house.

Sneer Dear Fustian, do let us stay and see the practise.

Fust. And can you bear, after such a lucious meal of tragedy as you have had, to put away the taste with such an insipid desert?

Sneer. It will divert me a different way.——I can admire the sublime which I have seen in the tragedy, and laugh at the ridiculous which I expect in the entertainment.

Fust. You shall laugh by yourself then. [*Going.*

Sneer. Nay dear Fustian, I beg you wou'd stay for me, for I believe I can serve you; I will carry you to dinner, in a large company, where you may dispose of some tickets.

Fust. Sir, I can deny you nothing.—Ay, I have a few tickets in my pockets.

[*Pulls out a vast quantity of Paper.*

Mach. Gentlemen. I must beg you to clear the stage entirely; for in things of this serious nature, if we do not comply with the exactest decency, the audience will be very justly offended.

Fust. Things of a serious nature! oh the devil!

Mach. Harkye, Prompter, who is that figure there?

Promp. That, Sir, is Mr. Fustian, author of the New Tragedy.

Mach. Oh! I smoke him, I smoke him. But, Mr. Prompter, I must insist that you cut out a great deal of Othello, if my pantomime is perform'd with it, or the audience will be pall'd before the entertainment begins.

Promp. We'll cut out the fifth act, Sir if you please.

Mach. Sir, that's not enough, I'll have the first cut out too.

Fust. Death and the devil! can I bear this? Shall Shakespear be mangled to introduce this trumpery?

Promp. Sir, this gentleman brings more money to the house than all the poets put together.

Mach. Pugh, pugh, Shakespear!———Come, let down the curtain, and play away the overture. —Prompter, to your post.

[*The curtain drawn up, discovers* Phaeton *leaning against the scene.*

SCENE, a Cobler's Stall.

Enter CLYMENE.

Sneer. Pray, Sir, who are these extraordinary figures?

Math. He, leaning against the scene, is Phaeton; and the lady is Clymene; or Clymene, as they call her in Drury-Lane. This scene, Sir, is the true altercative, or scolding style of the ancients. Come, Madam, begin.

Clym. You lazy, lousy rascal, is't well done,
That you, the heir apparent of the Sun,
Stand with your arms before you, like a lout,
When your great father has two hours set out,
And bears his lanthorn all the world about?

Phae. Oh, Mother, Mother! think you it sounds well,
That the Sun's son in cobler's stall should dwell?
Think you it does not on my soul encroach,
To walk on foot while father keeps a coach?
If he shou'd shine within the stall, d'ye think,
To see me mending shoes, he wou'd not wink?
Besides, by all the parish-boys I'm flamm'd,
You the Sun's son! You rascal, your be damn'd!

Clym. And dost thou, blockhead, then, make all this noise,
Because you're fleer'd at by the parish-boys?
When, sirrah, you may know the mob will dare
Sometimes to scorn, and hiss at my Lord Mayor.

AIR I.

(GILLIFLOWER, GENTLE ROSEMARY)

Phae. O Mother, this story will never go down,
'Tis true what you swore,
I'm the son of a whore,
Clym. You rascal, who dare your mamme thus to doubt,
Come along to the justice, and he'll make it out;
He knows very well,
When you first made me swell,
That I swore 'twas the Sun that had shin'd in my cell.
Phae. O Mother, Mother, I must ever grieve;
Can I the justice, if not you believe?
If to your oath no credit I afford,
Do you believe, I'll take his worship's word?
Clym. Go, to the watch-house, where your father bright
That lanthorn keeps which gives the world it's light;
Whence sallying, he does the day's gates unlock
Walks thro' the world's great streets, and tells folks what's o'clock.
Phae. With joy I go; and ere two days are run,
I'll know if I am my own father's son. [*Exit.*
Clym. Go, clear my fame, for greater 'tis in life
To be a great man's whore, than poor man's wife;
If you are rich, your vices men adore,
But hate and scorn your virtues, if you're poor.

AIR II.—(PIERROT TUNE.)

Great courtiers palaces contain,
  Poor courtiers fear a gaol;
Great parsons riot in champaign,
  Poor parsons sot in ale;
Great whores in coaches gang,
    Smaller misses,
    For their kisses,
Are in Bridewell bang'd;
    Whilst in vogue
    Lives the great rogue,
Small rogues are by dozens hang'd.

[*Exit.*

[*The scene draws and discovers the Sun in a great chair in the round-house, attended by watchmen.*

Enter PHAETON.

Sneer. Pray, Sir, what is that scene to represent?

Mach. Sir, this is the palace of the Sun.

Fust. It looks as like the round-house as ever I saw any thing.

Mach. Yes, Sir, the Sun is introduced in the character of a watchman; and that lanthorn there represents his chariot.

Fust. The devil it does!

Mach. Yes, Sir, it does, and as like the chariot of the Sun it is, as ever you saw any thing on any stage.

Fust. I can't help thinking this a properer representation of the Moon, than the Sun.

Sneer. Perhaps the scene lies in the Antipodes, where the sun rises at midnight.

Mach. Sir, the scene lies in Ovid's Metamorphoses; and so, pray Sir, don't ask any more questions, for things of this nature are above criticism.

Phae. What do I see? What beams of candle-light
Break from that lanthorn and put out my sight?

Phoeb. Oh little Phaey! pr'ythee tell me why
Thou tak'st this evening's walk into the sky?

Phae. Father, if I may call thee by that name,
I come to clear my own and mother's fame;
To prove myself thy bastard, her thy miss.

Phoeb. Come hither first, and give me, boy, a kiss. [*Kisses him*.
Now you shall see a dance and that will show,
We lead as merry lives as folks below.

[*A dance of watchmen*.

Phae. Father, the dance has very well been done.
But yet that does not prove I am your son.

Fust. Upon my word, I think Mr. Phaeton is very much in the right on't; and I would be glad to know, Sir, why this dance was introduc'd.

Mach. Why, Sir? why as all dances are introduc'd, for the sake of the dance. Besides, Sir, wou'd it not look very unnatural in Phoebus to give his son no entertainment after so long an absence? Go on, go on.

Phoeb. Thou art so like me, sure you must be mine;
I shou'd be glad if you would stay and dine;
I'll give my bond, whate'er you ask to grant;
I will by Styx! an oath which break I can't.

Phae. Then let me, since that vow must ne'er
be broke,
Carry, one day, that lanthorn for a joke.

Phoeb. Rash was my promise, which I now
must keep;
But oh! take care you do not fall asleep.

Phae. If I succeed, I shall no scandal rue;
If I should sleep, 'tis what most watchmen do.
[*Exit* Phaeton.

Phoeb. No more.——Set out, and walk around
the skies;
My watch informs me it is time to rise. [*Exit.*

Mach. Now for the comick, Sir.

Fust. Why, what the devil has this been?

Mach. This has been the serious, Sir,——the sublime. The serious in an entertainment, answers to the sublime in writing. Come, are all the rakes and whores ready at King's coffee-house?

Promp. They are ready, Sir.

Mach. Then draw the scene. Pray, let the carpenters take care that all the scenes be drawn in exact time and tune, that I may have no bungling in the tricks; for a trick is no trick, if not perform'd with great dexterity. Mr. Fustian, in tragedies and comedies, and such sort of things, the audiences will make great allowances; but they expect more from an entertainment; here, if the least thing be out of order, they never pass it by.

Fust. Very true, Sir, tragedies do not depend so much upon the carpenter as you do.

Mach. Come, draw the scene.

[*The scene draws, and discovers several men and women drinking in* King's *coffee-house.*

They rise and dance. The dance ended, sing the following song.

AIR III.—(O LONDON IS A FINE TOWN.)

1st Rake. O Gin, at length is putting down,
And 'tis the more the pity;
Petition for it all the town,
Petition all the city.
Chorus. O Gin, &c.

1st Rake. 'Twas Gin that made train-bands so stout,
To whom each castle yields;
This made them march the town about,
And take all Tuttle-fields.
Chorus. O Gin, &c.

1st Rake. 'Tis Gin, as all our neighbours know,
Has serv'd our army too;
This makes them make so fine a show,
In Hyde-park, at review.
Chorus. O Gin, &c.

1st Rake. But what I hope will change your notes
And make your anger sleep;
Consider none can bribe his votes
With liquor half so cheap.
Chorus. O Gin, &c.

Fust. I suppose, Sir, you took a cup of Gin to inspire you to write this fine song.

[*During the song,* Harlequin *enters and picks pockets. A poet's pocket is pick'd of his play, which, as he was going to pawn for the*

reckoning, he misses. Harlequin *is discovered; constables and watch are fetched in; the watchmen walking in their sleep; they bind him in chains, confine him in the cellar, and leave him alone. The Genius of* Gin *rises out of a tub.*

Gen. Take, Harlequin, this magick wand,
All things shall yield to thy command:
Whether you wou'd appear incog,
In shape of monkey, cat or dog;
Or else to shew your wit, transform
Your mistress to a butter-churn;
Or else what no magician can,
Into a wheel-barrow turn a man;
And please the gentry above stairs,
By sweetly crying, Mellow pears.
Thou shalt make jests without a head,
And judge of plays thou canst not not read.
Whores and race-horses shall be thine,
Champaign shall be thy only wine;
While the best poet, and best player,
Shall both be forc'd to feed on air;
Gin's Genius all these things reveals,
Thou shalt perform, by slight of heels.
[*Exit* Genius.

[*Enter constable and watchmen. They take* Harlequin *out, and scene changes to the street; a crowd before the justice's house. Enter a clerk in the character of* Pierrot; *they all go in. The scene changes to the justice's parlour, and discovers the justice learning to spell of an old school-mistress.*

Fust. Pray, Sir, who are those characters?

Mach. Sir, that's a justice of peace; and the other is a school-mistress, teaching the justice to spell; for you must know, Sir, the justice is a very ingenious man, and a very great scholar, but happen'd to have the misfortune in his youth, never to learn to read.

[*Enter* Harlequin *in custody;* Columbine, *poet, &c. The poet makes his complaint to the justice; the justice orders a Mittimus for* Harlequin; Columbine *courts the justice to let* Harlequin *escape; he grows fond of her, but will not comply till she offers him money; he then acquits* Harlequin, *and commits the poet.*

Fust. Pray, how is this brought about, Sir?

Mach. How, Sir! why by bribery. You know, Sir, or may know, that Aristotle, in his book concerning entertainments, has laid it down as a principal rule, that Harlequin is always to escape; and I'll be judg'd by the whole world, if ever he escap'd in a more natural manner.

[*The constable carries off the poet;* Harlequin *hits the justice a great rap upon the back, and runs off;* Columbine *goes to follow;* Pierrot *lays hold on her, the justice being recover'd of his blow, siezes her, and carries her in.* Pierrot *sits down to learn to spell, and the scene shuts.*

[*Scene the street.* Harlequin *re-enters, considering how to regain* Columbine, *and bite the justice. Two chairmen cross the stage with a China jar, on a horse directed to the* Theatre-

Royal *in* Drury-lane. Harlequin *gets into it, and is carry'd into the justice's; the scene changes to the justice's house;* Harlequin *is brought in, in the jar; the justice,* Pierrot, *and* Columbine *enter; the justice offers it as a present to* Columbine.

Fust. Sir, Sir, here's a small error, I observe; how comes the justice to attempt buying this jar as I suppose you intend, when it is directed to the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Mach. Sir, Sir, here's no error, I observe; for how shou'd the justice know that, when he can't read?

Sneer. Ay, there I think, Mr. Fustian, you must own yourself in the wrong.

Fust. People that can't read, ought not to be brought upon the stage, that's all.

[*While the justice and chairman are talking about the jar,* Harlequin *tumbles down upon him. The justice and* Pierrot *run off in a fright.* Columbine *runs to* Harlequin, *who carries her off. The chairman go out with the jar.*

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Machine, how came that jar not to be broke?

Mach. Becau.e it was no jar, Sir; I see you know very little of these affairs.

[*Scene the street.* Harlequin *and* Columbine *re-enter pursued by the justice and his clerk.*

[*Scene changes to a barber's shop; he sets* Columbine *down to shave her, blinds the clerk*

with the suds, and turns the justice into a periwig-block.

Mach. There, Sir, there's wit and humour, and transformation for you.

Fust. The transformation is odd enough, indeed.

Mach. Odd, Sir! What, the justice into a block? No, Sir, not odd at all; there never was a more natural and easy transformation; but don't interrupt us. Go on, go on.

[*The clerk takes the wig off the block, puts it on, and admires himself;* Harlequin *directs him to powder it better, which, while he is doing, he throws him into the trough, and shuts him down.* Harlequin *and* Columbine *go off. The justice re-enters, without his wig; his man calls to him out of the trough, he takes him out, and they go off together in pursuit of* Harlequin.

Mach. Thus ends, Sir, my first comick. Now, Sir, for my second serious, or sublime. Come, draw the scene, and discover Aurora, or the Morning, just going to break, and her maid ironing her linen.

Aur. The devil take the wench, is't not a shame
You shou'd be lazy and I bear the blame?
Make haste, you drone, for if I longer stay,
The Sun will rise before the break of day;
Nor can I go till my clean linen's done:
How will a dirty morning look in June?

Maid. Shifts, Madam, can't be dry'd before they're wet;
You must wear fewer, or more changes get.

Fust. Pray, Sir, in what book of the ancients

do you find any mention of Aurora's washer-woman?

Mach. Don't trouble me with the ancients, Sir; if she's not in the ancients. I have improv'd upon the ancients, Sir, that's all.

Aur. Dare you to me in such a manner speak?
The morning is scarce fine three times a week;
But I can't stay, and as I am must break.

[*Exit.*

Maid. Break, and be hang'd; please heav'n I'll give you warning.
Night wants a maid, and so I'll leave the Morning.

[*Exit.*

Scene changes to an open Country.

Enter two COUNTRYMEN.

1*st Country.* Is it day yet, neighbour?

2*nd Country.* Faith, neighbour, I can't tell whether it is or no. It is a cursed nasty morning; I wish we have not wet weather.

1*st Country.* It begins to grow a little lighter tho' now.

[Aurora *crosses the stage, with two or three girls carrying farthing candles.*

Fust. Pray, Sir, what do those children represent?

Mach. Sir, those children are all stars; and you shall see presently, as the Sun rises, the candles will go out, which represents the disappearing of the stars.

Fust. O the devil! the devil!

Mach. Dear Sir, don't be angry. Why will you not allow me the same latitude that is allow'd to all other composers of entertainments? Does not a dragon descend from hell in Doctor Faustus? And people go up to hell in Pluto and Proserpine? Does not a squib represent a thunderbolt in the Rape of Proserpine? And what are all the suns, Sir, that have ever shone upon the stage, but candles? And if they represent the sun, I think they may very well represent the stars.

Fust. Sir, I ask your pardon. But, Sir——

Mach. Pray, Sir, be quiet, or the candles will be gone out before they shou'd, and burn the girls' fingers before the sun can rise.

1st Country. I'll e'en go saddle my horses.

2nd Country. Odso! methinks 'tis woundy light all of a sudden; the sun rises devilish fast to-day, methinks.

1st Country. Mayhap he's going a fox-hunting to-day, but he takes devilish large leaps.

2nd Country. Leaps, quotha! I'cod he'll leap upon us, I believe. Its woundy hot, the skin is almost burnt off my face; I warrant I'm as black as a black-moor.

[*Phaeton falls, and the lanthorn hangs hovering in the air.*

Enter 3rd COUNTRYMAN.

3rd Country. O Neighbours! the world is at an end; call up the Parson of the parish: I am but just got up from my neighbour's wife, and have not had time to say my prayers since.

1st Country. The world at an end! No, no, if this hot weather continues, we shall have harvest

in May. Odso, tho', 'tis damn'd hot! I'cod, I wish I had left my cloaths at home.

2nd Country. S'bud, I sweat as if I had been at a hard day's work.

1st Country. O, I'm scorch'd!

2nd Country. O, I'm burnt!

3rd Country. I'm on fire. [*Exeunt crying Fire.*

NEPTUNE *descends.*

Nept. I am the mighty emperor of the sea.

Fust. I am mighty glad you tell us so, or else we should have taken you for the emperor of the air.

Mach. Sir, he has been making a visit to Jupiter. Beside, Sir, it is here introduced with great beauty; for we may very naturally suppose, that the Sun being drove by Phaeton so near the earth, had exhal'd all the sea up into the air.

Fust. But methinks Neptune is oddly dress'd for a god?

Mach. Sir, I must dress my characters somewhat like what people have seen; and as I presume few of my audience have been nearer the sea than Gravesend, so I dressed him e'en like a waterman.

Sneer. So that he is more properly the god of the Thames, than the god of the sea.

Mach. Pray, let Mr. Neptune go on.

Nept. Was it well done, O Jupiter! whilst I
Paid you a civil visit in the sky,
To send your Sun my waters to dry up,
Nor leave my fish one comfortable sup?

Mach. Come, enter the goddess of the earth, and a dancing-master, and dance the White Joke.

They enter and dance.

Nept. What can the earth with frolicks thus inspire
To dance when all her kingdom is on fire?
Terra. Tho' all the earth was one continued smoke,
'Twould not prevent my dancing the White Joke.

Sneer. Upon my word, the goddess is a great lover of dancing.

Mach. Come, enter Jupiter with a pair of bellows, and blow out the candle of the sun.

JUPITER *enters, as above.*

Terra. But ha! great Jupiter has heard our rout,
And blown the candle of the Sun quite out.

Mach. Come now, Neptune and Terra, dance a minuet by way of thanksgiving.

Fust. But pray how is Phaeton fallen all this time?

Mach. Why you saw him fall, did not you: And there he lies; and I think it's the first time I ever saw him fall upon any stage. But I fancy he has lain there so long, that he would be glad to get up again by this time; so pray draw the first flat over him. Come, enter Clymene.

Cly. Art thou, my Phacy, dead? O foolish elf,
To find your father, and to lose yourself.
What shall I do to get another son,
For now, alas! my teeming-time is done?

AIR IV.

Thus when the wretched owl has found
  Her young owls dead as mice,
O'er the sad spoil she hovers round,
  And views 'em once or twice:
Then to some hollow tree she flies,
  To halloo, hoot, and howl,
'Till ev'ry boy that passes, cries,
  The devil's in the owl!

Mach. Come, enter Old Phaeton.

Fust. Pray, Sir, who is Old Phaeton? for neither Ovid, nor Mr. Pritchard make any mention of him.

Mach. Sir, he is the husband of Clymene, and might have been the father of Phaeton if his wife would have let him.

Enter Old Phaeton.

Old Phae. What is the reason, wife, thro' all the town
You publish me a cuckold up and down?
Is't not enough, as other women do,
To cuckold me, but you must tell it too?

Cly. Good cobler, do not thus indulge your rage,
But, like your brighter brethren of the age,
Think it enough your betters do the deed,
And that by horning you I mend the breed.

Old Phae. Madam, if horns I on my head must wear,
'Tis equal to me who shall graft them there.

Cly. To London, go, thou out-of-fashion fool,
And thou wilt learn in that great cuckold's school,
That every man who wears the marriage fetters,
Is glad to be the cuckold of his betters;
Therefore, no longer at your fate repine,
For in your stall the sun shall ever shine.

Old Phae. I had rather have burnt candle all my life,
Than to the Sun have yielded up my wife.
But since 'tis past, I must my fortune bear;
'Tis well you did not do it with a star.

Cly. When neighbours see the Sun shine in your stall,
Your fate will be the envy of them all;
And each poor clouded man will wish the Sun
Wou'd do to his wife, what to your wife h'as done. [*Exeunt arm in arm*.

Mach. There, Sir, is a scene in heroics between a cobler and his wife; now you shall have a scene in mere prose between several gods.

Fust. I should have thought it more natural for the gods to have talk'd in heroics, and the cobler and his wife in prose.

Mach. You think it would have been more natural, so do I, and for that very reason have avoided it; for the chief beauty of an entertainment, Sir, is to be unnatural. Come, where are the gods?

Enter JUPITER, NEPTUNE, *and* PHOEBUS.

Jup. Hark'e, you Phoebus, will you take up your lanthorn, and set out, Sir, or no? For by Styx! I'll put somebody else in your place, if

you do not; I will not have the world left in darkness, because you are out of humour.

Phoeb. Have I not reason to be out of humour, when you have destroy'd my favourite child?

Jup. 'Twas your own fault; why did you trust him with your lanthorn?

Phoeb. I had promis'd by Styx, an oath which you know was not in my power to break.

Jup. I shall dispute with you here no longer; so either take your lanthorn, and mind your business, or I'll dispose of it to somebody else. I would not have you think that I want suns, for there were two very fine ones that shone together at Drury-Lane play-house; I myself saw 'em, for I was in the same entertainment.

Phoeb. I saw 'em too, but they were more like moons than suns; and as like any thing else as either. You had better send for the sun from Covent-Garden house, there's a sun that hatches an egg there, and produces a Harlequin.

Jup. Yes, I remember that; but do you know what animal laid that egg?

Phoeb. Not I.

Jup. Sir, that egg was laid by an ass.

Nept. Faith, that sun of the egg of an ass is a most prodigious animal; I have often wonder'd how you came to give him so much power over us, for he makes gods and devils dance jigs together whenever he pleases.

Jup. You must know he is the grand-child of my daughter Fortune by an ass; and at her request I settled all that power upon him; but he plays such damn'd pranks with it, that I believe I shall shortly revoke my grant. He has turn'd all nature topsy-turvy, and not content with that,

in one of his entertainments he was bringing all the devils in hell up to heaven by a machine, but I happen'd to perceive him, and stopt him by the way.

Phoeb. I wonder you did not damn him for it.

Jup. Sir, he has been damn'd a thousand times over; but he values it not of a rush; the devils themselves are afraid of him; he makes them sing and dance whenever he pleases. But, come, 'tis time for you to set out.

Phoeb. Well, if I must I must; and since you have destroy'd my son, I must find out some handsome wench and get another. [*Exit.*

Jup. Come, Neptune, 'tis too late to bed to go,
What shall we do to pass an hour or so?

Nept. E'en what you please—Will you along with me,
And take a little dip into the sea?

Jup. No, faith, tho' I've a heat I want to quench.
Dear Neptune, can'st thou find me out a wench?

Nept. What say'st thou to dame Thetis? she's a prude,
But yet I know with Jupiter she wou'd.

Jup. I ne'er was more transported in my life:
While the Sun's out at work, I'll have his wife;
Neptune, this service merits my regard,
For all great men shou'd still their pimps reward.
[*Exeunt.*

Mach. Thus, Sir, ends my second and last serious; and now for my second comic. Come, draw the scene, and discover the two play-houses side by side.

Sneer. You have brought these two play-houses in a very friendly manner together.

Mach. Why shou'd they quarrel, Sir? for you observe, both their doors are shut up. Come, enter Tragedy King and Queen, to be hired.

[*Enter* Tragedy King *and* Queen, *and knock at* Govent-Garden *play-house door; the Manager comes out; the* Tragedy King *repeats a speech out of a play; the Manager and he quarrel about an Emphasis. He knocks at* Drury-Lane *door; the Manager enters with his man* Pistol *bearing a sack-load of players' articles.*

Fust. Pray, Sir, what is contain'd in that sack?

Mach. Sir, in that sack are contain'd articles for players, from ten shillings a week, and no benefit, to five hundred a year, and a benefit clear.

Fust. Sir, I suppose you intend this as a joke? but I can't see why a player of our own country, and in our own language, should not deserve five hundred, sooner than a saucy Italian singer twelve.

Mach. Five hundred a year, Sir! Why, Sir, for a little more money I'll get you one of the best Harlequins in France; and you'll see the managers are of my opinion.

[*Enter* Harlequin *and* Columbine. *Both Managers run to 'em, and caress 'em; and while they are bidding for 'em, enter a Dog in a* Harlequin's *dress; they bid for him. Enter the Justice and his Clerk;* Harlequin *and* Columbine *run off.* Covent-Garden *Manager runs away with the dog in his*

arms. The scene changes to a cart-load of Players. The Justice pulls out the act of the 12th of the Queen, and threatens to commit them as Vagrants; the Manager offers the Justice two hundred a year, if he will commence player; the Justice accepts it, is turn'd into a Harlequin; *he and his Clerk mount the Cart, and all sing the following Chorus.*

CHORUS.

AIR V.—(ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.)

You wonder, perhaps, at the tricks of the stage,
Or that Pantomime miracles take with the age;
But if you examine court, country, and town,
There's nothing but Harlequin-feats will go down.
Derry down, &c.

From Fleet-Street to Limehouse the city's his range,
He's a saint in his shop and a knave on the 'change;
At an oath, or a jest, like a censor he'll frown,
But a lye or a cheat slip currently down.
Derry down, &c.

In the country he burns with a politick zeal,
And boasts, like knight-errant, to serve common weal;
But once return'd member, he alters his tone,
For as long as he rises, no matter who's down.
Derry down, &c.

At court, 'tis as hard to confine him as air,
Like a troublesome spirit, he's here and he's
there;
All shapes and disguises at pleasure puts on,
And defies all the nation to conjure him down.
Derry down, &c.

MISS LUCY IN TOWN:

A SEQUEL

TO

THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

A FARCE,

WITH

SONGS.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

by His Majesty's Servants

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Goodwill	Mr. Winstone.
Thomas	Mr. Neal.
Lord Bawble	Mr. Cross.
Mr. Zorabable	Mr. Macklin.
Signor Catileno	Mr. Beard.
Mr. Ballad	Mr. Lowe.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Midnight	Mrs. Macklin.
Wife	Mrs. Clive.
Tawdry	Mrs. Bennet.

MISS LUCY IN TOWN.

Scene, Mrs. Midnight's.

Midnight *and* Tawdry.

Midnight.

AND he did not give you a single shilling?

Taw. No, upon my honour.

Mid. Very well. They spend so much money in shew and equipage, that they can no more pay their ladies than their tradesmen. If it was not for Mr. Zorabable, and some more of his persuasion, I must shut up my doors.

Taw. Besides, Ma'am, virtuous women and gentlemen's wives come so cheap, that no man will go to the price of a lady of the town.

Mid. I thought Westminster-hall would have given them a surfeit of their virtuous women: but see nothing will do; tho' a jury of cuckolds were to give never such swinging damages, it will not deter men from qualifying more jurymen. In short, nothing can do us any service but an act of parliament to put us down.

Taw. Have you put up a bill on your door, Ma'am, as you said you would?

Mid. It is up, it is up. O Tawdry! that a woman who hath been bred, and always lived

like a gentlewoman, and followed a polite way of business, should be reduced to let lodgings.

Taw. It is a melancholy consideration truly. [*Knocking*] But hark! I hear a coach stop.

Mid. Some rake or other, who is too poor to have any reputation. This is not a time of day for good customers to walk abroad. The citizens, good men! can't leave their shops so soon.

SERVANT *enters.*

Madam, a gentleman and lady to enquire for lodgings; they seem to be just come out of the country, for the coach and horses are in a terrible dirty pickle.

Mid. Why don't you shew them in? Tawdry, who knows what fortune has sent us.

Taw. If she had meant me any good, she'd have sent a gentleman without a lady.

SERVANT *returning with* JOHN.

This is my mistress, Friend.

John. Do you take volks in to live here? Because if you do, Madam and the squoir will come and live with you.

Mid. Then your master is a 'squire, Friend, is he?

John. Ay, he is as good a squoire as any within five miles o'en: tho'f he was but a footman before, what is that to the purpose? Madam has enough for both o'em.

Mid. Well, you may desire your master and his lady to walk in. I believe I can furnish them with what they want. What think you, Tawdry, of the 'squire and his lady, by this specimen of them?

Taw. Why, I think if I can turn the 'squire to as good account as you will his lady, (I mean if she be handsome) we shall have no reason to repent our acquaintance. You will soon teach her more politeness than to be pleased with a footman, especially as he is her husband.

Mid. Truly, I must say, I love to see ladies prefer themselves. Mercy on those who betray women to sacrifice their own interest: I would not have such a sin lie on my conscience for the world.

Enter MR. THOMAS, WIFE, *and* SERVANTS.

Tho. Madam, your humble servant. My fellow here tells me you have lodgings to let, pray what are they, Madam?

Mid. Sir, my bill hath informed you.

Tho. Pox! I am afraid she suspects I can't read.

Mid. What conveniences, Madam, would your ladyship want?

Wife. Why, good-woman, I shall want every thing which other fine ladyships want. Indeed, I don't know what I shall want yet; for I never was in town before: but I shall want every thing I see.

Tho. I hope your apartments here are handsome, and that people of fashion used to lodge with you.

Mid. If you please, Sir, I'll wait on your honour, and shew you the rooms.

Tho. Ay, do, do so; do wait on me. John, do you hear, do you take care of all our things.

Wife. Ay pray, John, take care of the great cake and cold turkey, and the ham and the chic-

kens, and the bottle of sack, and the two bottles of strong beer, and the bottle of cyder.

John. I'll take the best care I can: but a man would think he was got into a fair. The folks stare at one as if they had never seen a man before. [*Remain* Tawdry *and* Wife.

Taw. Pray, Madam, is not your ladyship infinitely tired with your journey?

Wife. I tiren! not I, I an't tired at all; I could walk twenty miles farther.

Taw. O, I am surprized at that! most fine ladies are horribly fatigued after a journey.

Wife. Are they?——Hum! I don't know whether I an't so too! yes I am, I am horribly fatigued. (Well, I shall never find out all that a fine lady ought to be.) [*Aside.*

Taw. Was your ladyship never in town before, Madam?

Wife. No, Madam, never before that I know of.

Taw. I shall be glad to wait on you, Madam, and shew you the town.

Wife. I am very much oblig'd to you, Madam: and I am resolved to see every thing that is to be seen: the Tower, and the crowns, and the lions, and Bedlam, and the parliament-house, and the Abbey——

Taw. O fie, Madam! These are only sights for the vulgar; no fine ladies go to these.

Wife. No! why then I won't neither. Oh odious Tower and filthy lions.——But pray, Madam, are there no sights for a fine lady to see?

Taw. O yes, Madam; there are ridottoes, masquerades, court, plays, and a thousand others, so many, that a fine lady has never time to be at home, but when she is asleep.

Wife. I am glad to hear that; for I hate to be

at home: but, dear Madam, do tell me—for I suppose you ar a fine lady.

Taw. At your service, Madam.

Wife. What do you fine ladies do at these places? What do they do at masquerades now? for I have heard of them in the country.

Taw. Why they dress themselves in a strange dress, and they walk up and down the room, and they cry, *Do you know me?* and then they burst out a-laughing, and then they sit down, and then they get up, and then they walk about again, and then they go home.

Wife. Oh this is charming, and easy too; I shall be able to do a masquerade in a minute: well, but do tell me a little of the rest. What do they do at your what d'ye call 'ems, your plays?

Taw. Why, if they can, they take a stage-box, where they let the footman sit the two first acts, to shew his livery; then they come in to shew themselves, spread their fans upon the spikes, make curt'sies to their acquaintance, and then talk and laugh as loud as they are able.

Wife. O delightful. By gole, I find there is nothing in a fine lady; any body may be a fine lady if this be all.

AIR I.

If flaunting and ranting,
If noise and gallanting,
Be all in fine ladies requir'd;
I'll warrant I'll be
As fine a lady
As ever in town was admir'd.

At plays I will rattle,
Tittle-tattle.

Tittle-tattle,
Prittle-prattle,
Prittle-prattle,
As gay and as loud as the best;
And at t'other place,
With a mask on my face,
I'll ask all I see
Do you know me?
Do you know me?
And te, he, he,
And te, he, he!
At nothing as loud as a jest.

THOMAS *and* MIDNIGHT *return.*

Tho. My dear, I have seen the rooms, and they are very handsome, and fit for us people of fashion.

Wife. O my dear, I am extremely glad on't. Do you know me? Ha, ha, ha, my dear, *(stretching out her fan before her)* ha, ha, ha!

Tho. Hey day! What's the matter now?

Wife. I am only doing over a fine lady at a masquerade or play, that's all.

[*She coquets apart with her husband.*

Taw [*To* Mid.] She's simplicity itself. A card fortune has dealt you, which it's impossible for you to play ill. You may bring her to any purpose.

Mid. I am glad to hear it: for she's really pretty, and I shall scarce want a customer for a tit-bit

Wife. Well, my dear, you won't stay long, for you know I can hardly bear you out of my sight; I shall be quite miserable till you come back, my dear, dear Tommy.

Tho. My dear Lucy, I will but go find out a tailor, and be back with you in an instant.

Wife. Pray do, my dear.——Nay, t'other kiss; one more,——O! thou art the sweetest creature. ———Well Miss, fine Lady, pray how do you like my husband? Is he not a charming man?

Taw. Your husband! Dear Madam, and was it your husband that you kiss'd so?

Wife. Why, don't fine ladies kiss their husbands?

Taw. No, never.

Wife. O-la! but I do not like that tho'; by gole, I believe I shall never be a fine lady, if I must not be kiss'd. I like being a fine lady in other things, but not in that; I thank you. If your fine ladies are never kiss'd, by gole, I think we have not so much reason to envy them as I imagin'd.

SONG.

How happy are the nymphs and swains.
Who skip it and trip it all over the plains:
How sweet are the kisses,
How soft are the blisses,
Transporting the lads, and all melting their misses!

If ladies here so nice are grown,
Who jaunt it, and flaunt it, all over the town,
To fly as from ruin,
From billing and cooing,
A fig for their airs, give me plain country wooing.

Taw. O you mistake me, Madam; a fine lady may kiss any man but her husband.—You will have all the beaus in town at your service.

Wife. Beaus! O gemini, those are the things Miss Jenny used to talk of.—And pray, Madam,

do beaus kiss so much sweeter and better than other folks?

Taw. Hum! I can't say much of that.

Wife. And pray then, why must I like them better then my own husband?

Mid. Because it is the fashion, Madam. Fine ladies do every thing because it's the fashion. They spoil their shapes to appear big with child, because it is the fashion. They loose their money at whist, without understanding the game; they go to auctions without intending to buy; they go to operas, without any ear; and slight their husbands without disliking them; and all——because it is the fashion.

Wife. Well, I'll try to be as much in fashion as I can: But pray when must I go to these beaus; for I really long to see them? For Miss Jenny says, she's sure I shall like them; and if I do, i'facks! I believe I shall tell them so, notwithstanding what our parson says.

Mid. Bravely said; I will shew you some fine gentlemen, which I warrant you will like.

Wife. And will they like me?

Taw. Like you! they'll adore you, they'll worship you. Madam, says my Lord, you are the most charming, beautiful fine creature that ever my eyes beheld.

Wife. What's that? Do say that over again.

Taw. (repeats) Madam, you are, &c.

Wife. And will they think all this of me?

Taw. No doubt of it. They'll swear it.

Wife. Then to be sure they will think it. Yes, yes, to be sure they will think so. I wish I could see these charming men.

Mid. O you will see them every where. Here in the house I have had several to visit me, who

have said the same thing to me and this young lady.

Wife. What, did they call you charming and beautiful?———By gole, I think they may very well say so to me [*aside.*] But when will these charming men come.

Mid. They'll be here immediately: but your ladyship will dress yourself. I see your man has brought your things. I suppose your ladyship has your cloaths with you.

Wife. O yes, I have cloaths enough; I have a fine thread satin suit of cloaths of all the colours in the rainbow; then I have a fine red gown flower'd with yellow, all my own work; and a fine lac'd suit of pinners, that was my great grandmother's! that has been worn but twice these forty years, and my mother told me, cost almost four pounds when it was new, and reaches down hither. And Then I have a great gold watch that hath continued in our family, I can't tell how long, and is almost as broad as a moderate punch-bowl; and then I have two great gold ear-rings, and six or seven rings for my finger, worth about twenty pounds all together; and a thousand fine things that you shall see.

Mid. Ay, Madam, these things would have drest your ladyship very well an hundred years ago: but the fashions are alter'd. Laced pinners, indeed! You must cut off your hair, and get a little periwig, and a French cap; and instead of a great watch, you must have one so small, that it is impossible it should go; and———but come, this young lady will instruct you. Pray, Miss, wait on the lady to her apartment, and send for proper tradesmen to dress her; such as the fine ladies use. Madam, you shall be drest as you ought to be.

Wife. Thank you, Madam; and then I shall be as fine a lady as the best of them. By gole, this London is a charming place. If ever my husband gets me out of it again, I am mistaken. Come, dear Miss, I am impatient. *Do you know me?* ha, ha, ha! [*Exit* Wife *and* Tawdry.

Enter Lord BAWBLE.

Lord Bawb. So, Old Midnight, what schemes art thou plodding on?

Mid. O fie! my Lord; I protest, if Sir Thomas and you don't leave off your riots, you will ruin the reputation of my house for ever. I wonder too, you have no more regard to your own characters.

Lord Bawb. Why, thou old canting offspring of hypocrisy, dost thou think that men of quality are to be confined to the rules of decency, like sober citizens, as if they were ashamed of their sins, and afraid they should lose their turn of being Lord Mayor?

Mid. We ought all to be ashamed of our sins. O my lord, my Lord, had you but heard that excellent sermon on Kennington-Common, it would have made you ashamed: I am sure it had so good an effect upon me, that I shall be ashamed of my sins as long as I live.

Lord Bawb. Why don't you leave them off then, and lay down your house?

Mid. Alas, I can't, I can't; I was bred up in the way: but I repent heartily; I repent every hour of my life; and that I hope, will make amends.

Lord Bawb. Well, where is my Jenny Ranter?

Mid. Ah, poor Jenny! Poor Jenny is gone. I

shall never see her more; she was the best of girls; it almost breaks my tender heart to think on't; nay, I shall never out-live her loss, *(crying.)* My Lord, Sir Thomas and you forgot to pay for that bowl of punch last night.

Lord Bawb. Damn your punch, is my dear Jenny dead?

Mid. Worse if possible—She is—she is turn'd methodist, and married to one of the brethren.

Lord Bawb. O, if that be all, we shall have her again.

Mid. Alas! I fear not; for they are powerful men.——But, pray, my Lord, how go the finances, for I have such a piece of goods, such a girl just arrived out of the country!——upon my soul as pure a virgin——for I have known her whole bringing up: she is a relation of mine; her father left me her guardian. I have just brought her from a boarding-school to have her under my own eye, and complete her education.

Lord Bawb. Where is she? let me see her.

Mid. Not a step without the *Ready.* I told you I was her guardian, and I shall not betray my trust.

Lord Bawb. If I like her—upon my honour—

Mid. I have too much value for your lordship's honour, to have it left in pawn. Besides, I have more right honourable honour in my hands unredeemed already, than I know what to do with. However, I think you may depend on my honour; deposit a cool hundred, and you shall see her; and then take either the lady or the money.

Lord Bawb. I know thee to be inexorable. I'll step home and fetch the money. I gave that sum to my wife this morning to buy her cloaths. I'll take it from her again, and let her tick with

the tradesmen. Look'e if this be stale goods, I'll brake every window in the house.

Mid. I'll give you leave.—He'll be tir'd of her in a week, and then I may dispose of her again. I am afraid I did wrong in putting her off for a virgin, for she'll certainly discover she is married. However, I can forswear the knowing of it.

[Zorababel *brought in, in a chair, with the curtains drawn.*

O here's one of my sober customers——Mr. Zorabable, is it you? I am your worship's most obedient servant.

Zor. How do you do, Mrs. Midnight? I hope no body sees or over-hears. This is an early hour for me to visit at. I have but just been at home to dress me, since I came from the alley.

Mid. I suppose your worship's hands are pretty full there now with your lottery-tickets?

Zor. Fuller than I desire, Mrs. Midnight, I assure you. We hoped to have brought them to seven pounds before this; that would have been a pretty comfortable interest for our money.——But, have you any worth seeing in your house?

Mid O Mr. Zorababel! such a piece! such an angel!

Zor. Ay, ay, where? where?

Mid. Here in the house.

Zor. Let me see her this instant.

Mid. Sure nothing was ever so unfortunate!

Zor. Hey! what?

Mid. O Sir, no, thinking to see your worship this busy time, I have promised her to Lord Bawble.

Zor. How, Mrs. Midnight, promise her to a lord without offering her to me, first? Let me tell you, 'tis an affront not only to me, but to al

my friends: and you deserve never to have any but christians in your house again.

Mid. Marry forbid! Don't utter such curses against me.

Zor. Who is it supports you? Who is it can support you? Who have any money besides us?

Mid. Pray your worship forgive me.

Zor. No, I will deal higher for the future, with those who are better acquainted with lords; they will know whom to prefer. I must tell you, you are a very ungrateful woman. I know a woman of fashion at St. James's end of the town, where I might deal cheaper than with yourself; tho' I own indeed, yours is rather the more reputable house of the two.

Mid. But my lord hath never seen her yet.

Zor. Hath he not? Why then he never shall, 'till I have done with her; she'll be good enough for a lord half a year hence. Come, fetch her down, fetch her down. How long hath she been in town?

Mid. Not two hours. Pure country innocent flesh and blood.—But what shall I say to my lord?

Zor. Say any thing: put off some body else upon him; a stale woman of quality, or some body who hath been in Westminster-Hall and the news-papers.

Mid. Well I'll do the best I can; tho', upon my honour, I was to have had two hundred guineas from my lord.

Zor. Two hundred promises you mean; but had it been in ready cash, I'll make you amends if I like her; we'll never differ about the price; so fetch her, fetch her.

Mid. I will, an't please your worship. [*Exit.*

Zor. Soh! the money of christian men pays for the beauty of christian women. A good exchange.

Enter MIDNIGHT. *A noise without.*

Mid. O Sir, here are some noisy people coming this way; slip into the next room: I am as tender of your reputation as of my own.

Zor. You are a sensible woman, and I commend your care; for reputation is the very soul of a Jew.

Mid. Go in here, I will quickly clear the coast for you again. [*Exit* Zor.] Now for my gentlemen; and if I mistake not their voices, one is an opera singer, and the other a singer in one of our play-houses.

Enter Signior CANTILENO *and* Mr. BALLAD.

Mid. What is the matter, gentlemen? what is the matter?

Cant. Begar I vil ave de woman; begar I vil ave her.

Bal. You must win her first, Signior; and if you can gain her affections, I am too much an Englishman to think of restraining her from pursuing her own will.

Cant. Never fear, me vin her. No English woman can withstand de charms of my voice.

Mid. If he begins to sing, there will be no end on't. I must go look after my young lady.
[*Exit.*

SONG.

Cant. Music sure has charms to move,
With my song, with my song I'll charm my
love.
This good land where money grows,
Well the price of singing knows:
Hither all the warblers throng;
Taking money,
Milk and honey,
Taking money for a song.

Bal. Ha, ha, ha! What the devil should an Italian singer do with a mistress?

Cant. Ask your women, who are in love wit de Italian singers.

SONG.

See, while I strike the vocal lyre,
Beauty languish, languish and expire:
Like turle-doves in a wooing fit,
See the blooming charmers sit;
Softly sighing,
Gently dying,
While sweet sounds to raptures move:
Trembling, thrilling,
Sweetly killing,
Airs that fan the wings of love.

SONG.

Bal. Be gone, thou shame of human race,
The noble Roman soil's disgrace;

Nor vainly with a Briton dare
Attempt to win a British fair.

2 For manly charms the British dame
Shall feel a fiercer nobler flame;
To manly numbers lend her ear,
And scorn thy soft enervate air.

Enter a PORTER.

Por. (*to* Cant.) Sir, the lady's in the next room.

Cant. Ver vel. Begar I vil ave her.

Bal. I'll follow you, and see how far the charms of your voice will prevail.

Enter ZORABABEL, MIDNIGHT, *and* WIFE.

Mid. (*to her, entering.*) I am going to introduce your ladyship to one of our fine gentlemen whom i told you of.

Wife. (*surveying him aukwardly.*) Is this a beau, and a fine gentleman?——By goles Mr. Thomas is a finer gentleman, in my opinion, a thousand times.

Zor. Madam, your humble servant; I shall always think myself obliged to Mrs. Midnight, for introducing me to a young lady of your perfect beauty. Pray, Madam, how long have you been in town?

Wife. Why I have been in town about three hours: I am but a stranger here, Sir; but I was very lucky to meet with this civil gentlewoman and this fine lady, to teach me how to dress and behave myself. Sir, I would not but be a fine lady for all the world.

Zor. Madam, you are in the right on't: and this soft hand, this white neck, and these sweet lips were formed for no other purpose.

Wife. Let me alone, Mun, will you; I won't be pull'd and haul'd about by you, I won't.—— For I am very sure you don't kiss half so sweet as Mr. Thomas.

Zor. Nay, be not coy, my dear; if you will suffer me to kiss you, I will make you the finest of ladies; you shall have jewels equal to a woman of quality:——Nay, I will furnish a house for you in any part of the town, and you shall ride in a fine guilt chair, carried by two stout fellows, that I will keep for no other purpose.

Mid. Madam, if you will but like this gentleman, he'll make you a fine lady: 'tis he, and some more of his acquaintance, that make half the fine ladies in the town.

Wife. Ay! why then I will like him.——I will say I do, which I suppose is the same thing. [*Aside.*] But when shall I have all these fine things? for I long to begin.

Zor. And so do I, my Angel.

[*Offering to kiss her.*

Wife.——Nay, I won't kiss any more 'till I have something in hand, that I am resolved of.

Mid. [*to* Zor.] Fetch her some baubles; any toys will do.

Wife. But if you will fetch me all the things you promised me, you shall kiss me as long as you please.

Zor. But when I have done all these things, you must never see any other man but me.

Wife. Must not I?——But I don't like that. ——And will you stay with me always then?

Zor. No; I shall only come to see you in the evening.

Wife. (O then it will be well enough,—for I will see whom I please all the day, and you shall know nothing of the matter) [*Aside.*] Indeed I won't see any body else but you; indeed I won't. But do go and fetch me these fine things.

Zor. I go, my dear. Mrs. Midnight, pray take care of her. I never saw any one so pretty nor so silly.

Wife. I heard you, Sir; but you shall find I have sense enough to out-wit you. Well, Miss Jenny may stay in the country if she will; and see nothing but the great jolly parson, who never gives any thing but a nosegay, or a handful of nuts for a kiss. But where's the young lady that was here just now? for to my mind I am in a new world, and my head is quite turn'd giddy.

Mid. It is a common effect Madam, which the town air hath on young ladies, when first they come into it.

Enter CANTILENO.

Cant. Begar dat dam English ballad-singing dog has got away de woman——ah, *pardie——voila un autre——* [*Going towards her.*

Mid. Hold, hold, Signior; this lady is not for you.——She is a woman of quality, and her price is a little beyond your pocket.

Cant. Begar I like none but de woman of quality.——And you know de price of my pocket ——See here—begar here are fifty guinea—dey are not above de value of two song.

SONG.

To beauty compar'd, pale gold I despise,
No jewels can sparkle like Cælia's bright eyes:
Let misers with pleasure survey their bright mass;
With far greater raptures I view my fine lass:
Gold lock'd in my coffers for me has no charms,
Then its value I own,
Then I prize it alone,
When it tempts blooming beauty to fly to my arms.

Wife. This is certainly one of those operish singers Miss Jenny used to talk of, and to mimick: she taught me to mimick them too.

RECITATIVE.

Cant. Brightest nymph turn here thy eyes,
Behold thy swain despairs and dies.
Wife. A voice so sweet cannot despair,
Unless from deafness of the fair;
Such sounds must move the dullest ear:
Less sweet the warbling nightingale;
Less sweet the breeze sweeps thro' the vale.

SONG.

Cant. Sweetest cause of all my pain,
Pride and glory of the plain,
See my anguish,
See me languish:
Pity thy expiring swain.

Wife. Gentle youth, of my disdain,
Ah, too cruel you complain;
My tender heart
Feels greater smart;
Pity me expiring swain.
Cant. Will you then all my pangs despise?
Will nothing your disdain remove?
Wife. Can you not read my wishing eyes?
Ah, must I tell you that I love?
Cant. I faint, I die.
Wife. And so do I.

BALLAD *enters, and sings.*

SONG.

Turn hither your eyes, bright maid,
Turn hither with all your charms;
Behold a jolly young blade,
Who longs to be clasp'd in your arms:
To sighing and whining,
To sobbing and pining,
Then merrily bid adieu.
Cant. See how I expire.
Bal. See how I'm on fire,
And burn, my dear nymph, for you.
Wife. Thus strongly pursu'd,
By two lovers woo'd,
What shall a poor woman do?
But a lover in flames,
Sure most pity claims,
So, jolly Lad, I'm for you.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. Gentlemen, I must beg you would go

into another room; for my lord Bawble is just coming, and he hath bespoke this.

Cant. Le Diable! one of our directors! I would not ave him see me here for de varld.

Wife. Is my lord come? How eagerly I long to see him!

Cant. Allons, Madam.

Wife. No, I will stay with my lord.

Mid. He is just coming in.——Upon my soul I will bring her to you presently.

Cant. Well, you are de woman of honour.

Bal. This new face will not come to my turn yet; so I will to my dear Tawdry.

Enter Lord BAWBLE.

Lord Baw. Well, I have kept my word; I have brought the Ready. [*Seeing* Wife.] Upon my soul, a fine girl! I suppose this is she you told me of?

Mid. What shall I do? [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, my Lord, this is the same: But pray come away; for I can't bring her to any thing yet: she is so young, if you speak to her, you will frighten her out of her wits; have but a little patience, and I shall bring her to my mind.

Lord Baw. Don't tell me of patience; I'll speak to her now; and I warrant I bring her to my mind. [*They talk apart.*

Wife. [*at the other end of the stage, looking at my lord.*] O la! that is a fine gentleman, indeed; and yet who knows but Mr. Thomas might be just such another, if he had but as fine cloaths on? ——I wonder he don't speak to me; to be sure he don't like me; if he did, he would speak to

me; and if he does not presently, the old fellow will be back again, and then I must not talk with him.

Mid. Consider, she is just fresh and raw out of the country.

Lord Baw. I like her the better. It is in vain to contend; for, by Jupiter, I'll at her. I know how to deal with country ladies. I learnt the art of making love to them at my election.

Mid. What will become of me! I'll get out of the way, and swear to Mr. Zorababel, I know nothing of my lord's seeing her. [*Exit.*

Lord Baw. It is generous in you, Madam, to leave the country, to make us happy here, with the sunshine of your beauty.

Wife. Sir, I am sure, I shall be very glad if any thing in my power can make the beaus and fine gentlemen of this fine town happy.—He talks just like Mr. Thomas, before I was married to him, when he first came out of his town-service. [*Aside.*

Lord Baw. She seems delightfully ignorant. A quality which is to me a great recommendation of a mistress or a friend.——O, Madam, can you doubt of your power, which is as extensive as your beauty; which lights such a fire in the heart of every beholder, as nothing but your frowns can put out.

Wife. I'll never frown again; for if all the fine gentlen in town were in love with me, icod, ——with all my heart, the more the merrier.

Lord Baw. When they know you have my admiration, you will soon have a thousand other adorers. If a lady hath a mind to bring custom to her house, she hath nothing more to do but to hang one of us lords out for a sign.

Wife. A lord?——Gemini, and are you a lord?

Lord Baw. My lord Bawble Madam, at your service.

Wife. Well, my lord Bawble is the prettiest name I ever heard; the very name is enough to charm one.——My lord Bawble!

Lord Baw. Why, truly, I think it has something of a quality-sound in it.

Wife. Heigh, ho!

Lord Baw. Why do you sigh, my charmer?

Wife. At what, perhaps, will make you sigh too, when you know it.

Lord Baw. Ay, what?

Wife. I am married to an odious footman, and can never be my lady Bawble.———I am afraid you won't like me, now I have told you.——But I assure you, if I had not been married already, I should have married you of all the beaus and fine gentlemen in the world: But tho' I am married to him, I like you the best; and I hope that will do.

Lord Baw. Yes, yes, yes, my dear; do!——very well: (Is this wench an idiot, or a bite? marry me, with a pox! [*Aside.*] And so you are married to a footman, my dear?

Wife. Yes, I am; I see you don't like me, now you know I am another man's wife.

Lord Baw. Indeed you are mistaken; I dislike no man's wife but my own.

Wife. O la! what are you married then?

Lord Baw. Yes, I think I am: But I have almost forgot it; for I have not seen my wife, till this morning, for a twelvemonth.

Wife. No! by goles, you may marry somebody else for me. And now I think on't; if I

should be seen speaking to him, I shall lose all the fine things I was promised. [*Aside.*

Lord Baw. What are you considering, my dear?

Wife. I must not stay with you any longer, for I expect an old gentleman every minute, who promised me a thousand fine things, if I would not speak to any body but him: He promised to keep two tall lusty fellows for no other business but to carry me up and down in a chair.

Lord Baw. I will not only do that, but I will keep you too other tall fellows for no other use but to walk before your chair.

Wife. Will you? Nay, I assure you, I like you better than him, if I shall not lose any fine things by the bargain.——But hold, now I think on't: Suppose I stay here till he come back again with his presents, I can take the things, promise him, and go with you afterwards, you know, my Lord. O, how pretty Lord sounds!

Lord Baw. No, you will have no need on't? I will give you variety of fine things. (Till I am tired of you, and then I'll take them away again) But, my dear, these lodgings are not fine enough; I will take some finer for you.

Wife. O la! what are there finer houses than this in town? Why, my father hath five hundred a year in the country, and his house is not half so fine.

Lord Baw. O, my dear, gentlemen of no hundred pound a year scorn such an house as this: No body lives now in any thing but a palace.

Wife. Nay the finer the better, by goles, if you will pay for it.

Lord Baw. Pugh, p'shaw, pay! never mind

that: That word hath almost put me in the vapours.——Come, my dear girl—— [*Kisses her.*

Wife. O fie my Lord, you make me blush. He kisses sweeter than my husband, a thousand times; I did not think there had been such a man as my husband in the world, but I find I was mistaken.

Lord Baw. Consider, my dear, what a pride you will have in hearing the man you love call'd Lordship.

Wife. Lordship! it is pretty. Lordship! But then you won't see me above once in a twelve-month.

Lord Baw. I will see you every day, every minute: I like you so well, that nothing but being married to you could make me hate you.

Wife. O Gemini! I forgot it was the fashion.

Lord Baw. Let us lose no time, but hasten to find some place where I may equip you like a woman of quality.

Wife. I am out of my wits. My lord, I am ready to wait on your lordship wherever your lordship pleases—Lordship! Quality! I shall be a fine Lady immediately now.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. What shall I do? I am ruin'd for ever! My lord hath carried away the girl. Mr. Zorabable will never forgive me; I shall lose him and all his friends, and they are the only support of my house. Foolish slut, to prefer a rakish lord to a sober Jew: But women never know how to make their market till they are so old, no one will give any thing for them.

Enter THOMAS.

Tho. Your humble servant, Madam. Pray, Madam, how do you like my cloaths?

Mid. Your tailor hath been very expeditious, indeed, Sir.

Tho. Yes, Madam, I should not have had them so soon, but that I met with an old acquaintance, Tom Shabby, the tailor of Monmouth-street, who fitted me with a suit in a moment——But where's my wife?

Mid. (What shall I say to him?) I believe she is gone out to see the town.

Tho. Gone out! hey! what, without me! who's gone with her.

Mid. Really, Sir, I can't tell. Here was a gentleman all over lace: I suppose some acquaintance of hers. I fancy she went with him.

Tho. A gentleman in lace! I am undone, ruin'd, dishonour'd! Some rascal hath betray'd away my wife.———Zounds, why did you let her go out of the house till my return?

Mid. The lady was only a lodger with me, I had no power over her.

Tho. How, did any man come to see her? for I am sure she did not know one man in town, It must be somebody that used to come here.

Mid. May the devil fetch me, if ever I saw him before; nor do I know how he got in.——But there are birds of prey lurking in every corner of this wicked town: It makes me shed tears to think what villains there are in the world, to betray poor innocent young ladies. [*Cries.*

Tho. Oons and the devil; the first six weeks of our marriage!

Mid. That is a pity indeed——if you have been marry'd no longer: Had you been together half a year, it had been some comfort. But be advised, have a little patience; in all probability, whoever the gentleman is, he'll return her again soon.

Tho. Return her! ha! stain'd, spotted, sullied! Who shall return me my honour?——s'death! I'll search her thro' the town, the world——Ha! my father here!

Good. (entering.) Son, I met your man John at the inn, and he shew'd me the way hither.—— Where is my daughter, your wife?

Tho. Stolen! lost! every thing is lost, and I am undone.

Good. Hey-day! What's the matter?

Tho. The matter! O curse this vile town; I did but go to furnish myself with a suit of cloaths, that I might appear like a gentleman, and in the mean time your daughter hath taken care that I shall appear like a gentleman all the days of my life; for I am sure I shall be ashamed to show my head among footmen.

Good. How! my daughter run away——

Mid. I am afraid it is too true.

Good. And do you stand meditating?

Tho. What shall I do?

Good. Go advertise her this minute in the newspapers!——get my lord chief-justice's warrant.

Mid. As for the latter, it may be advisable; but the former will be only throwing away your money; fort he papers have been of late so cramm'd with advertisements of wives running from their husbands, that nobody now reads them.

Tho. That I should be such a blockhead to bring my wife to town!

Good. That I should be such a sot as to suffer you!

Tho. If I was unmarried again, I would not venture my honour in any woman's keeping, for all the fortune she could bring me.

Good. And if I was a young fellow again, I would not get a daughter, for all the pleasure any woman could give me.

Enter ZORABABEL.

Zor. Here where's my mistress? I have equipp'd her; here are trinkets enough to supply an alderman's wife.

Mid. (I must be discover'd.) Hush, hush, consider your reputation; here are company.—Your mistress is run away with my lord Bawble.

Zor. My mistress run away! Damn my reputation: Where's the girl? I will have the girl.

Good. This gentleman may have lost a daughter too.

Tho. Or a wife, perhaps———You have lost your wife, Sir, by the violence of your rage?

Zor. O worse, worse, Sir; I have lost a mistress. While I went to buy her trinkets, this damn'd jade of a bawd (where is she?) lets in a young rake, and he is run away with her: The sweetest bit of country innocence, just come to town. S'blood, I would have given a hundred lottery-tickets for her.

Good. }
Tho. } How! Hell-hound.

Mid. I am an innocent woman, and shall fall a sacrifice to an unjust suspicion.

Good. Oh! my poor daughter!

Tho. My wife, that I had so much delight in

Zor. My mistress, that I propos'd such pleasure in!

Mid. O the credit of my house, gone for ever!

Zor. Ha! here she is again.

Enter WIFE.

Wife. Such joy! such rapture! Well, I'll never go into the country again. Faugh! how I hate the name.—Oh! father, I am sure you don't know me; nor you, Mr. Thomas, neither;—nor I won't know you.———Ah, you old fusty fellow,——I don't want any thing you can give; nor you shan't come near me,——so you shan't——Madam, I am very much obliged to you, for letting me see the world. I hate to talk to any one I can't call Lordship.

Good. And is this be-powder'd, be-curl'd, be-hoop'd mad woman my daughter?——

[*She coquets affectedly.*

Why, hussy, don't you know your own father?

Tho. Nor your husband?

Wife. No, I don't know you at all;——I never saw you before. I have got a lord, and I don't know any one but my lord.

Tho. And pray what hath my lord done to you, that hath put you in such raptures?

Wife. O, by gole! who'd be fool then? When I liv'd in the country, I used to tell you every thing I did; but I am grown wiser now, for I am told I must never let my husband know any thing I do, for he'd be angry; though I don't much care for your anger, for I design always to live with my lord now; and he's never to be angry, do what I will.—Why, prithee, fellow, do'st thou think

that I am not fine lady enough to know the difference between a lord and a footman?

Zor A footman!

Mid. I thought he was a servant, by his talking so much of his honour.

Tho. You call me a footman! I own I was a footman; and had rather be a footman still, than a tame cuckold to a lord. I wish every man, who is not a footman, thought in the same manner.

Good. Thou art a pretty fellow, and worthy a better wife.

Tho. Sir, I am sorry that from henceforth I cannot, without being a rascal, look on your daughter as my wife; I am sorry I can't forgive her.

Wife. Forgive me!—ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! comical! why I won't forgive you, Mun.

Good. What hath he done, which you will not forgive?

Wife. Done! why I have found out somebody I like better; and he's my husband, and I hate him, because it is the fashion: That he hath done.

Zor. Sir Skip, a word with you: If you intend to part with your wife, I will give you as much for her as any man.

Tho. Sir!

Zor. Sir, I say, I will give you as much, or more for your wife, than any man.

Tho. Those words, which suppose me a villian, call me so, and thus shall be return'd.

[*Gives him a box on the ear.*

Zor. S'death, Sir! do you know who you use in this manner?

Tho. Know you? yes, you rascal, and you ought to know me. I have indeed the greatest reason to remember you, having purchas'd a ticket

of you in the last lottery for as much again as it was worth.—However, you shall have reason to remember me for the future; a footman shall teach such a low, pitiful, stock-jobbing pick-pocket to dare to think to cuckold his betters.

[*Kicks him off the stage.*

Zor. You shall hear of me in Westminster-hall.

Good. Your humble servant.

[*Kicking him off.*

Zor. Very fine! very fine!——a ten-thousand-pound-man is to be kick'd!

Good. A rascal, a villain.

Enter Lord BAWBLE.

Wife. O my dear lord, are you come!

Lord Bawb. Fie, my dear, you should not have run away from me while I was in an inner room, promising the tradesman to pay him for your fine things.

Wife. O my lord, I only stept into a chair, as you call it, to make a visit to a fine lady here. It is pure sport to ride in a chair.

Lord Bawb. Bless me! what's here! My old man Tom in masquerade?

Tho. I give your lordship joy of this fine girl.——

Lord Bawb. Stay 'till I have had her, Tom. Egad she hath cost me a round sum, and I had nothing but kisses for my money yet.

Tho. No, my Lord! Then I am afraid your lordship never will have any thing more, for this lady is mine.

Lord Bawb. How! what property have you in her?

Tho. The property of an English husband, my Lord.

Lord Bawb. How, Madam! are you married to this man?

Wife. I married to him! I never saw the fellow before.

Lord. Bawb. Tom, thou art a very impudent fellow.

Good. Mercy on me! what a sink of iniquity is this town? She hath been here but five hours, and learnt assurance already to deny her husband.

Lord Bawb. Come, Tom resign the girl by fair means, or worse will follow.

Tho. How, my Lord, resign my wife! Fortune, which made me poor, made me a servant; but nature, which made me an Englishman, preserved me from being a slave. I have as good a right to the little I claim, as the proudest peer hath to his great possessions; and whilst I am able, I will defend it.

Lord Bawb. Ha! rascal! [*They draw.*

Good. Hold, my Lord; this girl, ungracious as she is, is my daughter, and this honest man's wife.

Wife. Whether I am his wife or no, is nothing to the purpose; for I will go with my lord. I hate my husband, and I love my lord. He is a fine gentleman, and I am a fine lady, and we are fit for one another.——Now, my Lord, here are all the fine things you gave me: he will take them away, but you will keep them for me.

Lord Bawb. So, now I think every man hath his own again; and since she is your wife, Tom, much good may do you with her. I question not but these trinkets will purchase a finer lady. [*Exit.*

Wife. What, is my lord gone?

Tho. Yes, Madam, and you shall go, as soon

as I can get horses put into a coach.

Wife. Ay, but I won't go with you.

Tho. No, but you shall go without me: your good father here will take care of you into the country: where, if I hear of your amendment, perhaps, half a year hence I may visit you; for since my honour is not wrong'd, I can forgive your folly.

Wife. I shall shew you, Sir, that I am a woman of spirit, and not to be govern'd by my husband.—I shall have vapours and fits, (these they say are infallible) and if these won't do, let me see who dares carry me into the country against my will: I will swear the peace against them.

Good. Oh! oh! that ever I should beget a daughter!

Tho. Here, John!

John. *(enters)* An't please your worship.

Tho. Let my all things be pack'd up again in the coach they came in;—and send Betty here this instant with your mistress's riding dress.——Come, Madam, you must strip yourself of your puppet-shew dress, as I will of mine; they will make you ridiculous in the country, where there is still something of Old England remaining. Come, no words, no delay; by heaven! if you but affect to loiter, I will send orders with you lo lock you up, and allow you only the bare necessaries of life. You shall know I'm your husband, and will be obey'd.

Wife. *(crying)* And must I go into the country by myself? Shall I not have a husband, or a lord, or any body?——If I must go, won't you go with me?

Tho. Can you expect it? Can you ask me, after what has happened?

Wife. What I did, was only to be a fine lady, and what they told me other fine ladies do, and I should never have thought of in the country; but if you will forgive me, I will never attempt to be more than a plain gentlewoman again.

Tho. Well, and as a plain gentlewoman, you shall have pleasures some fine ladies may envy. Come, dry your eyes; my own folly, not yours, is to blame; and that I am only angry with.

Wife. And will you go with me then, Tommy?

Tho. Ay, my dear and stay with thee too; I desire no more to be in this town, than to have thee here.

Good. Henceforth, I will know no degree, no difference between men, but what the standards of honour and virtue create: the noblest birth without these is but splendid infamy; and a footman with these qualities, is a man of honour.

SONG.

Wife. Welcome again, ye rural plains;
Innocent nymphs and virtuous swains:
Farewell town, and all its sights;
Beaus and lords, and gay delights:
All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.

CHORUS.

All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.

THE

WEDDING DAY;

A COMEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE,

BY

HIS MAJESTY's SERVANTS.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY

Mr. MACKLIN.

GENTLEMEN and Ladies,
We must beg your indulgence, and humbly hope you'll not be offended
At an accident that has happen'd to-night, which was not in the least intended,
I assure you: if you please, your money shall be return'd. But Mr. GARRICK, to-day,
Who performs a principal character in the play,
Unfortunately has sent word, 'twill be impossible, having so long a part,
To speak to the Prologue: he hasn't had time to get it by heart.
I have been with the author, to know what's to be done,
For, till the Prologue's spoke, Sir, says I, we can't go on.
"Pshaw! rot the Prologue" says he; "then begin without it."
I told him, 'twas impossible, you'd make such a rout about it:
Besides, 'twould be quite unprecedented,——and I dare say,
Such an attempt, Sir, would make them damn the play.

"Ha! damn my play!" the frighted bard replie:
"Dear MACKLIN, you must go on then and apo logize."
Anologize! not I: Pray, Sir excuse me.
"Zounds! something must be done! prithee, don't refuse me:
"Prithee, go on: tell them, to damn my play, will be a damn'd hard case.
"Come, do: you've a good, long, dismal, merry begging face."
Sir, your humble servant: you're very merry. "Yes," says he; "I've been drinking
"To raise my spirits; for by JUPITER! I found 'em sinking."
So away he went to see the play; O! there he sits:
Smoke him, smoke the author, you laughing crits.
Isn't he finely situated for a damning Oh—Oh! a a—a shrill Whihee! O direful yell!
As FALSTAFF says: Would it were bed-time, HAL, and all were well!
What think you now? Whose face looks worst, yours or mine?
Ah! thou foolish follower of the ragged Nine,
You'd better stuck to honest ABRAHAM ADAMS, by half:
He, in spite of critics, can make you readers laugh.
But to the prologue.—What shall I say? Why, faith in my sense,
I take plain truth to be the best defence.
I think then, it was horrid stuff; and in my humble apprehension,
Had it been spoke, not worthy your attention.
I'll give you a sample, if I can recollect it.——
Hip! take courage: never fear, man: don't be dejected.

Poor devil! he can't stand it; he has drawn in
his head:
I reckon before the play's done he'll be half dead.
But to the Prologue. It began,
" To-night the comic author of to-day,
" Has writ a—a—a—something about a play:
" And as the bee,—the bee,—(that he brings by way of simile) the bee, which roves,
" Thro', thro',"—Pshaw! Pox o'my memory!—
O! " thro' fields and groves,
" So comic poets in fair LONDON town
" To cull the flowers of characters wander up and down."———
Then there was a good deal about ROME, ATHENS, and dramatick rules,
And characters of knaves and courtiers, authors and fools,
And a vast deal about critics,—and good-nature,—and the poor author's fear;
And I think there was something about a third night,—hoping so see you here.
'Twas all such stuff as this, not worth repeating,
In the old Prologue cant; and then at last concludes, thus kindly greeting,
" To you, the critic jury of the pit,
" Our culprit author does his cause submit:
" With justice, nay, with candour judge his wit:
" Give him, at least, a patient, quiet, hearing:
" If guilty, damn him; if not guilty, clear him."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Millamour	Mr. Garrick.
Heartford...............	Mr. Delane.
Mr. Stedfast............	Mr. Macklin.
Mr. Mutable.............	Mr. Taswell.
Young Mutable	Mr. Neale.
Squeeze Purse	Mr. Morgan.
Brazen..................	Mr. Yates.
Dr. Crisis	Mr. Turbutt.

WOMEN.

Clarinda	Mrs. Pritchard.
Charlotte...............	Mrs. Woffington.
Mrs. Useful	Mrs. Macklin.
Mrs. Plotwell	Mrs. Cross.
Lucina..................	Miss Bennet.

Servants, &c.

Scene, in London.

THE

WEDDING-DAY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, Millamour's *Lodging*.

Brazen *asleep on a chair.*

Millamour, (*calls several times without*— Brazen!)

WHY, you incorrigible rascal, are you not ashamed to sleep at this time of day? Do you think yourself in Spain, sirrah, that thus you go regularly to sleep when others go to dinner?

Braz. [*waking.*] Truly, Sir, I think he that wakes with the owl, should rest with him too. Spain! Agad, I should live in the Antipodes, by the hours I am obliged to keep. Nor do I see why the same bell, that rings others to dinner, should not ring me to sleep: for, I thank heaven and your honour, sleep is the only dinner I have had these two days.

Mil. Cease your impertinence, and get things ready to dress me.

Braz. What cloaths will your honour please to wear?

Mil. Get me the blue and silver; or stay—the brown and gold. Come back, fetch me the black; that suits best with my present circumstances.

Braz. I fancy the lace suits best with your circumstances. Most people in your honour's circumstances wear lace.

Mil. Harkee, Sir, I have often cautioned you against this familiarity. You must part with your wit, or with your master.

Braz. [*aside.*] That's true. If I had any wit, I should have parted with him long ago. No wise servant will live with a master who has turned away his estate.

Mil. Get me the laced—go immediately. Familiarity is a sort of interest which all servants exact from an indebted master: and, as being indebted to a friend, is the surest way to make him your enemy, so making your servant your creditor, is the surest way of making him your friend.

SCENE II.

Enter BRAZEN, *shewing in* MRS. USEFUL.

Braz. Sir, is your honour at home? Here is Mrs. Useful.

Mil. Sirrah, you know I am at home to my friend, my mistress, and my bawd, at any time.

Mrs. Use. Hoity, toity,—What must I stay at the door, till your worship has considered, whether you will see me or not? Do I pass for a beggar or a dun with you? Do you take me for a tradesman with his bill, or a poet with a dedication?

Mil. [*to* Braz.] Do you see what your blunders are the occasion of? Come, my angry fair-one, lay aside the terror of your brows, since it was my servant's fault, not mine.

Mrs. Use. I, who am admitted where a poor woman of quality is excluded!

Mil. I know thou art. Thou art as dear to the women of fashion as their lap-dogs, or to the men as their buffoons.

Mrs. Use. A very civil comparison!

Mil. Thou art the first minister of Venus, the first plenipotentiary in affairs of love, and thy house is the noble scene of the congress of the two sexes. Thou hast united more couples than the alimony-act has parted, and sent more to bed together, without a licence, than any parson of the Fleet.

Mrs. Use. I wish I could have prevented one couple from doing it with a licence.

Mil. What, has some notable whore of thy acquaintance turned rebel to thy power, and listed under the banners of Hymen? But be not disconsolate at thy loss—My life to a farthing she returns to her duty. Whoring is like the mathematics; whoever is once initiated into the science is sure never to leave it.

Mrs. Use. This may probably take your mirth a key or two lower than its present pitch.

[*Gives a letter.*

Mil. I hope thou dost not deal with the law. I know no letter can give any uneasiness, but a letter from an attorney. [*Opens the letter.*] Ha! Stedfast! I know the hand, tho' not the name.

Sir, after your behaviour to me, I might not have been strictly obliged to give you any account

of my actions: however, as it is the last line you will ever see from me, I have prevailed with myself to tell you, that your course of life has at last determined me to fly to any harbour from the danger of you; and accordingly this morning has given me to a man, whose estate and sincere affections will, in time, produce that love in my heart, which your actions have—have—(this is a damn'd hard word) have e-ra-di-ca-ted, and make me happy in the name of

CLARINDA STEDFAST.

Mrs. Use. What do you think now, Sir?

Mil. Think! that I am the most unhappy of men, and have lost the most charming of women.

Mrs. Use. I always told you what it would come to, but you went still on in your profligate way. It is very true, what religious men tell us, We never know the value of a blessing till we lose it.

Mil. Ay, 'tis very true indeed; for till this hour I never knew the value of Clarinda. [*Reads again.*] hum! hum! *has given me to a man, whose estate and sincere affection*, by which I am to understand that my rival is some very rich old fellow; two excellent qualifications for a husband and a cuckold, as one could wish.

Mrs. Use. I shall make a faithful report of the philosophy with which you receive the news.

Mil. Oh! could'st thou tell her half my tenderness or my pain, thou must invent a language to express them.

Mrs. Use. Truly, I think you had best set pen to paper, and tell her them yourself.

Mil. I had rather trust to you rhetoric: the

paper, I am sure, will carry no more than I put into it; but for thee——

Mrs. Use. If it receives any addition, it will not be to your advantage.

Mil. I dare trust thee; thou lovest the game too well to spoil it.

Mrs. Use. It is very strange that a lover will not answer to his mistress's letter.

Mil. Oh! no one writes worse than a real lover. For love, like honesty, appears generally most beautiful in the hypocrite. In painting the mind, as well as the face, art generally goes beyond nature.

Mrs. Use. Why, this is all cool reason. I expected nothing but imprecations threatening, sighing, lamenting, raving.

Mil. You are mistaken. I act on the marriage of a mistress as on the death of a friend: I strive to the utmost to prevent it. But if fate will have it so———

Mrs. Use. You are a wicked man. You know, it hath been in your power to prevent it.

Mil. Yes; but my dear, I am no more resolute to give up my liberty to the one, than my life to the other: and if nothing but my marriage or my death can preserve them, agad, I believe I shall continue *in statu quo*, be the consequence what it will. [*Knocking.*

Braz. Sir, here's a lady, I don't know whether she comes under any of the titles your honour would have admitted.

Mil. Sirrah,—admit all ladies whatsoever.

Mrs. Use. I'll begone this moment.

Mil. Why so.

Mrs. Use. Oh! I would not be seen with you for the world.

Mil. Out of tenderness for my reputation, I suppose. But that's safe enough with you; and as for your reputation, is is safe enough with any one. Reputation, like the small-pox, gives you but one pain in your life. When you have had the one, and lost the other, you may venture with safety where you please.

SCENE III.

Millamour, Mrs. Useful, Mrs. Plotwell.

Mil. Ha!

Mrs. Plot. You seem surprised, Sir: I suppose this is a visit you little expected, tho' I see it's no unusual thing for you to receive visits from a lady.

Mrs. Use. No, Madam: my cousin Millamour is very happy with the ladies.

Mil. [*to* Plotwell.] I believe, cousin, this is a relation of ours you don't know; give me leave to introduce you to one another. Cousin Useful, this is my cousin Plotwell; cousin Plotwell, this is my cousin Useful. [*The ladies salute.*] But come, relations should never meet with dry lips. Here Brazen, bring a bottle of usquebaugh.

Both Wom. Not a drop for me.

Mil. Come, come, it will do you no harm. Well, Cousin, and how did you leave all our relations in the North? Have you brought me no letters?

Mrs. Plot. Only one, Cousin.

Mrs. Use. [*aside.*] Cousin! this is a sister of

mine, I believe; we are both of the same trade, my life on't.

Mil. [*to* Brazen, *who enters with a bottle.*] Sirrah, fill the ladies—do you hear? [*He takes a letter from* Plotwell *and opens it.*]

Sir, after so many vows and protestations, I should be surprised at the falsehood of any one but so great a villain as yourself: but as I have been long since certain, that you have not one virtue in your whole mind, that you are a compound of all that is bad, and that you are the greatest tyrant, and the falsest and most perjured wretch upon earth, I can expect no other. If you deserve not this and ten times worse, make haste to acquit yourself to the injured, LUCINA.

Mrs. Plot. Well, Sir, what does my aunt say?

Mil. She is very inquisitive about my health, complains of my not writing. There's no secret in't, I'll read it for your diversion. [*Reads.*

Mrs. Plot. For heaven's sake, Sir, do not discover the secrets of our family.

Mil. My dear Nephew, I suppose it impossible for so fine a gentleman, amidst the hurry of the Beau Monde, *to think of an old aunt in* Northumberland; *yet sure you might some times find an opportunity to let one know a little how the world goes.* Pshaw! I'll read no more. These country relations think their friends in town obliged to furnish them with continual matter for the scandal of their tea-tables. Has the old lady no female acquaintance?—They would take as much pleasure in writing defamation as she in reading it. For my part, I'll never trouble myself with others business, till I can mind my own; nor about others sins, till I have left off my own.

Mrs. Use. Which will not be till doomsday, I'm confident.

Mil. Never, while I have the same mind to tempt me to sin, and the same constitution to support me in it. For sins, like places at court, we seldom resign, till we can keep them no longer.

Mrs. Use. And, like places at court, you often keep them when you can't officiate in them.

Mrs. Plot. But I hope you will answer my aunt's letter.

Mil. Not I faith. Your aunt's letter shall answer itself. Send it back to the old lady again, and write my duty to her on the back of it.

Mrs. Use. You have done your duty to her already, or I am mistaken.

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, USEFUL, MRS. PLOTWELL, BRAZEN.

Braz. Sir, Sir.

Mil. Well, Sir; what, another cousin? Do you hear, sirrah, I am at home to no more female relations, this morning.

Braz. Sir, Mr. Heartford is below.

Mil. Desire him to walk up.

Mrs. Plot. But are you resolved not to answer the letter?

Mil. Positively. And, harkee,—tell the enraged fair one, she hath made a double conquest: her beauty got the better of my reason, and now her anger hath got the better of my love. Give my humble service to her, and when she comes to herself again, tell her I am come to myself.

Mrs. Plot. You will repent of your haughtiness, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Mil. So there's your dispatch,—and now for my other cousin.

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL.

Mil. And for you, Madam, give my kindest respects to Mrs. Stedfast. Tell her, I will endeavour to efface the lovely idea which Clarinda had formed in my mind, since she is now another's. I will pray for her happiness, but must love her no more.

Mrs. Use. And is this all?

Mil. You may carry her this again.—Tell her I will have nothing to put me in mind of her—— and this kiss, which I send her by you, shall be the last token she shall have to awaken the remembrance of me.

Mrs. Use. Well, you're a barbarous man. But suppose now I could procure a meeting between between you; suppose I could bring her to you this very day, at your own house—

Mil. Suppose! O! thou dear creature, suppose I gave thee worlds to reward thee.

Mrs. Use. Well, I will suppose you a man of honour, and much may be done. Don't be out of the way. [*Exit.*

Mil. Thus men of business dispatch attendants. And in female affairs I believe few have more business than myself. The Grand Signior is but a petty prince in love, compared to me. But tho' I have disguised my uneasiness before this woman, Clarinda lies deeper in my heart than I could wish. There is something in that dear

name gives me a sensation quite different from that of any other woman. The thought of seeing her another's, stings me to the very soul.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Heart, What, is your levee dispatched ? I met antiquated whores going out of your door, as thick as antiquated courtiers from the levee of a statesman, and with as disconsolate faces; I fancy thou hast done nothing for them.

Mil. Thus it will ever be, Jack, where there are a multitude of attendants. The lover no more than the statesman can do every one's business.

Heart. Thou dost as many people's business as any man in town, I dare swear.

Mil. I believe no one tastes more the sweets of love——

Heart. Nor any more its bitters, than I. Oh! Millamour, I am the most unhappy of mankind ——I have lost the mistress of my soul.

Mil. Ay,——and I have lost two mistresses of my soul.

Heart. The woman I doat on to distraction is to be married this day to another.

Mil. A reprieve, a reprieve, in comparison of my fate! The woman I doat on was married this morning to another.

Heart. Thou knowes' not what it is to love tenderly.

Mil. No, faith; not very tenderly,—not without a great deal of discretion. Here lies the difference between us: you, Heartfort, have discretion in

every thing but love: I have discretion in nothing else. Mine is a true English heart; it is an equal stranger to the heat of the equator and the frost of the pole. Love still nourishes it with a temperate heat, as the sun doth our climate; and beauties rise after beauties in the one, just as fruits do in the other.

Heart. It is impossible to engage thee to be serious a moment?

Mil. Faith, I believe it would on this subject, if I did not know thy temper.

Heart. The loss of a mistress may indeed seem trifling to thee, who hast lost a thousand.

Mil. The devil take me if I have.——I have found it always much easier to get mistresses, than to lose them. Women would be charming things, Heartfort, if, like cloaths, we could lay them by when we are weary of them; since, like cloaths, we are often weary of them before they are worn out. But this curse attends a multiplicity of amours, that a man is sometimes forced to support his whole wardrobe on his back at once.

Heart. My passion, Sir, will not bear raillery.

Mil. I am sorry for it. Raillery is a sort of test to our passions: when they will not bear that, they are dangerous indeed. Therefore I'll indulge your infirmity, and for your sake will be grave on a subject, which I could never be serious on for my own. So, lay open your wound, and I'll give you the best advice I can.

Heart. I am enough acquainted with your temper, Millamour, to know my obligations to you for this compliance. And after all, perhaps my case requires rather your pity than advice; for the last word I had from my mistress was, that she hated me of all men living.

Mil. Hum!——Faith, I think your case requires neither pity nor advice.

Heart. But this is not the most terrible, or time might alter her inclination.

Mil. Hardly, if it be so violent.

Heart. I take its violence to be a reason for its change: but I have a better from experience, for she formerly has told me, that she loved me of all men living.

Mil. And what has caused this great revolution in her temper?

Heart. Oh! I defy all philosophy to account for one of her actions. You might easier solve all the phœnomena of nature than of her mind. All the insight you can get into her future thoughts by her present is, that what she says to-day, she will infallibly contradict to-morrow.

Mil. So, is she promised your rival yesterday, you may depend upon her discarding him to-day.

Heart. But then she has a father, whose resolution is immovable as the predestinarian's fate, who has given me as positive a denial as his daughter, and is this day determined to bestow her on another, whom he has preferr'd to me.

Mil. For the old reason, I suppose,—because he is richer,

Heart. No, upon my word; for a very new reason, because he is a greater rake. For you must know, that this mighty unalterable will, which is as fixed as the Persian laws, is determined with as little reason as resolutions of some countries which are less stable. In short, Sir, he hath laid it down as a maxim, that all men are wild at one period of life or another; so he resolved never to marry his daughter but to one who hath already passed that period. At last, the

young lady's good stars, and his great wisdom, have led him to the choice of Mr. Mutable.

Mil. What, our Mutable!

Heart. The very same——tho' I have reason to believe she hath as great an aversion for him as for me. There is some other, Millamour, hath supplanted me in her heart, whom I have not yet been able to discover; for to this match she is compelled by her father.

Mil. So you are a stranger to the man she loves; you have only discovered her husband.

Heart. Ten thousand horrors are in that name!

Mil. Hum!———faith, to him I think there may; but if the possession of your mistress's person be all you desire, I can't see how you are a whit the farther from that by this match; and as to the first favour, I should not be much concerned about that. If a man would keep a coach for my use, I think it is but a small indulgence to let him take the first airing in it.

Heart. O! do not trifle. An hour, a minute, a moment's delay may be my ruin. Could I but see her before the marriage, this compulsion of her father's might throw her into my arms. But he is resolved she shall be married on the same day with himself, and he hath this morning taken a second wife.——Oh! Millamour, thou hast a lively imagination.——Set it at work for thy friend; for, by heaven, I never can have any happiness but in Miss Stedfast's arms.

Mil. Miss Stedfast!—and her father married this morning! Oh! my friend, if I don't invent for thee, may I never be happy in Mrs. Stedfast's arms.

Heart. What do you mean?

Mil. It as fixed as your father-in-law's most

confirmed will, that he is to be the cuckold of your humble servant. Take courage; the d——l's in't if he robs us both of our mistresses in one day. Mine he has got already,——and much good may she do him.

Heart. Is it possible?

Mil. Ay, faith. This father-in-law of yours that was to be, and that shall be too, hath outstript me in the race, and is gotten to the gaol before me.

Heart. You are a happy man, Millamour, who can be so easy in the loss of your mistress.

Mil. Ay, and of a mistress thou hast heard me toast so often, and talk so tenderly, so fondly of —in the loss of Clarinda.

Heart. The d—l! was Miss Lovely your Clarinda?

Mil. Ay, Sir, Miss Lovely, Mrs. Stedfast now, was my Clarinda, and is my Clarinda;—and Miss Stedfast shall be yours.

Heart. Keep but your word there, Millamour.

Mil. Look ye, Heartfort, if she hath a mind to see you, I'll send for an engine that shall convey you thither, in spite of all the fathers in Europe.

Heart. But the time——

Mil. If you will step in with me while I dress, Brazen shall fetch the person immediately. Come, be not dejected; we shall be too hard for all, I warrant you.

Heart. Yet how do I know but every moment may be the cursed period of my ruin? Perhaps this instant gives her to another.

Mil. It cannot give her inclinations; and, as I have heard thee say, thy mistress hath wit and beauty, depend upon it these qualities will never be confined in the arms of a man she doth not

like. Pursue her, and she must fall. Decency may guard her a honeymoon or two, but she will be yours at last. Never think a celebrated beauty when she is married, is deceased for ever. No, rather imagine her setting in her husband's bed, as poets make the Sun do in that of Thetis;

Which from our sight retires a while, and then
Rises and shines o'er all the world again.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, Lucina's Lodging.

LUCINA *and* MRS. PLOTWELL.

Lucina.

DISTRACTION! Send me back my letter! Is not falsehood enough, must he add insult to it? Oh! may eternal furies haunt him! may all the horrors of despair attend his guilt? may he be so wretched, that hell itself may sicken with revenge!

Mrs. Plot. And may you be so happy as to have nothing to do with him! or rather, so wise not to desire it!

Luc. Sure it is impossible. He could not be so great a villain. You never carried him my letter. He, that has sworn so many vows of constancy——

Mrs. Plot. Ha, ha, ha! vows of constancy! that any woman after eighteen should think of these. Vows in love have just the same meaning

as compliments in conversation; and it is as ridiculous to believe the man who swears eternal constancy, as to believe him who assures you, he is your most obedient, humble servant.

Luc. Oh! Plotwell, had I but known thee sooner! had I but known a friend like you, who could have armed my unexperienced soul against the wicked arts of this deceitful man——

Mrs. Plot. Then you would have followed my advice, just as you have done since we were acquainted. Could any one have armed you against the protesting dying lover, who was breathing out daily raptures at your feet, when it is not in your power to prevail against him, even when he has discovered his falsehood?

Luc. Believe me, I could never assure myself of it till now; the whole long year that I expected his return to Paris, tho' it made me fear his falsehood, still left me room to hope his truth.

Mrs. Plot. We are apt to hope what we desire. But could any woman have reason to expect the return of a lover, after a month had past beyond his promise? Had he intended to have married you, he would have done it before his departure. Marriage, like self-murder, requires an immediate resolution: he that takes time for deliberation will never accomplish either.

Luc. Oh! Plotwell, thou art well skill'd in the wiles of the sex: I wonder thou could'st be deceived.

Mrs. Plot. Yes, Madam, I have paid for my knowledge. Man is that forbidden fruit which we must buy the knowledge of with guilt. He must be tasted, to be known; and certain poison is in the taste. Were man to appear what he really is, we should fly from him as from a tem-

pestuous sea; or were he to be what he appears, we should be happy in him as in a serene one. They lead us into ruin with the face of angels, and when the door is shut on us, exert the devil.

Luc. He must have been a man of uncommon sense, who work'd your ruin.

Mrs. Plot. Rather the circumstances of my ruin were uncommon.

Luc. I am surprized that in all our acquaintance, though you have often mentioned your misfortunes, you have carefully avoided entering into the cause of them.

Mrs. Plot. Though the relation be uneasy to me, still to satisfy your curiosity, and to prevent any solicitations for the future, I will tell you in as few words as I can, In my way to Paris, twenty years ago, I fell acquainted with a young gentleman, who appeared to be an officer in the army. He continued our fellow-traveller on the road, and after our arrival at Paris, took lodgings in the same house with us. I was then young and unskill'd, and too ready to listen to the flattery of a lover. In short, he employed all his art to convince me of his passion, to make an impression on that heart which was too weakly armed to resist him. He succeeded,——and I was undone

Luc. I can't find any thing uncommon in these circumstances; for I was undone just the same way myself.

Mrs. Plot. After a month spent in our too fatal and too guilty joys, he suddenly elop'd from Paris, and from that time I never saw him more.

Luc. But could any thing be so strange as your staying twenty years in Paris, without seeking after him?

Mrs. Plot. I heard the same year he was slain at the battle of Belgrade. But I think it much more strange in you, after staying a year at Paris, to come a hunting after your lover. For a woman to pursue, is for the hare to follow the hounds; a chace opposite to the order of nature, and can never be successful. A woman is as sure of not overtaking the lover who flies from her, as of being overtaken by a lover who flies after her.

Luc. Well, I'm resolved to see him. If I reap no other advantage from it, I shall have at least the pleasure of thundering my injuries in his ear.

Mrs. Plot. The usual revenge of an injured mistress. If nature had not granted us the benefit of venting our passions at our tongues and our eyes, the injury and falsehood of mankind would destroy above half our sex.

SCENE II.

Scene, the Street.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, BRAZEN.

Mil. Your calling on me was lucky enough; you could have been directed to none properer for your purpose than this woman: for tho' her body will scarce go thro' the door, yet she has dexterity enough to go thro' the key-hole. But let me tell you, that dexterity must be put in motion by gold, or it will remain in rest.

Heart. She shall not want that. When my Charlotte's at stake, fortune or life are trifles to the adventurer.

Mil. Well, for a sober grave man of sense, tho'

art something violent in thy passion. I always thought love as foreign to a speculative man, as religion to an atheist.

Heart. Perhaps it may: for I believe the atheist is as often insincere in his contempt of religion, as the other in his contempt of women. There are instances of men who have professed themselves despisers of both, that have at length been found kneeling at their shrines.

Mil. Those are two things I never intend to trouble my head about the theory of——I shall content myself with the practice———

Heart. With the practice of one, I dare swear.

Mil. In my youth I believe I shall; and for being old, I desire it not. I would have the fires of life and love go out together. What is life worth without pleasure? And what pleasure is there out of the arms of a mistress? All other joys are dreams to that. Give me the fine, young, blooming girl,—cheeks blushing,—eyes sparkling. Give me her, Heartfort———

Heart. Take her with all my heart. Come, Mr. Brazen, you are to conduct me another way.

Mil. You are too soon for Mrs. Useful's appointment.

Heart. No matter—here is one coming I would avoid.

Mil. Ha! your rival. Nay, you have no reason to be angry with him: you tell me, he is as averse to the match as yourself: you cannot expect he should be disinterested out of complaisance.

Heart. It is for that reason I would avoid him. I am not master enough of my passions; besides, I hate lying and impertinence; I can't bear to hear a fellow run on with his intimacy with this

duke and that lord, whom he has never spoke to, and perhaps, never seen.

Mil. A more innocent vanity at least, than the boasting of favours from women, tho' with truth, as I have known some men of sense do; which is a vanity indulged at the expence of another's reputation.

Heart. Faith, and I take the other to be equally as destructive of reputation; for I can't see why it should more reflect on a woman, to be great with a man of sense, than on a man of sense to be great with a fool.

Mil. Pshaw!—thou art as serious in thy criticisms on life, as a dull critick on the Drama. I prefer laughing sometimes at a farce and a fool, to being entertained with the most regular performances, or the conversation of men of the best sense.

Heart. In my opinion, laughing at fools is engaging them at their own weapons; for a fool always laughs at those who laugh at him, nay, and oftener gets the laugh of his side, because there are in the world abundance of fools to one who is otherwise. In short, it is as dangerous to ridicule folly any where openly, as to speak against Mahometism in Turkey, or Popery in Rome. But he is here——Good-morrow.

SCENE III.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MUTABLE, BRAZEN.

Mut. Nay, 'foregad, Heartfort, you shall not run away from me—Pox take your mistress, I

would not lose a friend for all the sluts in town—Pshaw! they are plenty enough—If thou can'st persuade my father off the match, I did not care if the devil had her.

Heart. Harkee, Sir, on your life, do not utter a prophane word of her.

Mut. Well then, I wish you had her, or the devil had her—It's equal to me—'Tis so difficult to please you—I must like her, and I must not like her.

Mil. Ay, Mutable, to content a passionate lover is as difficult as to sail between Scylla and Charybdis: you must fall into one extreme or other.

Heart. Tho' I would have Charlotte only mine, yet I could not bear to hear her slighted by another.

Mil. Well, Mutable, doth this early sally of yours proceed from having been in bed early, or from not being in bed at all?

Mut. Not at all, agad—That lord Bouncer is an everlasting sitter.

Mil. Who had you with you?

Mut. There was myself, three lords, two baronets, four whores, and a justice of peace. His worship, indeed, did not sit late; he was obliged to go home at three to take a nap, to be sober at the sessions——

Mil. And punish wickedness and debauchery.

Mut. Millamour, was you ever in company with my lord Grig?——He is the merriest dog——We had such diversion between him and the duke of Fleet-street—Ha, ha, ha! says the duke to me.—Jack Mutable, says he—ha, ha, ha! what do you think of my lord Grig? Why my Lord Duke, says I, what of my lord Grig? Why, says my

Lord Duke again, he is damnnably in love with my lady Piddle.——You know my lady Piddle, Millamour—she is a prude, you know; and that puts me in mind of what Sir John Gubble told me t'other day at White's.

Heart. Death and damnation! This is insupportable. Come, Mr. Brazen——

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Mut. White's——Now, I mention White's, I must send an excuse to my lord Goodland. He invited me two days ago, to dine with him today.

Mil. Two days ago!——why he went into the country a week since.

Mut. Nay, then Sir Charles Wiseall was mistaken, for he delivered me the message yesterday; which is a little strange, methinks.

Mil. Ay, faith, it is very strange; for he has been in Scotland this fortnight.

Mut. How!

Mil. It is even so, I assure you.

Mut. Then, as sure as I am alive, I dreamt all this. O! But may I wish you joy yet? They tell me you are going to be married.

Mil. Who told you so?

Mut. Hum!——that I can't remember. It was either the dutchess of Holbourn, or lady Chatter, or lady Scramble, or——

Mil. No, you dreamt it; a sure sign it will not happen.

Mut. Heyday! Where's Heartfort gone?

Mil. He can't bear a successful rival.

Mut. Poor devil! I pity him heartily. And I pity myself; for, I protest, I am as sorry at winning her as he can be at loosing her.

Mil. But is there no way of persuading the old gentleman off?

Mut. Odd! here he comes. Prithee, do try; let me call you my Lord, and it will give you more weight with him; for he takes a lord to be as infallible as the pope.

Mil. Ay, is he so fond of quality?

Mut. Oh! most passionately. You must know, he hesitates even at this match on that account; nay, I believe notwithstanding her fortune; he would prefer a woman of quality for his daughter-in-law, tho' she was not worth a groat.

Mil. Ha! 'Sdeath! I have a thought—but mum —he's here.

SCENE V.

OLD MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, MILLAMOUR.

Old Mut. Ha! Jacky, have I found you out at last? It is so long since I was in town, I had almost lost myself. But harkee,——who's that fine gentleman? Hey!

Young Mut. O! one of the lords I told you I converse with——an intimate acquaintance of mine. I'll introduce you to him, Sir. My Lord, this is my father, my Lord——

Old Mut. At your lordship's service, my Lord.

Mil. Sir, I am exceedingly glad to see you in town.

Old Mut. I am exceedingly obliged to your lordship—My Lord, I am vastly unworthy so great an honour.

Young Mut. You will excuse my father, my Lord: as he has lived in the country most of his time, he does not make quite so fine a bow as we do.

Old Mut. My son says true, my Lord. I have lived most of my time in the country, the greater my misfortune, and my father's crime, my Lord. But I thank my stars, my son cannot charge me with stinting his education. Alas! my Lord, it must be done betimes. A man can never be sent into the world too soon. What can they learn at schools or universities?———No, no, I sent my boy to town, at sixteen, and allowed him wherewithal to keep the best company. And, I thank my stars, I have lived to see him one of the finest gentlemen of his age.

Young Mut. Ah! dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Mil. It is owing, Sir, to such wise parents as you, that the present age abounds with such fine gentlemen as it does. Our dull forefathers were either rough soldiers, pedantick scholars, or clownish farmers. And it was as difficult to find a fine gentleman among us then, as it is a true Briton among us now.

Old Mut. I am very proud, my Lord, to find my son in such company as your lordship's.

Mil. Dear Sir, the honour is on my side, I assure you.

Old Mut. 'Sbud! Your men of quality are the civilest sort of people upon earth.

Mil. And, I believe, my sister is of the sam opinion.

Young Mut. His sister! [*Aside.*

Old Mut. I am extremely bound to your good lordship.

Mil. I see you are shy of speaking; but I do not at all think it beneath the honour of my house to marry into a worthy family with a competent estate, though there be no title.

Old Mut. My Lord!

Mil. And since my sister has condescended to receive the addresses of your son, I shall not oppose the match.

Old Mut. I am surprized, my Lord——

Mil. Nay, Sir, you cannot be surprized; for certainly Mr. Mutable has more honour, than to have proceeded so far without acquainting you.

Old Mut. O, yes, my Lord, he has acquainted me——Yes, my Lord, I have been acquainted indeed——But the honour was so great, that I could scarce believe it.

Young Mut. [*Aside*] This is not the first woman I have been in love with, without seeing.

Old Mut. O, fie upon you, Jacky, why did you not tell me of this?——I'll go break off the other match this moment. My Lord, I cannot express the very grateful sentiments I have of this great honour, my Lord——

Mil. I shall be glad to see you at my house; in the mean time, Mr. Mutable may have as free access to my sister as he pleases.

Young Mut. Dear my Lord, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Old Mut. I and mine, my Lord, are eternally obliged to your goodness; and I hope my son is as sufficiently sensible as myself.—I will just go do a little business, and, then, Jacky, I'll come to this place, and you shall carry me to wait on

his lordship.—Be sure to be here, or I shall not be able to find you.—In the mean time I am your lordship's very obedient, devoted, humble servant, to command.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Mil. Well, have I not managed the old gentleman finely?——

Young Mut. Yes; but, as my lord Twitter says, how shall we carry it on?

Mil. That I am thinking. Suppose I get somebody to personate my sister—I see your father is of a good, easy, credulous disposition, and not altogether so inflexible as your father-in-law——

Young Mut. No, hang him; he never kept a resolution two minutes in his life. He is the very picture of my lord Shatterbrain; and you know my lord Shatterbrain is very famous for breaking his word. I have made forty engagements with him and he never kept one;—then, the next time we met,—Jack Mutable, says he, I know you'll pardon me—I have such a memory—but there's Sir George Goose has just such another too—but George is a comical dog, that's the truth on't——There was he and I and the duke——

Mil. Harkee, I have thought how the thing shall be conducted. Heartfort's house shall pass for mine; thither do you bring your father; you shall find a lady ready to receive you.—But you must remember to behave to her as if you were old acquaintance. I will instruct her how to answer you. So, go now, and expect your father, and remember to give me the title of lord Truelove.

Young Mut. Agad, I din'd with Sir John Trulove about four days ago; and how many bottles do you think we sat?

Mil. Twenty dozen, if you will.

Young Mut. No, faith, not that——not that quite. I brought off four to my own share tho'; and so drunk was my Lord Puzzle—ha, ha, ha! and so mad——

Mil. But if thou art not quite drunk or mad thyself, prithee do mind thy business: for if you stay one moment longer, I'll fling up the affair.

Young Mut. I go, I go. My Lord Truelove, your servant.——'Foregad, Sir John is one of the merriest dogs in Christendom.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMOUR *solus.*

Go thy way, Guillim display'd—Thou catalogue of the nobility—'Sdeath, I fancy 'tis the vanity of such fools as this, that makes men proud of a title, without any other merit. Now, if I can but match this spark with my Northumberland Cousin, I shall handsomely be quit of a troublesome relation—And faith, I think the arms of a rich fool are a sort of hospital, proper to every woman who has worn out her reputation in the service.

SCENE VIII.

MRS. STEDFAST'S *House.*

CHARLOTTE *speaking to* MRS. USEFUL, *who goes out and returns with* HEARTFORT.

Well, well, tell the wretch, I will see him, to

give him another final answer, since he will have it. Poor creature! how little he suspects who is his rival!——Oh! Millamour, thou hast given this heart of mine more sighs in one week, than it ever felt before——nay, than it hath ever made any other feel. How shall I let him know my passion, or how avoid this match intended for me by my father! Well, Sir, how often must I tell you, I won't have you, I can't have you?

Heart. Madam, as you have often told me the contrary, I think you should give some reason why you will not have me.

Char. I tell you a reason—I hate you.

Heart. I might expect a better reason for that hate, than the violence of my love.

Char. O! the best reason in the world. I hate every thing that is ridiculous, and there is nothing so ridiculous as a real lover.

Heart. Methinks, gratitude might produce the highest affection.

Char. Your humble servant, sweet Sir——— Gratitude!———that implies an obligation; but how am I obliged to you for loving me? I did not ask you to love me—did I?——I can't help your loving me; and if one was to have every one that loves one, one must have the whole town.

Heart. Can my torments make you merry, Madam?

Char. O! no certainly; for you must know, I am extravagantly good natur'd: Nor can you yourself say, that I have not begged you to get off the rack: but you would have me take you off in my arms, like an odious ridiculous creature as you are.

Heart. Give me my reason again; untie me from the magick knot you have bound me in; for

whilst you hold me fast within your chains, 'tis barbarous to bid me take my freedom.

Char. Chains!—sure being in love is something like being in the gallies; and a lover, like other slaves, is the subject of no other passion but pity: Nay, they are even more contemptible——they are mere insects. One gives being to thousands with a smile, and takes it away again with a frown. A celebrated physician might as well grieve at the death of every patient, as a celebrated toast at the death of every lover: and then it would be impossible for either of them ever to have dry eyes.

Heart. Come, come, Madam; the world are not at all so deaf to reason as I am. There are those who can see your faults, tho' I can't—can weigh affectation against beauty, and ill-nature against wit.

Char. They are inseparable. No one has beauty without affectation, nor wit without ill-nature. But lovers, you know, only see perfections. All things look white to love, as they do yellow to the jaundice.

Heart. This cool insenibity is worse than rage.

Char. It would be cruel indeed to add to the fire. I would extinguish your passion, Sir, since this is the last time it can blaze in publick, without prejudice to my reputation.

Heart. Sure, you can't resolve to marry a fool?

Char. I can resolve to be dutiful to a parent, and run any risk rather than that of my fortune. In short, Mr. Heartfort, could you have prevailed with my father, you might have prevailed with me. I liked you well enough to have obeyed my father, but not to disobey him.

Heart. Was that the affection you had for a man who would have sacrificed himself and the whole world to you?

SCENE IX.

CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Clar. Fie! Charlotte, how can you use him so barbarously? Poor Heartfort! I protest I pity you sincerely.

Char. Indeed, Clarinda,———for I shall never call you mother—I am come to an age, wherein I shall not follow your advice in disposing of myself; nor am I more forward to ask your opinion, than you was to ask mine, when you married my father.

Clar. My dear Charlotte, you shall never have more cause to repent my marriage, than I believe you would have to repent your own with this gentleman.

Heart. My life, Madam, is a poor sacrifice to such goodness.

Char. Dear creature! if the old gentleman your husband was here, you would make him jealous on his wedding-day.—Besides, it is barbarous in you to blame me, for he hath taken a resolution to give me to Mr. Mutable; and you know, or you will know before you have been married to him long, that when once he hath resolved on any thing, it is impossible to alter him.

SCENE X.

STEDFAST, HEARTFORT, CLARINDA.

Sted. Heyday! What's here to do? I thought I had forbidden you my house. Am I not master of my own house?

Heart. No, Sir, nor ever will while you have two such fine ladies in it.

Sted. Sir, if I had two empresses in it, my word should be a law.—And I can tell you, Sir, I will have blunderbusses in it, and constables too, if I see you in it any more.

Clar. Nay, pray, my dear, do not try to shock him more; Charlotte hath used him ill enough already.

Sted. Harkee, Madam, my dear, I must give you a piece of advice on our wedding-day—Never offer to interrupt me, nor presume to give your opinion in any thing till asked—if nature hath made any thing in vain, it is the tongue of a woman. Women were designed to be seen and not heard; they were formed only to please our eyes.

Char. You will be singularly happy, my dear, with a husband who marries to please no sense but his eyes.

Cla. I do not doubt being as happy with him as I desire,

Sted. This is another thing I must warn you of—Never to whisper in my presence.—Whispering no one uses but with an ill design. I made a resolution against whispering at sixteen, and have never whispered since.

Heart. Yes, Sir, and if you had made a resolution to hang yourself, others would have been equally obliged to follow the example.

Sted. I wish you would resolve to go out of my doors, Sir; or I shall take a resolution which may not please you. Madam, if you have not given this gentleman a final discharge already, do it now.

Char. You hear, Sir, what my father says, therefore I desire you would immediatlely leave us, and not think of returning again.

Heart. Not certain death should deter me from obeying your commands: nor would that sentence pronounced from any other lips, give me as much pain as this banishment from yours. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Cla. Go thy ways, for a pretty fellow.

Sted. Go thy ways for an hypocrite. We shall have that fellow turn rake at forty. The seeds of raking are in him, and one time or other they will break out. Rakery is a disease in the blood, which every man is born with; and the sooner it shews itself, the better.

Char. But I hope, Sir, since I have complied with your commands, in dispatching one lover, you will comply with my desires, in delaying my alliance with another.

Sted. As for that, you may be very easy; So you are married to day, I care not what hour.

Cha. Why to-day, Sir.

Sted. Because I have resolved it, Madam.

Char. One day sure would make no difference.

Sted. Madam, I have said it.

Cla. Let me intercede for so short a reprieve.

Sted. I am fixed.

Char. Consider, my whole happiness is at stake.

Sted. If the happiness of the world was at stake, I would not alter my resolution.

[*Servant enters.*

Ser. Sir, Mr. Mutable is below.

Sted. Shew him up. Go you two in. Daughter, be sure and make yourself ready. I have not yet resolved the hour of marrying you, but it shall be this afternoon; for I am determined to keep both our wedding-suppers together.

SCENE XII.

STEDFAST, OLD MUTABLE.

Sted. Mr. Mutable, your servant. Odso! where's the bridegroom?—He is a little too backward for a young fellow: the bride has reason to take it amiss.

Old Mut. Nay, Mr. Stedfast, if she or you take any thing amiss, we cannot help that.

Sted. Pugh! I was in jest with thee; She shall take nothing amiss, for I am resolved on the match.

Old Mut. Truly, I am sorry for it.

Sted. Ha! sorry—for what?

Old Mut. Since it must be known, what signifies hesitation?---My son is pre-engag'd, Sir.

Sted. How, Sir, pre-engag'd!

Old Mut. Yes, Sir, to a young lady of beauty

and fortune---and, what is more, a lady of quality. I assure you, Sir, I did not know one word of it when our bargain was made; which I am sorry for, and heartily ask your pardon.

Sted. And is this the manner you treat me in, after I have refused such offers for your son's sake.

Old Mut. The match was none of my own choice; but if quality will drop into one's lap—

Sted. Ay, quality may drop into your lap or your pocket either, and not make them one bit the heavier—And pray, who is this great lady of quality?

Old Mut. I know nothing more of her, than that she is a lord's sister.

Sted. Hath she no name, then?

Old Mut. Yes, Sir, I suppose she hath a name, tho' I don't know it.

Sted. And pray, Sir, what's her fortune?

Old Mut. I don't know that either.

Sted. Your very humble servant, Sir—I honour your profundity: If the lady's quality be equal to your wisdom, Goatham and Fleet-street will be in strict alliance——Sir, I admire your son; for tho' it is probable he may get nothing by the bargain, I find he has sense enough to outwit his father; and he may laugh at you, while all the world laughs at him.

Old Mut. What do you mean, Sir?

Sted. Stay till your daughter be brought home, she will explain my meaning. I warrant you—she will bring you both extremes, my life on't—Quality in the kennel, and fortune in the air.

Old Mut. Hum! if it should prove so—Sir, the match is not compleated.

Sted. No, Sir; you are very capable of breaking it off, we see——— [*Servant enters.*

Ser. Sir, the lawyer is come with the writings.

Sted. He may cancel them if he pleases, and hang himself when he has done.

Old Mut. Stay, Sir, I am not determined in this affair———

Sted. Nor in any, I am sure—but I am; and you must give up your pretensions one way or other this moment.

Old Mut. Then I stand by the securest—So desire the lawyer to walk in—I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Stedfast, what's past.

Sted. Ay, Sir, more for my own sake than yours; for had I not resolved on the match, I might have taken other measures.

SCENE XIII.

OLD MUTABLE, STEDFAST, PRIG.

Old Mut. Come, Sir, I am ready to sign articles.

Sted. Where's Mr. Squeezepurse, your master?

Prig. Sir, my master is busy, he could not wait on you, but I can do it as well.

Sted. Sir, I am the best judge of that—I have resolved never to sign any thing without your master.

Prig. It is the very same thing, I assure you—The writings are fully drawn, and any witness may do as well as my master.

Sted. Your master is a negligent puppy, and uses me doubly ill—first, in staying away, and

then in sending such an impertinent coxcomb to dispute with me.

Old Mut. I believe, Mr. Stedfast, we may do it.

Sted. Excuse me, Sir, I shall not alter my resolves—Therefore go to your master, and tell him to come to me immediately; for I will not sign without him, that I am resolv'd.

Old Mut. In the mean while, I'll step just by, and call my son, that we may meet with no further interruption. [*Servant enters.*

Ser. Sir, the tailor hath sent word, that he cannot finish the new liveries till to-morrow morning.

Sted. Then, Sir, go and give my humble service to the taylor, and tell him to send them half done or undone; for I am resolved to have them put on to-day, tho' they are thrown like blankets over their shoulders, and my equipage should look like the retinue of a Morocco ambassador.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene, the Street.

Hearfort, Millamour, Mutable.

Heartfort.

THOUGH I fear my fortune desperate, yet is my obligation infinite to you, my dear Millamour, for this trouble.

Mut. And to me too.——Agad, I have run the hazard of being disinherited on your account ——As for the wife, the loss is not great; but I have a real value for the estate.

Mil. Come, faith, Heartfort, thou must confess thyself obliged to him; he hath done what is in his power———

Heart. I thank him—And, in return, Mutable, let me give you a piece of advice. Leave off that ridiculous quality of pretending an acquaintance with men of fashion, whom thou hast never seen, for two reasons: First, no one believes you; nor, if you were believed, would any one esteem you for it; because all the prize-fighters, jockeys, gamesters, pimps, and buffoons in England have the same honour——

Mut. Ha, ha, ha! this is very merry, very facetious, faith—Agad, Millamour, if I did not know that Heartfort keeps the best company, I should think him envious.

Mil. I rather think his ambition lies quite the opposite way; for I have seen him walking at high Mall with a fellow in a dirty shirt, and a wig unpowder'd.

Mut. Auh! what a couple of distinguishing qualifications he chose to appear in the Mall with!—

Heart. And the man he means happens to have qualifications very seldom seen in the Mall, or any where else————

Mut. Ay, prithee what are these?

Heart. Virtue, and good sense.

Mut. Ha, ha, ha! virtue and good sense; no powder and dirty linen—Four fine accomplishments for an old philosopher to live upon——

Mil. Ay, or for a modern philosopher to starve with—But, mum—Remember who I am.

SCENE II.

OLD MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR.

Mil. So, Sir, you are expeditious; and now, if you please, I am ready to wait upon you——

Old Mut. I am unwilling to give your lordship any further trouble; for I find, my Lord, that matters are too far gone to be broke off now—So I thank your lordship for the honour you intended me. But the boy must be married to his former mistress— [*Aside.*

Heart. Ha!

Mil. What's this, Sir?

Old Mut. In short, my Lord, I have as great an honour for quality as any man; but there are things to be considered—Quality is a fine thing, my Lord, but it does not pay debts.

Young Mut. Faith, you are mistaken, there, father, for it does.

Mil. I little thought this consideration would have expos'd my sister to an affront---You are the last commoner I shall offer her to, I assure you---Perhaps you may repent this refusal——

Young Mut. Dear Sir, consider——Your son's happiness, grandeur, fortune, all are at stake.

Mil. Now the affair is over, Sir, I shall tell you, that my sister was not only secure of a fortune much larger than Mr. Stedfast's daughter; but as I have resolved against marriage, my fortune and title too must have descended to your son.

Old Mut. Hey!—And should I have seen my Jacky a lord—Should I have had a lord ask my blessing?—And a set of young lords and ladies my grand children! Should this old crab-tree

stock have seen such noble grafted fruit spreading on its branches?—O my good dear lord, I ask pardon on my knees—Forgive the foolish caution of a fearful old man.

Mil. My honour, my honour forbids——

Old Mut. O dear sweet, good, my Lord.——Let pity melt your honour to forgiveness.

Heart. Let me intercede, Sir.

Old Mut. If your honour must have a sacrifice, let my fault be paid by my punishment. Tread upon my neck, my Lord. Do any thing to me. But do not let me bar my son's way to happiness.

Mil. The strictest honour is not required to be inexorable. I shall content myself therefore with inflicting on you a moderate punishment. Whereas I intended to pay the fortune down before marriage; I now will do it afterwards.

Old Mut. Whenever your lordship pleases. I will give one thorough rebuff to Mr. Stedfast, and return instantly.—Jacky, stay, stay you here, and expect me, to conduct me to his lordship. My Lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant. [*Exit.*

Mil. This succeeds to our wish. I think I'll e'en play the parson myself, and marry you in jest.

Young Mut. But I shall not play the husband, I thank you.

Mil. Pshaw—in jest.

Young Mut. Hum, I take matrimony to be no jest.

Mil. And I take it to be the greatest jest in nature. When the old gentleman comes, Heartfort, do you take him to your house, which must pass for my Lord Truelove's, thither will I bring the lady with the utmost evpedition. But re-

member to give a particular order to all your servants, that your name is Truelove.

Heart. If you would have me stay with you, in the mean time, I must have no lords. Nay, I will not allow you a baronet. Not even a plain Sir, tho' he was knighted but last week, and hath not paid his fees yet.

Young Mut. Well, well you shall be humoured, tho' I am at work for your service.

SCENE III.

Stedfast's House.

CLARINDA, MRS. USEFUL.

Clar. To leave my husband's house on my wedding-day? And visit a gallant? I'll never consent to it——

Use. Then there's a pretty fellow gone to his forefathers.

Clar. No, tell the barbarous man, undone as he is, I would have consented to any other portion with him than dishonour. Tell him, he hath forc'd me to the fatal resolution I have taken; for, to avoid him, was my first cause of marrying; and tell him, in that hour I gave my hand to Mr. Stedfast, I resolved never to see him more.

Use. The devil take me, if I do. You may send another messenger. I'll have no hand in his death. I always had a natural antipathy to murder—Poor dear, pretty, handsome young fellow—Go—you are a cruel creature!——Oh! had you seen how he sigh'd, and sobb'd, and

groan'd, and kiss'd your letter, and call'd you by all the tenderest, softest names; then shed such a shower of tears upon the paper; then kiss'd it again, and swore he had lost his soul in you—— Oh! it would have melted rocks, could they have seen it.

Clar. Why wilt thou torment me to no purpose?

Use. It is your own fault, if it be to no purpose.

Clar. What can I do?

Use. What can you do?—that any woman after eighteen should ask that question—What can you do? Methinks charity should tell you, if your heart was not deaf to every thing that is good. When a fine, handsome young fellow is the beggar, what woman can want charity?

Clar. I have no more to give—My all is now my husband's; nor can I, without injuring him, bestow——

Use. Your husband!—You are enough to make me mad—Injure your husband!——You may as well think you injure your chest when you take the money out of it—And would you be lock'd up all your life in that old fusty chest, the arms of your husband?

Clar. Ha! Doth it become thee to rail against my husband, who hast employ'd all thy vile rhetorick to persuade me to receive him?

Use. To receive him as a husband I did,—and I now persuade you to make a husband of him.

Clar. O, villain! What hath urged thee to use me as thou dost? Didst thou not first entice me to leave my convent, and fly to England with that monster Millamour?——And then didst thou not, with the same diligence, intreat me to this marriage? And now————

Use. What allegations are here! I own I advised you to quit a religion I thought not consistent with the health of your soul, and to fly to the arms of a man I thought loved you. When I thought he did not love you, I advised you to leave him—And now I find he does love you, I advise you to return to him again.

Clar. What! with the loss of my honour!

Use. The loss of your honour! No, no—— You may keep your honour still; for every woman hath it till she is discovered.

Clar. Name it to me no more.

Use. At least you may see him—there's no dishonour in that.

Clar. I dare not think of it.

Use. E'en do it without thinking of it—Let the poor man owe the continuing of his life to my entreaties.

Clar. Oh! he hath a powerful advocate within me.

Use. Well—I'll fly with the happy news.

Clar. Stay—I cannot resolve.

Use. That's enough———She that can't resolve against her lover, always resolves for him.

Clar. Well—I will take one dear last draught of ruin from his eyes—And then bid him farewell for ever.

SCENE IV.

The Street.

CHARLOTTE *disguised.*

Here am I fairly escaped from my father's house——And now, what to do, or whither to

go, I know not, If I return, I know the positiveness and passionateness of his temper too well, to leave me any hopes of avoiding the match he is resolv'd on—If I do not, I dread the consequences. Suppose I find Millamour out, and acquaint him with my passion—I'll die sooner—If Heartfort were here this moment, I believe I should not refuse him any longer—Ah!

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE.

Mil. Pox on my rashness in discharging the good mother this morning—I shall never be able to find Lucina—I must get another—Ha! What hath fortune sent us? A woman in a masque—I suppose she doth it to hide the small-pox, or some cursed deformity——But hang it, she may pass for a woman of quality, for all that. Agad, I'll attack her, and if I mistake not, she expects it. At least she doth not threaten to run away. —Madam, your most obedient, humble servant—I presume by your present posture, that your masque gives you an advantage over me—That I have the honour of being known to you—

Char. You may depend on it, Sir, it is to my advantage to cover my face by my doing it—And I conceive it would be to your advantage to wear a masque too.

Mil. I'll excuse your abusing my face, while you abuse your own---Nor do I believe you in earnest in either; for I see, by your eyes, that you like me; and I am pretty confident you like yourself.

Char. Indeed, if Mr. Millamour is so fully persuaded of the former, I think he may without any ill opinion of my modesty suspect the latter.

Mil. Hum! My name too——

Char. I hope you have not the worse opinion of yourself from my knowing it.

Mil. No, my dear---nor much the better of you, I can tell you. Harkee, child, I find thou art some old acquaintance of mine; and as those are a set of people whom I am always glad to serve, I will make thy fortune.

Char. Now I fancy you don't think me an old acquaintance: for if I was, you must be assur'd I know that it is not in your power.

Mil. Why, truly, Madam, I am not worth as many Indies as I would bestow on your dear sex, if I had 'em---But, in this affair, I am not to be the principal, but only a sort of agent---or, to speak in your own language, the bawd.

Char. Well, Sir.

Mil. And if you can but act the part of a woman of quality for one half hour, I believe I shall put it into your power to act one as long as you live.

Char. What! have you a man of quality to dispose of?

Mil. No; but I have what many a man of quality would be glad to dispose of. I have a great fortune for you; and that with it which many a woman of quality hath to dispose of.

Char. What's that, pray?

Mil. A fool!

Char. Oh! you won't want customers; but you and I, I find, shall not agree; for we happen to deal in the same wares.

Mil. But mine is a man-fool, Madam.

Char. And so is mine, Sir——but let us wave that; for I will give him to any one who will have him. The fortune is what concerns me most. Do you know any one in whose hands I could place ten thousand pounds with safety?

Mil. Nay, prithee don't trifle—If you will come with me, and act your part well, you shall be mistress of four times that sum, within these two hours. You shall have a husband, with those two great matrimonial qualities, rich and a fool.

Char. Ay, and what is his name?

Mil. What signifies his name? Will you have a rich fool for a husband, Madam, or no? This must be some very vulgar slut, by her hesitation.

Char. No, Sir, I don't want riches,and I hate a fool.

Mil. Then your servant. I must go find somebody that will. If I had but time on my hands, I should find many a woman of fashion would be glad to be Mrs. Mutable.

Char. Ha! stay Sir, (this may be a lucky adventure, at least it must be a pleasant one) if I had known Mr. Mutable was the gentleman——

Mil. Well, Mr. Mutable is the gentleman.

Char. O, heavens! My father. I shall be discovered.

Mil. Come, Madam, we have not a moment to lose. Step to my lodgings, and receive instructions.

Char. Well, Sir, I have so good an opinion of your honour, that I will trust myself with you.

Mil. My honour is most infinitely obliged to your confidence, dear Madam.

SCENE VI.

STEDFAST, OLD MUTABLE.

Sted. Forgive indeed! Why, a man may as well determine which way a weather-cock shall stand this day fortnight, by its present situation, as he can what you will think an hour hence, by what you think now. A windmill, or a woman's heart, are firm as rocks in comparison of you.

Mut. I own he did over-persuade me; but, pardon me this time, and I will immediately fetch the boy, and matters shall be dispatched.

Sted. Hum?

Mut. Come, come, you cannot blame me. Who would not marry his son to a woman of quality?

Sted. Who would not? I would not, Sir. If I had resolved to marry my daughter to a cobler, I would not alter my resolution, to see her a-bed with the emperor of Germany.

Mut. All men, Mr. Stedfast, are not so firm in their resolutions as you are.

Sted. More shame for them, Sir, I am now in the fiftieth year of my age, and, never broke one resolution in my life yet.

Mut. Good lack! I am some years older than you are, and never made a resolution in my life yet.

Sted. Well Sir, I see your son coming: I will prepare my daughter. But, pray observe me. Make one resolution. If you change your mind again before they are married, they shall never be married at all, that I am resolved.

Mut. [*Aside.*] This is a bloody positive old fellow. What a brave, absolute prince he'd make? I'll warrant he'd chop off the heads of two or three thousand subjects, sooner than break his word. I must not anger him any more.

SCENE VII.

OLD MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, HEARTFORT.

Old Mut. Come, Jacky, you must along with me: Mr. Stedfast and I are agreed at last.

Young Mut. And disappoint his lordship, Sir?

Old Mut. Don't tell me of his lordship. I have taken a resolution to see you married immediately: And married you shall be.

Heart. Confusion!

Young Mut. Dear Sir.

Old Mut. Sir, I tell you I have taken a resolution: So follow me, as you expect my blessing.

Young Mut. Heartfort, for heaven's sake stop him.

Heart. S'death! I'll stop him, or perish in the attempt.

SCENE VIII.

MILLAMOUR'S *Lodging.*

BRAZEN *alone with an opera book in his hand.*

Well I cannot come into the opinion of the town about this last opera. It is too light for my gout. Give me your solemn, sublime music. But pox

take their taste: I scarce know five footmen in town, who can distinguish. The rascals have no ear, no judgement. I would as soon ask a set of country squires what they liked. I remember the time when we should not have suffer'd such stuff as this to have gone down. Ah dear, *Si caro* *(sings)*

MILLAMOUR, *and* CHARLOTTE *to him.*

Mil. Hey-day! Here, you musical gentleman, pray, get you down stairs.

Braz. Yes, Sir.

[*sings the end of the tune and exit.*

Char. You have a very polite footman indeed, Sir.

Mil. Yes, Madam. But come, my dear, as you are now in a place where you have nothing to fear, you have no more occasion for your masque.

Char. No Sir. Before I discover more of me, it will be proper to set you right in some mistakes you seem to lie under concerning me. In the first place know, that I am a gentlewoman.

Mil. Ay, a parson's daughter, descended from very honest and reputable parents, I dare swear. [*Aside.*

Char. And, what will surprize you, one of a very good family, and very great fortune.

Mil. Ay, that would surprize me indeed. But come, unmasque, or you will force me to a violence I would avoid.

Char. You promised me not to be rude, before I would venture hither; and, I assure you, I am a woman of fashion.

Mil. Well, Madam, if you are a woman of fashion, I am sure you have too much good-nature

to be angry with me for breaking a promise, which you have too much wit to expect I should keep. Besides, where there is no breach of confidence, there is no breach of promise. And you no more believe us when we swear we won't be rude, than we believe you when you swear you think us so. So, dear sweet gentlewoman, unmasque; for I am in haste to serve my friend, and yet I find I must serve myself first.

Char. Hold, Sir. You know you are but a procurer.

Mil. But I generally taste what I procure, before I put it into a friend's hands. Look ye, Madam, it is in vain to resist. So, my dear artificial blackmoor, I desire thee to uncover.

Clar. No, Sir, first hear my history.

Mil. I will first see the frontispiece of it.

Char. Know, I am a woman of strict honour.

Mil. Your history hath a very lamentable beginning.

Char. And in the greatest distress in the world; for I am this day to be married to a man I despise. Now if Mr. Millamour can find out any means to deliver me from the hands of this uncourteous knight, I don't know how far my generosity may reward him. I forgive these suspicions of me, which the manner, in which you found me, sufficiently justifies: But, I do assure you, this adventure is the only one which can attack my reputation; and I am the only child of a rich old father, and can make the fortune of my husband.

Mil. Husband! Oh!

Char. Ay, husband. As rich a man as Mr. Millamour would leap at the name; though I hope you don't think it my intention to make one of you—

To endeavour wickedly to inclose a common that belongs to the whole sex.

Mil. Ouns! What the devil can she be?

Char. You have a rare opinion of yourself indeed, that the very same morning in which you have escaped the jaws of a poor mistress, you should find another with twenty thousand pounds in her pocket.

Mil. Every circumstance, [*aside.*] Who knows what fortune may have sent me? What these charms of mine have done?

Char. What are you considering, Sir?

Mil. I am considering, my dear, what particular charm in my person can have made this conquest.

Char. Oh! A complication, Sir.

Mil. Dear Madam!

Char. For you must know, Sir, that I have resolved never to marry, 'till I have found a man without one single fault in my eye, or a single virtue in any one's else.---For my part, I take beauty in a man to be a sign of effeminacy; sobriety, want of spirit; gravity, want of wit; and constancy, want of constitution.

Mil. So that to have no fault in your eye, is to be an impudent, hatchet-face, raking, rattling, roving, inconstant——

Char. All which perfections are so agreeably blended in you, sweet Sir——

Mil. Your most obedient humble servant, Madam.

Char. That I have fixed on you as my cavalier for this enterprize, for which there is but one method. I must run into one danger to avoid another. I have no way to shun my husband at home, but by carrying a husband home with me. Now, Sir, if you can have the same implicit faith in my fortune as you had in my beauty, the bargain is struck.

Send for a parson, and you know what follows--- [*unmasques*] you may easily see my confusion. And I would have you imagine you owe this declaration only to my horrible apprehension of being obliged to take a man I like less than yourself.

Mil. I am infinitely obliged to you, Madam. But——

Char. But! Do you hesitate, Sir?

Mil. The offer of so much beauty and fortune would admit of no hesitation, was it not that I must wrong a friend! Consider, Madam, if you know none who hath a juster title to them. How happy would this declaration make Heartfort, which you throw away on me.

Char. I find I have thrown it away indeed—— Ha! Am I refus'd? I begin to hate him, and despise myself.

Mil. Upon my soul she is a fine woman; but can I think of wronging my friend? The devil take me if she is not exquisitely handsome; but he is my friend——But she hath twenty thousand pounds——But I must be a rascal to think of her, and as many millions would not pay me for it.

SCENE IX.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, BRAZEN.

Braz. Sir, here is a lady.

Mil. 'Sdeath a lady!——Fool, sot, oaf! How often shall I tell thee, that I am never at home to two ladies at a time?

Braz. Sir, you would have hang'd me, if I should have deny'd you to madam Clarinda.

Mil. Clarinda! O, transporting name——My dear, shall I beg, for the safety of your reputation, you would step into that closet, while I discharge the visit of a troublesome relation?

Char. Put me any where from the danger of a female tongue.——Well, if I escape free this time, I will never take such another ramble while I live again

Mil. [*Shuts her in the closet.*] There---Now will I find some way to let Heartfort know of her being here. I am transported at the hope of serving him, even whilst Clarinda is at my door.

SCENE X.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA *introduced by* USEFUL.

Mil. My Clarinda! This is a goodness of that prodigious nature——

Clar. That it can be equal'd by nothing but thy falsehood.

Mil. Can so unjust an accusation proceed from so much sweetness? Can you, that have forsaken me——

Clar. Do not attempt to excuse yourself---You know how false you have been---Nor could any thing but your falsehood have driven me to what I have done.

Mil. By all the——

Clar. Do not damn thyself more——I know thy falsehood; I have seen it. Therefore thy perjuries are as vain as wicked. Do you think I wanted this testimony? [*Gives him a letter.*]

Mil. Lucina's letter! Cursed accident! She too hath received Clarinda's! but I must stand it out.

Hear this! My falsehood! Mine! when there's not a star in heaven that hath not seen me, like an Arcadian of the first sort, sighing and wishing for you; the turtle is inconstant, compared to me; the rose will change its season, and blossom in mid-winter; the nightingale will be silent, and the raven sing; nay, the phœnix will have a mate, when I have any mate but you.

Clar. Had this been true, nature should have sooner chang'd than I.

Mil. Oh! you know it is: you have known this heart too long, to think it capable of inconstancy.

Clar. Thou hast a tongue that might charm the very sirens to their own destruction, 'till they own'd thy voice more charming, and more false than theirs. There is a softness in thy words equal to the hardness of thy heart.

Mil. And there is a softness within that.

Clar. Hold, Sir, I conjure you do not attempt my honour; but think, however dear you have been to me, my honour's dearer.

Mil. Thy honour shall be safe—Not even the day, nor heaven itself shall witness our pleasures.

Clar. Think not the fear of slander guards my honour—No, I would not myself be a witness of my shame.

Mil. Thou shalt not. We'll shut out every prying ray of light, and, losing the language of our eyes, find more delicious ways to interchange our souls. We'll wind our senses to a height of rapture, 'till they play us such dear inchanting tunes of joy———

Clar. Oh! Millamour [*sighing.*]

Mil. Give that dear sigh to my warm bosom. Thence let it thrill into my heart, and fan thy

image there—Oh! thou art every where in me. My eyes, my ears, my thoughts would only see, and hear, and think of thee. Thou dearest sweetest, tenderest——Would heaven form me another paradise; would it give me new worlds of bliss,

To thee alone my soul I would confine;
Nor wish, nor take another world than thine.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, Stedfast's *House*.

Stedfast, *with Servants*.

Stedfast.

Is every thing in order? Are the new liveries on all the rest of my servants?

Foot. Yes, Sir, they are all on after a manner; one hath no pockets, and the other no sleeves. John the coachman will not wear his.

Sted. Then desire John the coachman to drive himself out of my doors. I'll make my servants know they are dress'd to please my humour, not their own.

Cook. Sir, it is impossible to get supper ready by nine.

Sted. Then let me have it raw. If supper be

not ready at nine, you shall not be in my house at ten. Well, what say you, will not my wine be ready.

But. No, indeed will it not, Sir; your honour hath by mistake mark'd a pipe not half a year old.

Sted. Must I consult your palate or my own? Must I give you reasons for my actions? Sirrah, I tell you new wine is properest for a wedding. So go your ways, and trouble me with no more impertinont questions.

SCENE II.

STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

Sted. Mr. Squeezepurse, I am glad you are come. I am so pestered with my servants.

Squeez. The laws are too mild——too mild for servants, Mr. Stedfast.

Sted. Well, and have you brought the writings.

Squeez. They are ready. The parties' hands are only necessary. The settlement is as strong as words can make it: I have not been sparing of them.

Sted. I expect Mr. Mutable and his son this instant; and hope, by the help of you and the parson, to have finished all within an hour.

[*Enter a servant.*

Ser. Sir, here's a letter for your honour.

Sted. Mr. Squeezepurse, you will excuse me. [Reads.] *Sir, I am at length fully determined to marry my son to the other lady, so desire all matters may be cancell'd between us. I was ashamed to bring you this refusal, so have sent it by letter.*

Your humble servant, Tho. Mutable.

Ashamed! Ay, thou may'st be ashamed, indeed.

Squeez. Any thing of moment from the other party?

Sted. Death and fury! Go call your lady here —She was witness of his engagements. I'll go to law with him.

Squeez. The law is open to any injured person, and is the properest way of seeking restitution.

Serv. My lady, Sir! my lady is gone out.

Sted. How! gone out! My wife gone out—— Ouns, and pestilence! run away on her wedding-day! where is she gone?

Serv. I don't know, Sir.

Squeez. I saw your lady, Sir, as I came by, go into a house in the other street.

Sted. Shew me that house immediately, good Mr. Squeezepurse. I will fetch her home, I am determin'd. It is a fine age to marry in, when a wife cannot stay at home on her wedding-day.

SCENE III.

MILLAMOUR'S *Lodging.*

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA.

Mil. Cruel Cladinda—Thus to stop short when we are at the brink of happiness: to shew my eager soul a prospect of elysium, and then refuse it the possession.

Clar. With how much juster reason may I complain of you! Ah! Millamour, didst thou not, when the very day of our marriage was appointed, didst thou not then forsake me?

Mil. Heaven knows with what reluctancy, nor could any thing but the fear of your misery have compell'd me to it.

Clar. It is a strange love that makes its object miserable, for fear of its becoming so. Nor can the heart that loves, be, in my opinion, ever miserable, while in possession of what it loves.

Mil. Oh! let that plead my cause, and whisper to thy tender heart——

SCENE IV.

To him BRAZEN.

Braz. Oh, Sir! Undone, undone.

Mil. What's the matter?

Braz. Mr. Stedfast, Sir, is below with another gentleman—He swears his wife is in the house, and he will have her.

Clar. I shall faint.

Mil. What's to be done—There's another woman in the closet, whom she must not see.

[*Runs to the closet, and returns.*]

Braz. Sir, he will be up stairs in a moment.

Clar. Oh, heavens! [*Falls back in a chair.*

Mil. Sirrah, be at hand, and assist me with lying. Her fright has inspired me with the only method to preserve her. Give me my gown and cap instantly. Away to your post—Madam, do you pretend yourself as ill as possible—So! hush, hush, what noise is this?

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, BRAZEN, STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

Sted. Where is this wicked, vile, rambling woman? Where are you, sorceress, that are run

away from your husband's house on your wedding-day?

Mil. Hold, Sir, you must not disturb the lady.

Sted. Must not disturb her, Sir!

Mil. No, Sir.

Sted. Why, pray, Sir, who are you?

Squeez. Mr. Stedfast, give me leave, if you please. Whoever you are, Sir, I believe you scarce know what you are doing. Do you know, Sir, that this lady is a *Femme Couverte*, and the consequence of detaining such, without the leave of her husband first had and obtained? Mr. Stedfast you have as good an action against the gentleman as any man can wish to have. Juries, now-a-days, give great damages in the affair of wives.

Mil. Is this lady your wife, Sir?

Sted. Yes, Sir, to my exceeding great sorrow.

Mil. Then, Sir, you owe her life to me; for had not immediate application been made, the whole college could not have saved her.

Sted. To you, who the devil are you?

Mil. Sir, I am an unworthy practiser of the art of physick.

Sted. How came she here, in the devil's name?

Mil. By a most miraculous accident——She was taken ill just at my door. My servant too was then by, as great good luck, standing at it. Brazen, give the gentleman an account how you brought the lady in, when you saw her drop down at my door.

Braz. I was standing, Sir, as my master says, picking my teeth at the door, when the sick lady who sits in the chair, as my master says, and ready to drop down, as my master says; and so I took her up in my arms, and brought her up stairs, and

set her down in the great chair, and called my master, who, I believe, can cure her if any doctor in England can; for tho' I say it, who am but a poor servant, he is a most able physician in this sort of falling fits.

Squeez, I saw nothing of this happen when she came in, and this fellow's a good evidence, or I am mistaken.

Clar. Oh, heavens! where am I?

Sted. Where are you? Not where you should be—at home at your husband's.

Clar. My husband's voice! Mr. Stedfast, where are you?

Mil. Go near her, Sir—Now you may go as near her as you please.

Sted. What's the matter, with you, Madam?

Clar. I cannot tell you, Sir; I was taken in the strangest giddy manner, with such a swimming in my head, that every thing seemed to dance before my eyes.

Sted. You may thank yourself. What did you do a-gadding? But is this giddy, swimming, dancing distemper over, pray?

Clar. Not quite over; but I am much better.

Mil. I never knew that *Specificum Basilicum Magnum* fail; that is, indeed, an universal *Nostrum*.

Sted. Sir, I am glad to hear you mention a *Nostrum*, by which, I suppose you are not a regular-bred physician; for those are a set of people, whom I resolved, many years ago never to employ.

Mil. Sir, I never took any degree at our university.

Sted. I like you the better for it.

Mil. You are a man of understanding, Sir.

The university is the very worst place to educate a physician in. A man, Sir, contracts there a narrow habit of observing the rules of a set of stupid ancients. Not one in fifty of them ever ventures to strike a bold stroke. A quack, Sir, is the only man to put you out of your pain at once. A regular physician, like the court of chancery, tires a man's patience, and consumes his substance, before he decides the cause between him and the disease.

Sted. Come, Madam, I suppose by this time you are able to walk home, or to a chair at least.

Mil. Sir, the air is very dangerous, you had better leave her here some time.

Mil. Sir, I am resolved she shall go home, let the consequence be what it will. Doctor, here is something for your trouble. I am much obliged to your care—Madam, how do you now?

Clar. Oh! infinitely better.

Mil. A word with you, Sir; I have heard you say, this is your wedding-day——In your ear [*whispers.*] Not as you tender your wife's future health, nay, her life.

Sted. Never fear——come, Child——come, Mr. Squeezepurse. Doctor, your servant.

Mil. Give me leave, Sir, to hand the lady to her chair.

Sted. Pshaw! I hate ceremony—pray stay behind——

[*Pushes away* Mil. *& exit with his wife and* Squeez.

Mil. So! we are well off this time.

Braz. Ay, Sir, some thanks to me; for I think I lyed pretty handsomely.

Mil. Well, sirrah, and are you so vain of the merit? Did not I shew you the way?

Char. [*Knocks at the door.*] Doctor! Doctor!

Mil. Ha! get you hence, and endeavour to find out Heartfort, and bring him hither instantly. My fair prisoner, I ask your pardon for keeping you confined so long.

Char. Oh! Sir, no excuses: patients must be tended. But, pray, Doctor, have you not some little skill in casuistry? Will you advise me what to do in this affair, and whether you think it proper I should suffer you to pass with my father for so excellent a physician as you do?

Mil. Oh! Madam, it needs no great casuist to advise a young lady how to act, which should be always by the rules of good-nature. Besides, Madam, you shall not see your father deceived, for I will merit the same reputation with you, if you will take my prescription; for I will engage to recommend you one that shall cure you of all distempers

Char. Ay, pray what is this infallible *Nostrum?* I am afraid it is something very nauseous to the palate.

Mil. No, far otherwise: it is taken by a great many ladies merely for its agreeable relish.

Char. Well, what is it?

Mil. Nothing more than a very pretty fellow of my acquaintance.

Char. Indeed! And pray is this very pretty fellow of your acquaintrnce like a certain physician of my acquaintance?

Mil. No, faith: if he was, you would have taken the *Nostrum* long ago.

Char. Hum! I question that. I fancy, Doctor, you are as great a quack in love as you are in physick, and apt in both to boast more power than

you have. Ah! if I thought it worth my while, I would play such pranks with your wild worship.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Heart. Oh! Millamour, I have been waiting for you. Ha!

Mil. Well, whether thou hast been waiting for me, or seeking me, I am glad you have found me: for I have a favour to ask of you, which you must not deny me. Madam, look him boldly in the face: I dare swear we shall carry our point.

Char. What point, Sir?

Mil. In short, Sir, this young lady hath begg'd me to ask your pardon in her name, and hopes your forgiveness of all her ill usage, all her little airs, which the folly of youth, and the vanity of beauty together, made her put on; and she does most faithfully promise, nay, and I have offered to be bound for her, that, if you are so generous to forgive the past, she shall never offend for the future.

Char. Intolerable insolence!

Mil. Yes; her intolerable insolence, she hopes, knowing the infinite goodness and sweetness of your temper, will be past over; and that you will be pleased to consider, that a gay, giddy, wild, young girl could not have understanding enough to set a just value on the sincere passion of a man of sense and honour.

Char. This is insupportable!

Mil. Nay, nay, I think so too. I must con-

demn the hardness of your heart, that can be proof against such penitence in an offending mistress. Tho' she hath been, I own, as bad as possible, yet sure her repenting tears may atone.

Heart. I'm in a dream; for thou, my friend, I am sure, wilt not delude me. Madam, is it possible for me to presume to think the sufferings I have undergone, had they been ten thousand times as great, could touch your heart?

Char. Hum! I thank my stars, I have it.

Heart. I cannot be awake, nor you be mistress of such goodness, to value my little services so infinitely beyond their merit. Oh! you have been too kind. I have not done nor suffered half enough.

Mil. Pox take your generosity! suffer on to eternity, with all my soul.

Heart. I deserve your pity now a thousand times more than ever. This profusion of goodness overwhelms my heart.

Mil. Not one bit beyond a just debt; she owes you all.

Heart. Millamour, as thou art my friend, no more.

Char. Let him proceed; I am not ashamed to own myself Mr. Heartfort's debtor.

Mil. Ay!

Char. And tho' you have somewhat exceeded your commission, and said more for me than perhaps the stubbornness of my temper might have permitted me to say, yet this I must confess, my behaviour to Hr. Heartfort hath no way answered his merits.

Mil. Go on, go on, Madam, you never spoke half so much truth in your life.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT, OLD MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE.

Old Mut. My lord, I have been waiting for your lordship above this hour: if it had not been for Jacky here, I should never have found you.

Mil. A particular affair, Sir, hath detained me; but I am ready now to wait on you.

Old Mut. Jacky, is not that your former mistress, Miss Stedfast? Odso! it is she. What can she do here?

Young Mut. I wish she be not come to spoil my match with my lord's sister.

Old Mut. You have hit it, boy. Jacky, you have it: but I'll try that. My Lord, my good Lord— [*They talk apart.*

Heart. This is such an excess of goodness! You judge too rashly indeed of a few slight gaieties. Women with not half your merit or beauty daily practise more. And give me leave to think, they were put on for a trial of me.

Char. Ay, but what right had I to that trial, unless I had intended, which I never can, to disobey my father.

Heart. Ha! never can!

Char. Heaven forbid I should prove undutiful to him! And, Mr. Heartfort, wherefore, pray, did you understand all these apologies made, but that after all your merit, I must obey my father in marrying this young gentleman?

Heart. Confusion!

Old Mut. Indeed, Madam, but there are more fathers to be obeyed than one. My son, Madam, is another woman's property; and I believe I have as good a right to my son, as Mr. Stedfast has to his daughter. It's very fine, truly, that

my son must be stolen from me, and married whether I will or no!

Young Mut. Ay, faith is it, Madam, very hard that you will have me, whether I will or no.

Char. Indeed!

Old Mut. Why truly, Madam, I am very sorry it should be any disappointment to you; but my son, Madam, happened to be without my knowledge, at the time I offered him to you, engaged to my lord Truelove's sister. Was not he, my Lord? Sure, Madam, you would not rob another woman of her right.

Char. Sir, if it please you, honoured Sir, my good father-in-law that was to have been, a word with you.

Old Mut. As many as you please, Madam, but no father-in-law.

Char. Tho' in obedience to my father I had complied to accept of your son for a husband, yet I am obliged to your kind refusal, because that young gentleman your son, Sir, happens to be a person for whom, ever since I had the honour of his acquaintance, I have entertained the most surprising, invincible and infinite contempt in the world.

Young Mut. Contempt for me!

Old Mut. Contempt for Jacky!

Char. It would therefore be ungrateful, to let such a benefactor as you be deceived in a point which so nearly concerns him. This gentleman, Sir, is no lord, and hath no estate.

Old Mut. How, Jacky, no lord!

Young Mut. Yes, Sir, I'll be sworn he is.

Char. And he hath contriv'd, Sir, to marry your ingenious son to some common slut of the town. So I leave you to make up the match, and am, gentlemen, your most humble servant.

SCENE VIII.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, OLD *and* YOUNG MUTABLE.

Heart. Millamour, I thank thee for the trouble thou hast undergone for me; but as the affair is no longer worth my pursuit, I will release you from your troublesome title, and this gentleman from his mistake. So, Sir, your son is disengaged, and you may marry him to the young lady just now gone, whenever you please.

Mil. Faith, Sir, I am sorry I have no sister for your son, with all my heart.

Old Mut. And are you no lord?

Mil. No, Sir, to my sorrow.

Old Mut. Why, have I been imposed upon then? [*To* Young Mut.] But how came you to join in the conspiracy? Would you cheat your father?

Young Mut. Indeed, Sir, not I. I was imposed on as well as you. I took him for a lord; for I don't know a lord from another person, but by his dress. You cannot blame me, Sir.

Old Mut. Nay, Jacky, I don't desire to blame you: I know thou art a good boy, and a fine gentleman. But come, come with me. I will make one more visit to Mr. Stedfast, and try what's to be done. If I can pacify him, all's well yet. What had I to do with lords? We country gentlemen never get any good by them.

SCENE IX.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Mil. Come, Heartfort, be not grave on the

matter: I will venture to affirm thy mistress is thy own.

Heart. Damn her! do not mention her: I should despise myself equal with the fool just de-departed, could I think myself capable of forgiving her: no, believe me, Millamour, was she to commence the lover, and take the pains I have done to win her, they would be ineffectual.

Mil. And art thou so incensed with a few coquette airs of youth and gaiety, which girls are taught by their mothers, and their mistresses, to practise on us to try our love, or rather our patience, when perhaps their own suffers more in the attempt?

Heart. 'Sdeath, Sir, hath she not used me like a dog?

Mil. Certainly.

Heart. Hath she not trifled with my passion beyond all sufferance?

Mil. Very true.

Heart. Hath she not taken a particular delight in making me ridiculous?

Mil. Too true! and since I see you can bear it, I will tell yon, she hath abused you, trifled with you, laughed at you, coquetted and jilted you.

Heart. Hold, Millamour, do not accuse her unjustly, neither: I cannot say she hath jilted me.

Mil. Damn her! think no more of her: it would be wrong in you to forgive her.

Heart. Yes, forgive her I can: it would be rather mean not to forgive her. Yes, yes, I will forgive her.

Mil. Well, do; and so think no more of her.

Heart. I will not; for it is impossible to impute so much ill usage only to the coquettish airs of youth: For could I once be brought to beileve that——

Mil. And yet a thousand women——

Heart. True, true, dear Millamour: a thousand women have play'd worse pranks with their lovers, and afterwards made excellent wives; it is the fault of their education, rather than of their natures: and a man must be a churl who would not bear a little of that behaviour in a mistress, especially in one so very young as Charlotte is, and so very pretty too. For, give me leave to tell you, we may justly ascribe several faults to the number of flatterers, which beauty never is without: besides, you must confess, there is a certain good-humour that attends her faults, which makes it impossible for you to be angry with them.

Mil. Indeed to me she appears to have no faults but what arise from her beauty, he youth, or her good humour; for which reason, I think, Sir, you ought to forgive them, especially if she asked it of you.

Heart. Asked it of me! Oh! Millamour, could I deny any thing she asked of me?

Mil. Well, well, that we shall bring her to; or at least to look as if she asked it of you; and you know looks are the language of love.

Heart. But pray how came she to your lodgings this afternoon?

Mil. Ha! Truepenny, art thou jealous?

Heart. No, faith: your sending for me prevents that, tho' I was never so much inclin'd.

Mil. Let us go and take one bottle together, and I will tell you, tho' perhaps I must be obliged to trust a lady's secret with you, (and I could trust any but your own mistress's.) Courage, Heartfort: what are thy evils compar'd with mine, who have a husband to contend with; a

damn'd legal tyrant, who can ravish a woman with the law on his side? All my hope and comfort lie in his age: and yet it vexes me, that my blooming fruit must be mumbled by an old rascal, who hath no teeth to come at the kernel.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, Lucina's Apartment.

LUCINA *with a Letter.*

SHALL I write once more to this perjur'd man? But what can it avail? Can I upbraid him more than I have already done in that which he hath scornfully sent back? Perhaps I was too severe. Let me revise it. Ha! what do I see?—A letter from another woman. Clarinda Stedfast! O villain! doth he think I yet want testimonies of his falsehood.

SCENE II.

LUCINA, PLOTWEL.

Luc. Oh! Potwel, such new discoveries! The letter you brought me back was not my own, but a rival's; a rival as unhappy as myself.

Plot. And now I bring you news of a rival more happy than yourself, if the possession of a

rake be happiness. In short, Mr. Millamour is to be married to the daughter of Mr. Stedfast.

Luc. Ha! that was the name I heard when at his lodgings. He hath debauched his wife, and would marry his daughter. This is an opportunity of revenge I hardly could have wish'd. But how, how, dear Plotwel, art thou apprised of this?

Plot. When you sent me back to Millamour, while I was disputing with his servant who denied me admission, a fine young lady whip'd by me into a chair: I then brib'd his servant with a guinea, who discovered to me, that her name was Stedfast; that she was a great fortune, and to be married to his master; and that she lived in Grosvenor-Street.

Luc. Shall I beg you would add one obligation more to those I have already received from you, and deliver her this letter? It may prevent the ruin of a young creature.

Plot. One of Millamour's letters to you, I suppose. But it will have no effect, unless it recommends him the more to her, by giving her an opportunity of triumphing over a rival.

Luc. No matter: to caution the unexperienced traveller from rocks we split on, is our duty: if that be ineffectual, his rashness be his punishment.

Plot. Pray take my advice, and resolve to think no more of him.

Luc. As a lover I never will. Oblige me in this, and then I will retire with you to the cloyster you shall choose, and never more have converse with that traitorous sex.

Plot. On condition you think no more of Mil-

lamour, I will undertake it, tho' it is an ungrateful office.

Luc. Come in with me, while I enclose it under seal, that you may securely affirm you are ignorant of the contents. Come, my faithful Plotwel, believe me, I both hate and despise mankind; and from this hour I will entertain no passion but our friendship in my soul.

Frindship and love by heav'n were both design'd,
That to enoble, this debase the mind.
Friendship's pure joys in life's last hour remain:
By love, that cheating lottery, we gain
A moment's bliss, bought with an age of pain.

SCENE III.—*A Tavern.*

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Mil. And now dear George, I hope I have satisfied your jealousy.

Heart. I wish I could say you had as well satisfied me with your behaviour to this young lady ——to Clarinda.

Mil. What would'st thou have me do?

Heart. Why, faith, to be sincere, not what thou hast done; however, since that's past, all the reparation now in thy power to make, is to see her no more.

Mil. That would be a pretty reparatiou indeed! and perhaps she would not thank you for giving me that advice.

Heart. Perhaps not; but I am sure her husband would.

Mil. Her husband! Damn the old rascal: the

teazing such a cuckold, is half the pleasure of making him one.

Heart. How! what privilege dost thou perceive in thyself, to invade and destroy the happiness of another? Besides, tho' shame may first reach the husband, it doth not always end there; the wife is always liable, and often is involved in the ruin of the gallant. The person who deserves chiefly to be exposed to shame, is the only person who escapes without it.

Mil. Hey-day! thou art not turning hypocrite, I hope. Thou dost not pretend to lead a life equal to this doctrine.

Heart. My practice perhaps is not equal to my theory; but I pretend to sin with as little mischief as I can to others: and this I can lay my hand on my heart and affirm, that I never seduced a young woman to her own ruin, nor a married one to the misery of her husband. Nay, and I know thee to be so good-natur'd a fellow, that what thou dost of this kind, arises from thy not considering the consequence of thy actions; and if any woman can lay her ruin on thee, thou canst lay it on custom.

Mil. Why, indeed, if we consider it in a serious way——

Heart. And why should we not? Custom may lead a man into many errors, but justifies none; nor are any of its laws more absurd and unjust, than those relating to the commerce between the sexes: for what can be more ridiculous than to make it infamous for women to grant what it is honourable for us to solicit, nay, to ensnare and almost compel them into; to make a whore a scandalous, a whoremaster a reputable appellation! Whereas, in reality, there is no more mis-

chievous character than a public debaucher of women.

Mil. No more, dear George; now you begin to pierce to the quick.

Heart. I have done; I am glad you can feel it is a sure sign of mortification.

Mil. Yes, I can feel, and too much, that I have been in the wrong to a woman, who hath no fault but foolishly loving me. 'Sdeath! thou hast raised a devil in me, that will sufficiently revenge her quarrel. Oh! Heartfort, how was it posble for me to be guilty of so much barbarity, without knowing it, and of doing her so many wrongs, without seeing them till this moment, till it is too late, till I can make her no reparation?

Heart. Resolve to see her no more; that's the best in your power.

Mil. Well, I will resolve it, and wish I could do more.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, USEFUL.

Use. Oh! Mr. Millamour, Oh!

Mil. What news?

Use. Oh! I am dead.

Heart. Drunk, I believe. What's the meaning of this?

Use. Give me a glass of wine, for I am quite out of breath.

Mil. Help! Heartfort, help!

Use. I am come—Give me another glass.

Heart. You have no reason to complain of

your breath, for I think you drink two glasses in the same.

Use Well, then, now I am a little come to myself, I can tell you I have charming news for you: Clarinda continues still in the same dangerous way, and her husband—but mum—what have I said?—I forgot we were not alone.

Heart. Oh! Madam, I will withdraw.

[*Retires to another part of the stage.*

Use. Well then, her husband hath sent me to fetch you to her.

Mil. He hath sent too late; for I have resolv'd to see her no more.

Use. What do you mean?

Mil. Seriously as I say——

Use. You will never see her more!

Mil. Never.

Use. You will see her no more! [*Passionately.*

Mil. No: I have consider'd it as the only reparation I can possibly make her.

Use. Indeed! If that be the only reparation you can make her, you are a very pretty fellow. But it is false: you are not such a sort of a man. If I had known you to be such a sort of a man, the devil should have had you, before I should have troubled my head about your affairs.

Mil. My heart reproaches me with no action of my life, equal with my behaviour to Clarinda, and I would do any thing to make her amends.

Use. Could not your heart have reproached you sooner, before you had made me accessary to the cheat you intended to put upon her?

Mil. What cheat?

Use. The worst cheat that can be put upon her. What! Sir, do you think she hath no expectations from you?

Mil. If she hath, her husband will answer them.

Use. Her husband! her husband won't, nor can't answer them——

Mil. I am not inclined to jest—

Use. Nor am I, but I think you are. What would you say of a man, who would sail to the Indies, and when he was just come in sight of his port, tack about and return without touching? Have not you been sailing several years into the arms of your mistress, and now she holds them open, you refuse——What! did you court her only to refuse in your turn? To refuse her when she is expecting, wishing, longing—

Mil. And do you really think her as you say?

Use. What could move her else to lay such a plot as she has done? To pretend herself sick that you might be sent for as her physician? But you would play the physician with her, and make her distemper real.

Mil. If I thought that——

Use. What can you think else? Can any thing hurt a woman equal with being refused?

Mil. Refused! what, giving up her matchless beauty to my longing arms? 'Sdeath he is not of flesh and blood who could refuse. Thou dearest woman! and dost thou think she will consent?—Dost thou think my happiness so near?

Use. I know it must be—but—

Mil. But what?

Use. You had better make her a reparation for what's past, and see her no more.

Mil. Reparation! ay, so I will. All that love, transporting, eager, wanton, raving love can give. Heartfort, you must excuse me; Business, Sir, business of very great importance calls me away.

Heart. I can guess your business by your company.

Mil. Come, my dear Useful, convey me, quick as my desires, where only they can meet full satisfaction. Let me enjoy Clarinda, — and — then—

Use. And then —— perhaps you may keep your word, and never see her any more.

[*Exeunt* Use. *and* Mil.

Heart. There goes an instance of the great power our reason hath over our passions. But hold,—Why should I seek instances abroad, who have so sufficient an example in my own breast? Where, had reason the dominion, I should have long since expell'd the little tyrant, who hath made such ravage there. Of what use is reason then? Why, of the use that a window is to a man in prison, to let him see the horrors he is confined in; but lends him no assistance to his escape.

SCENE V.

STEDFAST'S *House.*

CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Clar. O, Charlotte! let no passion prevail on you to throw yourself away on a person you despise. Marriage knows no release but death. Had I the world, I would give it to recall mine.

Char. You see, Clarinda, it is easier to give advice than to take it.

Clar. You are not in my situation. Think, my Charlotte, think, but of the danger I was in,

against the daily solicitations of a man, who had so great a friend within my breast. My little fortune spent. A friendless, helpless, orphan. The very man I lov'd, with whom I must at least have shared poverty, refusing to make me the honourable partner of his bed! What could Charlotte then have done? Would you have then refused a rich, an honourable lover?

Char. Hum! agad, I don't know what I should have done. Heaven forbid it should be my case. I should not have taken the old fellow, I am positive.

Clar. O, my dear Charlotte! never let any thing tempt you to forfeit the paths of honour.

Char. And yet my dear Clarinda, you can feign yourself sick to see your lover. Pray, my dear, how doth a woman's honour do, when she is sick to see her gallant?

Clar. Indeed you wrong me. The terror I have of your father's bed, put me on the feigning this sickness, which will soon be real. For as to Millamour, I have determined never to see him more.

Char. Nay, I will swear, I saw Useful take a chair and go for him, as your physician, by my father's order.

Clar. You surprize me! O that wicked woman, who hath been the occasion of all my misfortunes, and is determined to prosecute me to the last minute.

Char. There is somewhat in her which I dislike, and have oft wondered why you would indulge her in the freedom she takes.

Clar. O Charlotte! in distressed circumstances, how easily can impudence get the ascendant over us? Besides, this woman, of whom I now have

your opinion, can outwardly act a saint, as well as inwardly a devil. What defence hath the ignorance of twenty, against the experienced arts of such a woman? Believe me, I thank heaven, I have escaped so well, rather than wonder I have not escaped better.

Char. Well, honoured Madam, if your daughter-in-law may presume to advise, rest contented with the honour you have already attain'd; for if you should be overthrown but in one battle, there's an end of all your former conquests. But hush, hush; to your chair. My father is coming up.

SCENE VI.

STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Sted. Well, Madam, how do you now?

Char. My mother is extremely ill, Sir.

Sted. I did not ask you—How do you do, child?

Clar. Oh!

Sted. O! This is the most comfortable wedding-day sure, that ever man had. Well the doctor will be here presently.

Char. Sir, the last words that my mamma spoke were, she desired she might not see the doctor.

Sted. Yes, Madam; but the last words I speak are that she shall she him.

Clar. No doctor——No doctor.

Enter USEFUL, *and* MILLAMOUR.

Use. [*introducing* Millamour.] Sir, here's the doctor.

Sted. I am glad you are come, Sir: My wife is extremely ill—Go to her. Physicians should make a little more haste.

Mil. Give me your hand if you please, Madam.

Sted. How do you do, child?

Clar. Oh!

Sted. That's all I have been able to get of her, Doctor; she is not able to tell you even how she doth.

Use. [*Aside.*] A true physician, faith! He feels for her pulse in her palm.

Sted. How do you find her, Doctor?

Mil. Truly, Sir, I wish there may not be more danger in the case, than is imagined.

Sted. Nay, the world shall not say she died for want of assistance. I will go send for another.

Mil. O, Sir! there's no need of that—I can trust to my own skill.

Sted. I'm resolved.

Use. Come, Madam; we'll leave the doctor to his patient.

SCENE VII.

CLARINDA, MILLAMOUR.

Mil. O speak to me, Clarinda——Whisper something tender to my soul, or I shall die before thee.

Clar. Thou hast undone me, Millamour.

Mil. Then I have undone myself———Myself! ——What's that to having ruin'd thee! I would be ages expiring to preserve thee. My dear! my only love! Too late I see the follies of my

life. I see the fatal consequence of my ungovern'd, lawless passion.

Clar. Oh! had thy eyes but yesterday been open'd, but now it is too late.

Mil. Too late! I will put back the hand of time. O think it not too late. O, could'st thou but recover; thy marriage could not, should not keep us from being happy.

Clar. Alas, my disease is but a poor pretence, to see you once again to take this last farewel.

Mil. Thou angel of softness! Thou fountain of eternal sweets! To take a last farewel! Then I will bid farewel to life, Clarinda. Life, which I will not endure without thee. Witness heaven, that could I but recall blest yesterday again, I would not slight the offers of thy virtuous love, for the whole world of beauty, or of wealth! O fool! to trifle with so vast a blessing, 'till it was snatch'd from thee! Yet since we cannot be what we wish, let us be what we can.

Clar. No, Millamour, never with the forfeit of my honour. I will lose my life: Nay, what I value much more, rather than quit that idol of my soul, I will lose you.

SCENE VIII.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, USEFUL, STEDFAST, CRISIS.

Use. Hush, hush, to your posts, to your posts.

Sted. [*Introducing* Crisis.] Doctor, that is your patient, and heaven direct your judgement.

Cris. Sir, Sir, harkee, who's that? I observed him feel her pulse.

Sted. That is a brother physician, Sir.

Cris. Ay, What is his name?

Sted. Doctor, doctor Crisis desires to know your name.

Mil. My name! name—My name is Gruel.

Cris. Gruel, I don't know him, nor do I remember his name in the college. Some quack, I suppose.—Sir, I'm your humble servant.

Sted. Stay, stay, dear Doctor.

Cris. Sir, I will consult with no quacks; Sir, I have not studied physick so long, to consult with a quack; Wherefore have we a college of physicians, if we are to call quacks to our assistance?

Sted. For heaven's sake, Doctor, my wife will die.

Cris. Sir, I can't help it, if half the world were to die, unless that man were out of the room I will have nothing to do: And that I am resolv'd.

Sted. If you come to that, Sir, I am resolved he shall not be sent out of the room. I would not send him out of the room to save my wife's life: No, nor scarce to save my own life. So see whose resolution will be broke first, your's or mine—Resolved, quotha.

Cris. Here, John, my coach! to the door—consult with a quack!

Sted. Doctor, pray return my fee.

Cris. Sir, your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Mil. I hope, Sir, we shall not want his advice. I apprehend the distemper to be now some moments past the crisis, and in half an hour, I may possibly send you the happy news of your wife's being out of danger. But it is intirely necessary she should go to bed, and then I will go and see her, [*Enter* Servant, *who whispers* Stedfast.

Sted. Doctor, you will excuse me a few minutes—A lady wants me below stairs. [*Exit.*

Mil. Come, nurse; you must put your patient to bed, and then I'll visit her again.

Clar, Never, never, Millamour. Never from this hour will I behold that face again: that fatal cause of all my misery.

Mil. Barbarous Clarinda! Can I be knowingly the cause of one misfortune to you, when I would not purchase the world with one sigh of thine?

Clar. Thy conversation is dangerous to my honour: and henceforth I will fly thee as the worst of contagions. Farewel—And think you have lost a woman, who durst not, from her tenderness, ever see thee more. [*Exit.*

Mil. O agony! O Clarinda!

Use. Ha, ha, ha!—That ever a man, who knows so much of the sex as Mr. Millamour, should despair at the very brink of victory!

Mil. 'Sdeath—Did she uot say, she'd never see me more?

Use. Well, and hath she not said so a hundred times; and seen you as often!—Did she not say, she durst not see you more? Women are all cowards, and dare not do any thing unless they are forced to it. I tell you she is wishing, sigh-for you. Honour and love have a conflict within her breast, and if you stand by the little gentleman, I'll hold a thousand pounds he gets the better.

Mil. No more of this foolery. Thou hast undone us both: and, by heavens, I will be revenged on thee. I will expose thee to all mankind, as thy infamy deserves, till every wretched maid shall curse thee, every honest woman dispise thee, and every boy that meets thee, shall hoot thee, thro' the world.

Use. Is this my reward?

Mil. Reward! There is none in law or justice equal to thy deserts. Thou art a more mischievous animal than a serpent; and the man or woman, who admits one of thy detestable character into his house or acquaintance, acts more foolishly than he who admits a serpent into his bosom. A publick mark of infamy should be set on every such wretch, that we might shun them as a contagion. Never see me more; for if thou dost, I shall forego the dignity of my sex to punish thee. O Clarinda! I will pursue thee still: For next to having thee mine, is leaving my life at thy feet.

Use. Very fine! I have no more to do here at present. Such encouragemhnt will tempt me to grow honest and quit my employment.

SCENE IX.

STEDFAST, PLOTWEL.

Sted. A very pretty reasonable gentleman, truly. Would not one woman content him? Must he have my wife and daughter too? Would he have my whole family? Madam, I know not how to return this obligation, which the great concern you have shewed for my honour hath laid upon me.

Plot. Can you not find then in this face something which might give you a reason for that concern? Look stedfastly on me, and tell me if you remember no mark in these features, which were once known to you?

Sted. There's something in that voice, that——

Plot. That once was musick in your ears, if ever you spoke truth to Cleomela.

Sted. Cleomela!

Plot. Are there then any horrors in that name? Age certainly hath left no furrows there, however it hath alter'd this unhappy face. Still, if remembrance of past joys be sweet, the name of Cleomela should be so.

Sted. I am so surpris'd! I scarce have reason left to recollect you.

Plot. Be not terrified. I come not to upbraid you; to thunder any injuries in your ears, nor breach of promise.

Sted. You know you cannot. It was your own fault prevented my fulfilling them. Would you have changed your religion, you know my resolutions were to have married you. And you know my resolutions were never to marry you, unless you did. You kept your religion, and I my resolution.

Plot. How easily men find excuses to avoid what they dislike! But that is past; nor do I come to claim the fulfilling it.

Sted. No, heaven hath taken care to put that out of my power; as this letter hath told you before.

Plot. I assure you, Sir, the contents of that letter I am a stranger to.

Sted. Are you? then pray read it—for I intend to make them no secret. [Plotwel *takes the letter, reads, and shews much surprise.*]

SCENE X.

MILLAMOUR, STEDFAST, MRS. PLOTWEL.

Mil. O! Sir, the most unfortunate news.

Sted. What's the matter?

Mil. Your lady is relapsed into the most violent fit of madness; and I question much whether she will ever speak again.

Sted. She hath no need. She hath hands to write her mind. Nay, were they cut off too, she would find some other means. She would invent as strange methods to betray the lewdness of her mind, as Lavinia did to discover her injury.

Mil. Hey-day! Your wife hath infected you with madness.

Sted. Yes, my wife hath infected me indeed. It breaks out here [*pointing to his head.*]

Mil. What can be the meaning of this? I am sorry to see this, Sir. Very sorry to hear this. This is no common distemper.

Sted. No! I thought cuckoldom the most general distemper in the kingdom.

SCENE XI.

Old Mutable, Stedfast, Millamour, Plotwell.

Old Mut. Odso! Mr. Stedfast, I am sorry to hear your lady is ill.

Sted. It is probable you may; for you and I are not likely to be sorry on the same occasion.

Old Mut. No, it is not—Yes, it is—it is impossible—Agad! 'tis he—'tis—my dear lord Truelove, I'm your most obedient humble servant.

Sted. My lord Truelove!

Old Mut. Ay, Sir, this is the worthy lord, Sir, to whose sister I was to have married my son, 'till, by good luck, Sir, I found my lord Truelove to be no lord, but a certain wild, young vagabond, who goes by the name of Millamour.

Sted. What's this I hear?

Mil. Ay, 'tis so,—the house is infected, and every man is mad that comes into it.

Old Mut. Mad! You young dog, you have made a fool of me, I thank you.

Sted. I am a fine one, truly, if doctor Gruel be a cheat.

Plot. Mr. Millamour!

Mil. Nay, then, 'tis in vain to contend. And it requires less impudence to confess all than to deny it. My dear Mrs. Plotwel. [Millamour *and* Plotwel *talk apart, and then go out together.*]

Old Mut. Mr. Stedfast, if you please we'll make no longer delay of the wedding.

Sted. Sir, I hate the name of wedding.

Old Mut. Hey-day! I hope you are not capable of breaking your resolution.

Sted. Sir, I shall break my heart. A man that is married is capable of every thing but being happy.

Old Mut. Come, come, I'm sorry for what's past, and am willing, to shew my repentance, to put it out of my power to offend any more.—What signify delays? Let us have the wedding to night.———

Sted. Whenever you please, Sir.

Old Mut. If your daughter be ready, my son is.

Sted. I have no daughter, Sir.

Old Mut. Ha! ha! ha! You're a merry man.

Sted. Look ye, gentlemen, if one of you will take my wife, the other shall have my daughter. [*To them* Millamour.]

Mil. O, Sir! the luckiest news: Your lady is recovered, her distemper left her in a moment, as by a miracle, t the sight of Mrs. Plotwel.

Sted. My distemper is not remov'd.

Mil. Take courage, Sir, I'll warrant I cure you —What are you sick of?

Sted. What you are sick of too, by this time ——my wife.

Mil. Is that all?

Sted. This insult, Sir, is worse than your first injury: but the law shall give me a reparation for both.

Mil. Here comes a better friend to you than the law. If your wife be all your illness, she will do what the law can seldom do, unmarry you again; I don't know how uneasy you may be for marrying my mistress; but I am sure you ought to be so for marrying your own daughter.

SCENE XII.

To them Clarinda, Charlotte, Heartfort.

Plot. Start not at that word, but thank the watchful care of heaven, which hath sent me here this day to prevent your fall, even at the brink of of ruin—And, with a joy becoming so blest an occasion, receive your daughter to your erms.

Clar. My father,—I am resolved to call you by that name.

Sted. Call me any thing but husband.

Plot. She is indeed your daughter—the pledge of our loves—the witness of your treachery and my shame, whom that wicked woman seduc'd from the nunnery, where I thought I had placed her in safety.

Clar. Sir, I kneel for your blessing, nor will I rise till you have given it me.

Sted. Take it, my child, and be assured no fa-

ther ever gave it more gladly. This is indeed a happy discovery—I found my daughter, and I have lost my wife.

Plot. My child, let me again embrace thee. This is happiness indeed!

Old Mut. What, have you more daughters than one, Mr. Stedfast?

Sted. Even as you see, Sir.

Old Mut. Why then, Sir, I hope you will not take it amiss, that I desire all further treaty may cease between us.

Sted. Sir, I would not marry a daughter of mine into your family, was your estate ten times as large as it is. So now you have my resolution. I should expect, by such a match, to become grand-father to a weather-cock.

Old Mut. Very well, Sir, very well—there is no harm done—my son is in statu quo, and as fine a gentleman as ever he was.

Heart. Your honour, Sir, is now disengaged. You will give me leave once more to mention my ambition, especially if another child is to share my Charlotte's fortune, I may appear at least worthier of her in your eye.

Sted. Here!—Take her—take her———

Char. I told you, Sir, I would obey my father; but I hope you will never expect me to obey my husband.

Heart. When I expect more obedience than you are willing to pay, I hope you will punish me by rebellion.

Char. Well, I own I have not deserved so much constancy: but I assure you, if I can get gratitude enough I will pay you, for I hate to be in debt.

Mil. You was pleased, Sir, this day to pro-

mise me, that, on the recovery of your lady's senses, you would give me whatever I should ask.

Sted. Ay, Sir, you shall have her before you ask. There she is, she hath given you her inclinations, and so I give you the rest of her. Heav'n be prais'd I am rid of them both. Stay, here is another woman still. Will nobody have her, and clear my house of them? for it is impossible for a man to keep his resolutions, while he hath one woman in it.

Mil. My Clarinda, O! transporting extacy!

Clar. My Millamour! my ever loved!

Mil. Heartfort, your hand, I am now the happiest of mankind. I have, on the very point of losing it, recovered a jewel of inestimable value. O Clarinda! my former follies may, through an excess of good fortune, prove advantageous to both in our future happiness. While I, from the reflection on the danger of losing you, to which the wildness of my desires betray'd me, shall enjoy the bliss with doubled sweetness: And you from thence may derive a tender and a constant husband.

From my example let all rakes be taught,
To shun loose pleasure's sweet, but pois'nous draught.
Vice, like a ready harlot, still allures;
Virtue gives slow, but what she gives, secures.

EPILOGUE:

WRITTEN BY

A FRIEND,

AND SPOKEN BY

MRS. WOFFINGTON.

THE trial ended, and the sentence o'er,
The criminal stands mute, and pleads no more.
Sunk in despair, no distant hope he views,
Unless some friendly tongue for mercy sues.
So too our bard (whatever be his fate)
Hath sent me here compassion to create:
If damn'd, to blunt the edge of critic's laws;
If sav'd, to beg continuance of applause.
All this the frighted author bid me say.
——But now for my own comments on his play.

This MILLAMOUR, for aught I could discover,
Was no such dang'rous, forward, pushing lover:
Upon the bull I, like EUROPA, ventur'd,
Enter'd his closet—where he never enter'd;
But left me, after all my kindness shewn,
In a most barbarous manner, quite alone:
Whilst I, with patience to our sex not common,
Heard him prescribing to another woman:
But, tho' quite languishing and vastly ill
She was, I could not find she took one pill.

Tho' her disease was high, tho' fierce th' attack,
You saw he was an unperforming quack:
But soon as marriage altered his condition,
He cur'd her as a regular physician.

My father STEDFAST took it in his head
To keep all resolutions, which he made:
As the great point of life, this seem'd to strike him:
His daughter CHARLOTTE's very much unlike him.
The only joys (and let me freely speak them)
I know in resolutions, is to break 'em.

I think without much flatt'ry I may say,
There's strict poetick justice through this play.
You heard the fool despis'd, the bawd's just sentence;
HEARTFORT's reward, and MILLAMOUR's repentance:
And such repentance must forgiveness carry;
Sure there's contrition with it when we marry.

THE

FATHERS;

OR,

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN.

A

COMEDY,

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Comedy now published, was written by the late HENRY FIELDING some years before his death. The author had shown it to his friend Mr. Garrick; and entertaining a high esteem for the taste and critical discernment of Sir Charles Williams, he afterwards delivered the manuscript to Sir Charles for his opinion. At that time appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the court of Russia, Sir Charles had not leisure to examine the play before he left England. Whether it has had the honour to travel with the Envoy into Russia, or was left behind, that it might not interfere with the intrigues of the embassy, we cannot determine. Sir Charles died in Russia, and the manuscript was lost.

As Mr. Fielding had often mentioned this affair, many enquiries were made, after his decease, of several branches of Sir Charles's family, but did not produce any tidings of the comedy.

About two years ago Thomas Johnes, Esq. member for Cardigan, received from a young friend, as a present, *a tattered manuscript play*, bearing, indeed, some tokens of *antiquity*, else the present

had been of little worth, since the young gentleman assured Mr. Johnes, that it was "a damn'd thing!"—Notwithstanding this unpromising character, Mr. Johnes took the dramatick foundling to his protection with much kindness; read it; determined to obtain Mr. Garrick's opinion of it, and for that purpose sent it to Mr. Wallis of Norfolk-street, who waited upon Mr. Garrick with the manuscript, and asked him, if he knew whether the late Sir Charles Williams had ever written a play?—Mr. Garrick cast his eye upon it—"The lost sheep is found!—This is Harry Fielding's Comedy!" cried Mr. Garrick, in a manner that evinced the most friendly regard for the memory of the Author.

This recognition of the play was no sooner communicated to Mr. Johnes, then he, with the most amiable politeness, restored his foundling to the family of Mr. Fielding.

Two gentlemen, of the most distinguished dramatic talents of the age, have shewn the kindest attention to the fragment thus recovered. To the very liberal and friendly assistance of Mr. Sheridan, and to the Prologue and Epilogue, written by Mr. Garrick, is to be attributed much of that applause with which the Public have received the

FATHERS;

OR

THE GOOD-NATUR'D-MAN.

TO HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

LORD LIEUTENANT

OF THE

COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX,

AND

MASTER OF THE HORSE TO THE

KING.

MY LORD.

THE Author of this Play was an upright, useful, and distinguished magistrate for the County of Middlesex; and by his publications laid the foundation of many wholesome laws for the support of good order and subordination in this metropolis, the effects of which have been, and now are, forcibly felt by the Public. His social qualities made his company highly entertaining. His genius, so universally admired, has afforded delight and instruction to thousands. The memory of such a man calls for respect; and to have that respect shewn him by the great and praise-worthy, must do him the highest honour.

Under these circumstances this little orphan posthumous work, replete with humour and sound

sense, looks up to your Grace for protection, as a nobleman who makes rank and affluence answer the great purposes of displaying true dignity and beneficence. Thus adorned by accomplishments, and enriched by manly sentiments, it is the interest of society to join with me in the warmest wishes for the continuance of your Grace's health, and of all those powers so liberally and so constantly exerted by your Grace for the good of mankind.

I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

respectful and

obedient Servant,

Brompton Place.

JOHN FIELDING.

PROLOGUE:

WRITTEN BY

MR. GARRICK,

SPOKEN BY

MR. KING.

WHEN from the world departs a son of fame,
His deeds or works embalm his precious name;
Yet not content, the Public call for art,
To rescue from the tomb his mortal part;
Demand the painter's and the sculptor's hand,
To spread his mimic form throughout the land:
A form, perhaps, which living, was neglected,
And when it could not feel respect, respected.
This night no bust or picture claims your praise,
Our claim 's superior, we his spirit raise:
From time's dark store-house, bring a long-lost play,
And drag it from oblivion into day.
But who the Author? need I name the wit,
Whom nature prompted, as his genius writ?
Truth smil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought story,
Where characters live, act, and stand before ye:

Suppose these characters, various as they are,
The knave, the fool, the worthy, wise, and fair.
For and against the Author pleading at your bar.
First pleads Tom Jones—grateful his heart and warm
Brave, gen'rous Britons, shield this play from harm;
My best friend wrote it, should it not succeed,
Tho' with my Sophy blest—my heart will bleed—
Then from his face he wipes the manly tear;
Courage, my master, Partridge cries, don't fear:
Should Envy's serpents hiss, or malice frown,
Tho' I'm a coward, zounds! I'll knock 'em down:
Next, sweet Sophia comes—she cannot speak—
Her wishes for the play o'erspread her cheek;
In ev'ry look her sentiments you read:
And more than eloquence her blushes plead.
Now Blifil bows—with smiles his false heart gliding,
He was my foe—I beg you'll damn this FIELDING;
Right, Thwackum roars—no mercy, Sirs, I pray—
Scourge the dead Author, thro' his orphan play.
What words! (cries Parson Adams), fie, fie, disown 'em,
Good Lord!—*de mortuis nil nisi bonum:*
If such are Christian teachers, who'll revere 'em—
And thus they preach, the Devil alone shall hear 'em.
Now Slipslop enters—tho' this scriv'ning vagrant,
Salted my virtue, which was ever flagrant,
Yet, like black 'Thello, I'd bear scorns and whips,
Slip into poverty to the very hips,
T' exult this play—may it decrease in favour;
And be it's fame immortaliz'd for ever!
'Squire Western, reeling, with October mellow,
Tall, yo!—Boys!—Yoax—Criticks! hunt the fellow!

Damn'en, these wits are varmint not worth breed-
ing,
What good e'er came of writing and of reading?
Next comes, brim full of spite and politicks;
His sister Western—and thus deeply speaks:
Wits are armed pow'rs, like France attack the foe;
Negotiate 'till they sleep—then strike the blow!
Allworthy last, pleads to your noblest passions—
Ye gen'rous leaders of the taste and fashions;
Departed genius left his orphan play,
To your kind care—what the dead wills, obey:
O then respect the FATHER's fond bequest,
And make his widow smile, his spirit rest.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir George Boncour	Mr. King.
Mr. Boncour	Mr. Bensley.
Young Boncour (his son) ..	Mr. Webster.
Old Valence	Mr. Parsons.
Young Valence (his son) ...	Mr. Whitfield.
Old Kennel	Mr. Baddeley.
Young Kennel (his son)	Mr. Dodd.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Boncour	Mrs. Hopkins.
Miss Boncour	Miss Young.
Miss Valence	Mrs. Baddeley.

THE

FATHERS;

OR,

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE. A Parlour in Mr. BONCOUR's *House.*

Enter BONCOUR *and Mrs.* BONCOUR.

Boncour.

PRAY be pacified——

Mrs. Bonc. It is intolerable, and I will never submit to it.

Bonc. But, my dear!

Mrs. Bonc. Good Mr. Boncour, leave off that odious word; you know I detest it; such fulsome stuff is nauseous to the ears of a woman of strict virtue.

Bonc. I don't doubt your virtue.

Mrs. Bonc. You don't——I am very much oblig'd to you, indeed; nor any one else, I apprehend: I thank Heaven my carriage is such that I dare confront the world.

Bonc. You mistake me, Madam.

Mrs. Bonc. That is as much as to say I have not common understanding; to be sure I can't comprehend any thing.

Bonc. I should be sorry to think I had given you any reason to be out of humour.

Mrs. Bonc. Then I am in the wrong; a wife is always in the wrong, certainly; it is impossible for a wife to be in the right in any thing.

Bonc. My dear, I never said so.

Mrs. Bonc. That is as much as to say, I don't tell truth: I desire you will treat me with good manners at least; that I think I may expect. A woman of virtue, who brought you a fortune, may expect that.

Bonc. Madam, I esteem you for your virtue, and am grateful to you for your fortune; I should blush if you could upbraid me with lavishing it on my own pleasures, or ever denying you the enjoyment of it.

Mrs. Bonc. How! have I a coach at my command? you keep one, indeed, but I am sure I have no command of it.

Bonc. Indeed you wrong me.

Mrs. Bonc. Why, have you not lent it this very morning without my knowledge?

Bonc. My dear, I thought the chariot would have serv'd.

Mrs. Bonc. How can that serve when I am to take three other ladies with me.

Bonc. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Bid John take the chariot to my cousin, and let the coach attend my wife—I ask your pardon,

child; I own I should have told you of it, but business really put it out of my head.

Mrs. Bonc. Well, and suppose I should find but one of the ladies at home, must I drag about a heavy coach all over the town, like an alderman's or a country justice of peace's lady?

Bonc. Nay, since you are so unresolv'd—the promise was not absolute; you shall not be uneasy on any account——Tell the fellow he need not go to my cousin at all—*(Exit Servant)* now, my dear, you may have your choice, and I hope you will be easy.

Mrs. Bonc. Easy! yes; I have a great deal of reason to be easy, truly; now your relations, if they have not the coach, will lay the whole blame upon me; sure never was so unfortunate a creature as I am!——no, let them have both, and then they will be satisfied; I dare say I shall find a coach amongst my acquaintance, though you deny me your's. [*Exit.*

Bonc. So this comes of meddling with matters out of my sphere; but I deserve it, who know her temper so well.

Enter Sir George Boncour.

Sir Geo. Brother, good-morrow, I hope no accident hath happened, for I met my sister in a violent hurry at the door.

Bonc. No, nothing extraordinary: wives will have their humours, you know.

Sir Geo. Aye, wives who have such husbands.

Bonc. I hope I give her no occasion to be uneasy.

Sir Geo. Indeed you do—You are a very wicked man, brother.

Bonc. How!

Sir Geo. For you have spoilt a very good sort of a woman; you have many an uneasy hour, many a heart-ache, many a sigh, and many a tear to answer for, which you have been the occasion of to my poor sister.

Bonc. I don't remember I ever deny'd her any thing.

Sir Geo. That is the very reason; for what can a poor woman be oblig'd to consult, so unsteady as her own inclinations? It you would contradict her a little, it would prevent her contradicting herself. A man pretends to be a good husband, and yet imposes continually that hard task upon his wife, to know what she has a mind to.

Bonc. Brother, I admit raillery, but I should contemn myself, if I refused any thing to a woman who brought me so immense a fortune, to which my circumstances were so very unequal: I do not think with the world, that I make a woman amends for robbing her of her fortune, by taking her person into the bargain.

Sir Geo. I would not have you rob her; I would only have you keep her from robbing herself. Ah! I should have made an excellent husband, if I could ever have been persuaded to marry.

Bonc. Doubtless, your wife would have agreed rarely with this doctrine.

Sir Geo. She must have been a most unreasonable woman else; for I should have desired no more of her than only to do what I would have her. I am not that person you would make me appear; for, except a few diversions which I have an antipathy to, such as music, balls, cards, plays, operas, assemblies, visits, and entertainments, I should scarce ever deny her any thing.

Bonc. Your exceptions put me in mind of some general pardons, where every thing is forgiven except crimes.

Sir Geo. I suppose you would have me suffer her to keep an assembly and rendezvous of all such idle people as can't stay at home; that is, have nothing to do any where else.

Bonc. Perhaps I love an assembly no more than you.

Sir Geo. Why do you keep one then?

Bonc. For the same reason that I do many other things not very agreeable to me, to gratify my wife.

Sir Geo. But, brother, pray for what purpose do you think the law gives you power to restrain her?

Bonc. Brother, the laws gives us many powers, which an honest man would scorn to make use of.

Sir Geo. So the advantage you receive from your wife's fortune, is to be her steward, while she lays it out in her own pleasures.

Bonc. And that no inconsiderable one.

Sir Geo. No!

Bonc. No: for the greatest pleasure I can enjoy, is that of contributing to her's.

Sir Geo. You are a great deal too good for this world, indeed you are; and really, considering how good you are, you are tolerably lucky; for were I half so good, I should expect, whenever I returned home, to catch my wife in an intrigue; my servants robbing my house; my son married to a chambermaid; and my daughter run away with a footman.

Bonc. These would be ill returns to your goodness.

Sir Geo. That's true; but they are very common ones for all that; and I wish somewhat worse does not happen to your son; for I must tell you, and I am sorry to tell it you, the town talk of him.

Bonc. I hope they can say nothing ill of him.

Sir Geo. Nothing ill of him! they say every thing ill of him——O brother, I think myself obliged to discover it to you,—this son, this eldest son of yours, the hopes of your family, whom I intended my heir; this profligate rascal, I tell it with tears in my eyes——keeps——keeps——a wench.

Bonc. I know it—

Sir Geo. (in a passion). Know it!—wh—at—that he keeps a wench?

Bonc. I am sorry for it.

Sir Geo. If he was a son of mine, I'd skin him—I'd flay him—I'd starve him. He shall never have a groat—a farthing of mine: I'll marry to-morrow, and if I hav'n't an heir, I'll endow an hospital, or give my money, to the Sinking Fund.

Bonc. Come, brother, I am in hopes to reclaim him yet.

Sir Geo. His vices are all owing to you.

Bonc. I never gave him inctructions in that way.

Sir Geo. You have given him money, that is giving him instructions: whoever gives his son money, is answerable for all the ill uses he puts it to.

Bonc. Rather, whoever denies his son a reasonable allowance, is answerable for all the ill methods he is forced into to get money.

Sir Geo. Reasonable! brother: why there is

our dispute; I am not so rigid as some fathers; I am not for totally curbing a young man; I would not have him without a shilling or two in his pocket, to appear scandalous at a coffee-house—no.—

Bonc. Sir George, instead of disputing longer on this subject, will you go with me and visit my son:—suppose we should find him at his studies?

Sir Geo. I as soon expect to find him at his prayers.—Well, I will go, as I have no other business; though I know the world better than to expect either to convince myself or you.

Bonc. I am ready to wait on you; my coach is at the door.

Sir Geo. If I should break the rascal's head, you'll forgive me—Keep—I'd keep him if he was a son of mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE at Young BONCOUR'S.

Young BONCOUR, *Miss* BONCOUR, *Miss* VALENCE, *come forward.*

Young Bonc. Dear sister, how could you let this inundation of nonsense in upon us?

Bonc. Nay, don't blame me.

Miss Val. O! I was a witness to what passed; however, now they are gone, I must remind you of your promise, to let me hear that song. I think both the words and air admirable.

Miss Bonc. You will make George proud if you praise his poetry.

Young Bonc. Love or poverty makes most poets; and I hope I shall never want at least one of those motives—as Mr. Warbler is gone, I will attempt it myself.

SONG, BY G. BONCOUR.

I.

While the sweet blushing spring glowing fresh in her prime,
All nature with smiles doth adorn;
Snatch at each golden joy—check the ravage of time,
And pluck every bud from the thorn.
In the May-morn of life, while gladsome and gay,
Each moment, each pleasure improve,
For life we shall find is at best but a day,
And the sunshine that glids it is love.

II.

The rose now so blooming, of nature the grace,
In a moment is shrunk and decay'd,
And the glow which now tinges a beautiful face,
Must soon, alas! wither and fade.
In the May-morn of life then, while gladsome and gay,
Each moment, each pleasure improve,
For life we shall find is at best but a day,
And the sunshine that gilds it is love.

Enter BONCOUR *and Sir* GEORGE.

Young Bonc. My father! and uncle too—so, so!

Bonc. Dear George, don't let us interrupt your entertainment; your uncle and myself called only to see how you did, as we went by. If I had

known you had had company, we should not have come up—Pray go on with your music.

Young Bonc. Sir; you are always the kindest and most condescending——but from you, Sir, this is an unexpected honour.

Sir Geo. Dear Sir, most obliging, and most gracious Sir,——you do me an infinite deal of honour——indeed——you see he is at his studies, brother.——

Bonc. Pray, George, don't let us interrupt your entertainment.

Sir Geo. Upon my word my nephew shews an exceeding good taste in his morning diversions.

Young Bonc. Yes, Sir, these ladies have been so good as to hear a silly trifle of my own writing.

Sir Geo. I am sorry we came too late, for I think nonsense is never so agreeable as when set to music.

Miss Bonc. The music my brother design'd for me and this lady; and I doubt not, if he had had any expectation of your company, my dear uncle, he would have provided some more serious entertainment.

Sir Geo. Upon my word, Sir, you have a very pretty house here, completely finished and furnished——when I was a young fellow we had not half so good a taste.

Young Bonc. No, Sir, the age is improv'd since that time——when a knight of the shire used to jog to town with a brace of geldings, and a single liveryman; and very prudently take a first floor in the Strand, when, if you ask'd in the shop for Sir Thomas, a dirty fellow, behind the counter, call'd out Maid, is Sir Thomas above?——I dare swear, uncle, in your time, many a tradesman

hath had half a dozen men of fashion in his house.

Sir Geo. If he had nine men of fashion in his house, he had fewer in his books, I believe.

Miss Bonc. And once in seven years came up Madam in the stage-coach, to see one comedy, one tragedy, go once to the opera, and rig out herself and family till the next general election, ha! ha! ha!——

Sir Geo. Well, Miss Malapert, and what do you think you have said now? why, nothing more than that your grandmothers had ten times as much prudence as yourselves.

Enter Servant *hastily.*

Serv. Sir, I ask pardon. I thought your honour had been gone.

Bonc. Speak out, Sir.

Serv. Sir, there be below Mons. de Pannier, with a new suit; and Mons. de la Mounton Maigre, with some embroidery for your honour.

Sir Geo. There is another virtue of the age! if you will be extravagant—can't you let your own tradesmen reap the benefit of it; is it not enough to send your money out of your own family, but you must send it out of your own country too?

Young Bonc. I consider nothing further than who serves me the best.

Bonc. I must join your uncle here, George,—I am afraid it is fashion rather that guides you to the choice; but were it otherwise, every man ought to have some partiality for his own country; it is a laudable prejudice, without which, no people ever were, or can be, great.

Sir Geo. It ever was the characteristick of this nation—but now a passion for French dress and fopperies is as prevailing as the use of their frippery tongue——Ah! there was a time, when we found the way to be understood in France, without the help of their language *(looks on his watch)* —but I have trifled away more time than I could well afford: shall I carry you any where, brother, or will you stay here?

Bonc. Have you any engagement, George?

Young Bonc. None at present.

Bonc. Then, brother, I wish you a good morning. I have some business with my son.

Sir Geo. Good morrow to you, brother.——Pray, Sir, will you order some of your domesticks to shew me out of these noble apartments, for there are so many doors to them, I may possibly miss my way.

Young Bonc. I will do myself that honour, Sir.

Sir Geo. Upon my soul, Sir, you are so full of complaisance you confound me; nay, Sir, pray walk first, I insist upon it.

Young Bonc. Sir, it is my duty to obey.

Sir Geo. Extravagant rascal! if I had such a son, I would make a little free with his coxcomical pate.

Bonc. I wish, child, you would take that young lady away, for I have something to say to your brother.

Miss Bonc. La, papa, you are always so full of secrets!

Bonc. You know, dear Harriet, how fond I am of your company.

Miss Bonc. Yes; eternally sending me away is a proof of it.

Bouc. This is a disobedience which I ought to

love you for, instead of chiding you; and I will break an appointment to enjoy this evening with you and your brother.

Miss Bonc. Nay, I can't promise to be at home this evening, for I shall be engaged to go to the play, and if I should not happen to go to the play, I shall be engag'd to a party at cards.

Miss Val. Miss Boncour, you must remember your promise to set me down at home; my time is out, and I dare not stay one minute beyond it.

Miss Bonc. Dare not? ha, ha, ha!

Miss Val. No; my father will never forgive me if I should.

Enter Young BONCOUR.

Young Bonc. I have got my uncle into his chariot at last; but he was so full of ceremony I thought I never should; he has made fifty bows to my servants; I never saw him in such a humour.

Bonc. You know his temper, George, and may easily guess at the reason of it.

Miss Bonc. Well, if you are so positive——

Miss Val. Don't call me positive—I act against my inclination.

Young Bonc. Are you are going already, Madam——you will do me the honour——

[*Exit, leading her out.*

Bonc. (alone.) How wretched is that animal, whose whole happiness centers in himself; who cannot feel any satisfaction, but in the indulgence of his own appetite. I feel my children still a part of me; they are, as it were, additional senses, which let in daily a thousand pleasures to me; my enjoyments are not confin'd to those which nature hath adapted to my own years, but I can in my

son's fruition, taste those of another age——nor am I charitable but luxurious, when I bestow on them the instruments of their pleasures.

Enter Young BONCOUR.

So George, you have soon quitted the young lady.

Young Bonc. I was going to make that excuse for leaving you so long.

Bonc. You have been a good husband this quarter.

Young Bonc. Sir; you are always so good as to prevent my necessities, and almost my wishes; for indeed I should have been obliged——

Bonc. I thought a hundred would not be burthensome. [*Giving him a note.*

Young Bonc. (*bowing respectfully with a smile.*) A hundred! Gad, it is but a hundred.

Bonc. What are you considering, George?

Young Bonc. I was thinking, Sir, how happy such a sum as this would have made me when I was at school? but really in my circumstances, it will go a very little way; it will but just pay for a picture which I bought yesterday.

Bonc. A hundred pounds is a large price for a picture.

Young Bonc. A mere trifle, Sir; one can get nothing to hang up in a room for less.

Bonc. I only give that hint, because I should be sorry that your demands should ever be such as I should be unable to answer.

Young Bonc. I am not such a stranger to your fortune, Sir, as to incur expence beyond its reach.

Bonc. No more of this: call on me by-and-by, and your wants shall be supplied; but I believe,

you guess by the formality of my preparation, and my sending away your sister, that I have something of moment to impart to you—without more preface—what think you of marriage?

Young Bonc. Marriage, Sir!

Bonc. Aye: I don't expect your good sense will treat my proposition with the common stale raillery of those noble free-spirited libertines, whose great souls disdain to be confined within the limits of matrimony: who laugh at constancy to the chaste arms of a woman of virtue, while at the expence of health and fortune they are strictly faithful to the deceitful embraces of some vile designing harlot.

Young Bonc. Pardon me, Sir: my thoughts of marriage are different; but I hope, Sir, you will indulge me in choosing a wife for myself?

Bonc. You need not apprehend too much compulsion or restraint; but the lady I shall recommend to you is so unexceptionable——

Young Bonc. To be sincere, Sir, my affections are already engaged; and though I have no hasty thoughts of marrying, yet when I do, I am determined on the person, and one whom I think unexceptionable on your side.

Bonc. Her name?

Young Bonc. Miss Valence.

Bonc. Her fortune, I apprehend, is much inferior to that of the lady I should have proposed; but neither her fortune or family are such as shall make me endeavour to oppose your inclinations.

Young Bonc. Sir, you are ever good; though indeed in this you indulge me only in the common right which nature has bestowed upon me; for to restrain the inclination in that point, is not a lawful, but an usurp'd power in a parent: how can

nature give another the power to direct those affections which she has not enabled even ourselves to govern?

Bonc. However, you will give me leave to treat with Mr. Valence on this subject; for tho' I know he must rejoice at the offer, yet he is a man of that kind, who must be dealt with with due circumspection; and the minds of lovers are too much wrapt up in sublime pleasures, to attend to the low settlement of worldly affairs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Monsieur Valence desires to know if your honour be at home.

Young Bonc. I shall be glad to see him.

Bonc. I'll leave you, and go and find out the old gentleman.

Young Bonc. I believe, Sir, you may treat with him farther than for me; my sister's inclinations, I am confident, look toward the same family.

Bonc. Are you certain of that?

Young Bonc. By incontestible proofs.

Bonc. Well, Mr. Valence and I have been old acquaintance and neighbours; he is of a good family, and has a good fortune; and the world gives him and his children a fair character. I am glad you have disposed of your affections in no worse manner: good-morrow to you, George—I shall see you in the afternoon.

Young Bonc. I shall not forget to pay my duty to you, Sir.

Bonc. No ceremony with me. [*Exit.*

Young Bonc. Sir (*bows*); I believe I have the most complaisant father in christendom. Though all fathers are too niggardly—This sneaking hun-

dred; ha, ha, ha! my dear Valence, good morrow:

Enter Young VALENCE.

Why look you so sprightly and gay? some unexpected happiness has befallen you.

Young Val. O Boncour! my father, can you believe it? he sent for me this morning, of his own accord, without the least petition, the least motion of mine, sent for me, and with the utmost generosity, made me a present of ten pieces.

Young Bonc. Ha, ha, ha!

Young Val. Why do you laugh?

Young Bonc. To see you so much over-rate a trifle. My father paid me a visit this morning, and with the utmost generosity made me a present of a hundred: upon which, with the utmost gratitude, I asked him for more! why tell me, Charles, dost thou think it is not his duty, who hath begot us with all those appetites and passions, to supply them to the utmost of his power? But Charles, I hope you will make your friends partakers of your father's generosity: you will dine with us to-day.

Young Val. Your company is generally too expensive for me.

Young Bonc. Why, faith, the world is grown to such a pass, that, without expence, a man cannot keep good company.

Young Val. By good company, I suppose you mean embroidered company, for men of sense are to be come at cheaper.

Young Bonc. By good company, I mean polite company; for true politeness, though it does not make a man of sense, it mends him.

Young Val. But does politeness never dine without a French cook, nor eat out of any thing but plate?

Young Bonc. To shew you I think otherwise, I will dine with you wherever you please.

Young Val. Why my business with you was, to let you know my father has been so good to give my sister leave to spend this day at your house; now, if you will, without eeremony, let me invite myself to the same place——

Young Bonc. You make me perfectly happy, and I hope to know something this afternoon which will make you so; at least, if you wish to call me brother as eagerly as I do to call you by that name.

Young Val. Need I declare that to you?

Young Bonc. Then I assure you, your father's consent is only wanting.

Young Tal. Ha!—you make me happy, indeed, for were the alliance less adventageous, he is so good, so indulgent, I will fly to him and throw myself at his feet to obtain it.

Young Bonc. I believe my chariot is at the door; I will carry you—O, my dear Charles, my spirits are now so high, that it must be an uncommon accident which will ruffle them; and believe me, the vast delight which the near prospect of enjoyment of my love affords me, is not a little heightened by the expectations of seeing you also happy in your wishes; and I can look down with contempt on the merchant, who sees the anchor cast to his ship; the general who has just obtained a victory; or the despaising minister who has just carried his point, and subverted the designs of his enemies. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in VALENCE'S *House.*

Enter Old VALENCE *and Servant.*

Old Valence.

TELL Mr. Boncour, I shall be glad to see him. What can this formal visit mean? I hope he has not discovered the intimacy between our children: if I could once compass that double marriage, I should complete my wishes; why not? For I know the violent passion of the young people, and the extreme indulgence of the father: but tho' he is a weak man, it is impossible he should give his consent; the disparity of fortune is too great: well! but, as he has brought up his children to hate and despise him, perhaps they may not ask it; no it would make me too happy.

Enter BONCOUR.

Bonc. My good old friend and neighbour, how do you do?

Val. Mr. Boncour, I am heartily glad to see you; this is extremely kind, and hath prevented me this very morning paying you that visit, which I have been obliged to owe you some time against my inclination.

Bonc. Ceremony between old friends, my good

neighbour, is ridiculous; it is the privilege of friendship and love, to throw aside those forms, which only serve men to keep up an appearance of affection where there is none; there has been a long acquaintance and intimacy between our families.

Val. There has been so, indeed, and highly to my satisfaction.

Bonc. I am deceived, my very good old friend, if there are not some who wish a much closer alliance; you know Mr. Valence, my way hath been always to discover my sentiments, without great formality of introduction; in short, I have discover'd a very particular intimacy between our younger branches; I am mistaken if they are not desirous to knit the alliance still closer.

Val. So! (just what I fear'd.) [*Aside.*

Bonc. But you know, my old friend, the views of young people, and of their parents, in matrimony, are extremely different; theirs is only the satisfaction of an immediate passion, ours look forward to their future happiness.

Val. Sir, I am surpriz'd at what you tell me. [*Confusedly.*

Bonc. Why surpriz'd? it is but a natural affection.

Val. It is an affection, Sir, which I never encourag'd in them.

Bonc. It is in our power, Mr. Valence——

Val. I shall be very ready to contribute mine, I assure you; I scorn to connive at my children's stealing a match into any family, particularly my friend's: I do assure you, I should scorn it.

Bonc. I believe, indeed, you wou'd—But——

Val. If I had had but the least suspicion—if

such a thing had ever enter'd into my thoughts, you should have known it that moment.

Bonc. I am convinc'd, but give me leave—perhaps the advantage may be somewhat of your side.

Val. Dear Sir, the whole world knows how infinitely it is so; but I am not like the world in all respects; I am not so devoted to my interest to do a mean thing; I would not do a mean thing for the world.

Bonc. Nor am I so like the world to place my own, or my children's interest in riches only, or rather to sacrifice their happiness to my own vanity: I am willing, when they have taken out a licence, that they shall have no more to do with Doctors'Commons; for which reason I will neither marry my daughter to a spindle-shank'd beau, nor my son to a rampant woman of quality. Mr. Valence, our children love each other, and their passions, if encourag'd, may make them happy: my business with you, my neighbour, is not to frustrate, but to complete their attachments; in a word, what think you of a double marriage between our families?

Val. (Surpriz'd) Sir!——

Bonc. Are you willing it should be so?

Val. Are you in earnest?

Bonc. I thought you had known me too well to suspect me of jesting on such an occasion; I assure you I have no other business here at present: I know my son's happiness is wrapt up in your daughter, and for ought I know, my daughter may have the same affection for your son; I do not only therefore propose the match to you, but I do it with earnestness.

Val. Do you? Why then, for that very rea-

son, I shall put on some backwardness; eagerness is always to be taken advantage of. [*Aside.*

Bonc. Be not surpriz'd, perhaps, there may be some advantage in point of fortune on one side or other: if it should be on mine I can never give it up better than to an old friend.

Val. Hum—that estate of mine in Northumberland is a very good estate, and very improveable; let me tell you it is an estate that——

Bonc. It will be the business of hereafter to consider each particular; we have been neighbours to each other so long, that our affairs in general can be no secret to either. At present I should be glad of your direct answer.

Val. A double marriage between our children! It is a matter, Mr. Boncour, which will require great consideration.

Bonc. Aye!——

Val. Are you certain your son has so violent an affection for my daughter?

Bonc. I am certain.

Val. And that your daughter has the same liking towards my son.

Bonc. Women are not so open on these occasions, but I have reason to believe it.

Val. And they meet, I suppose, with a suitable return of affection from my children.

Bonc. I believe they do.

Val. And you are entirely willing to have this double match go forward?

Bonc. I am desirous of it, earnestly desirous.

Val. So that my consent alone is wanting?

Bonc. Even so.——

Val. It will require great consideration.

Bonc. How?

Val. Mr. Boncour, I have always had the great-

est respect for you and your family; there is nothing in my power which I could not do to serve you; consider, Sir, I have but two children, a boy and a girl, they are my all, and the disposal of them is a matter of great weight; you cannot expect me to be so hasty in taking any measures leading to it.

Bonc. Why what objections can you apprehend?

Val. I don't know: I have not yet considered enough of the matter.—You will excuse me, Mr. Boncour, but treaties of this nature oblige us to enquire a little into one another's affairs: why, that estate now of your's in Hampshire, is a very ill timber'd estate.

Bonc. Sir, I am in no doubt but that my estate will be able to answer your demands.

Val. They will not be unreasonable, Mr. Boncour; I shall act in the most generous manner; I have always despised those who have used any art in their actions: I shall be glad if it happens to fall within my power to oblige you; but truly this affair requires great consideration.

Bonc. Well, Sir, I will leave you to it; in the afternoon I shall expect your answer.

Val. Mr. Boncour, you shall have my answer this very evening; be assured, if possible, I will comply with your desires.

Bonc. I shall expect you this afternoon.

Val. I will wait on you, and hope there will be no difficulty.

Bonc. There shall be none on my side.——

[*Exit.*

Val. This is beyond my utmost expectation;—but I must not appear forward, that I may make

the better bargain;—nothing is so foolish as leaping eagerly at an advantageous proposal.

Enter Young VALENCE.

So, son, where have been? I have wanted you; is it impossible for you to stay at home with money in your pocket?

Young Val. Sir, if I had known you would have wanted me——

Val. But you are not to know always: I don't know myself, you must keep in the way; young fellows now-a-days mind nothing but their pleasures.

Young Val. Sir, you will have no reason to complain of that, for to please you is my greatest pleasure.

Val. And so it ought to be, for I think my generosity to you this morning, shews you that I have a pleasure in pleasing you.

Young Val. O, Sir, if my happiness can give you pleasure, it is in your power to make me so happy!——

Val. So something else is wanting, I see; but whatever it be, I may thank myself for it: bestowing one favour, is giving right to ask a second; the first is a gift, the rest are payments.

Young Val. If a son hath any right to ask, it is the favour I shall ask of you; and if any son could hope to obtain, I must; since the only reason which prompts a father to deny, is in my favour, and the lady on whom I have placed my affection, is my superior in fortune.

Val. Aye! perhaps, he means my friend's daughter, and then my prudent backwardness will be finely rewarded *(aside)*: who is the lady?

Young Val. One whose person, family, and fortune, are not unknown to you; but, why should I fear to name her? Miss Boncour.

Val. Who—What?

Young Val. Miss Boncour; sure you can have no objections.

Val. What a way is that of talking? You are sure I can have no objections? How can you tell what objections I may make? Are you to dictate to me? This is the consequence of my generosity to you this morning; this all arises from my foolish prodigality.

Young Val. Sir, I own my obligations, and am sorry I used an unguarded expression, by which I meant no more than that I hoped her fortune would be agreeable to you.

Val. I don't know that.

Young Val. I thought, Sir, so long an acquaintance with her father——

Val. And pray, why have you thought that my long acquaintance with her father must let me into the knowledge of his circumstances? Mr. Boncour has the reputation of a weak man, but notwithstanding that, I know he has a little low cunning in him, which makes it more difficult to see through his affairs than those of a wiser man; so let me give you a little advice: if you have an affection for this girl, don't let her father see it; I hate deceit, and love to act openly and honestly with mankind; but still with some prudence towards such a cunning knave as Boncour.

Young Val. Sir, I shall pay an exact observance to your orders.

Val. Well, well, perhaps you might have settled your affections worse; I don't know, I don't pro-

mise any thing, but if matters appear exactly to my mind——

Young Val. Sir, you are the best and most indulgent of fathers.

Val. Remember, I promise nothing.

Young Val. You are the kindest of men, and I the happiest.

Val. Observe my advice.

Young Val. I should be unworthy, indeed, were I to neglect it.

Val. Go, send your sister to me, remember I promise nothing.

Young Val. Sir you are the best of fathers. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the effect of severity; severity is, indeed, the whole duty of a parent—now for my daughter—a little caution will suffice with her; for women of their own accord are apt enough to practise deceit, and now, I think, I have my old neighbour's fortune at my disposal.

Enter Miss VALENCE.

Miss Val. My brother told me, Sir, you had sent for me.

Val. Yes, Sophy, I did; Come hither, I have not very lately given you any pocket money.

Miss Val. Sir, it is not my business to keep an account where I have no demand, but from the generosity of the giver.

Val. But I think I have not lately, that is, very lately, given you much.

Miss Val. No, really, Sir, I don't remember to have had any thing of you, since you gave me a ticket for the opera, and that is almost a year ago.

Val. Well, well, there are a couple of pieces

for you; be a good housewife, and you shan't want money.

Miss Val. I give you a thousand thanks, Sir.

Val. Now, Sophy, look me full in the face, and tell me what you think of young Boncour.

Miss Val. Why should you ask me what I think of him, Sir?

Val. What an impertinent question is that? You give me fine encouragement to be generous to you; why should I ask you? I have a reason, no doubt of it, but your cheeks answer me better than your lips; that blush sufficiently assures me what you think of him.

Miss Val. If I blush'd, Sir, it was at your suspicion, for I am sure Mr. Boncour is no more to me than another man.

Val. But suppose I have a desire he should be more to you?

Miss Val. I shall be dutiful to you in all things,

Val. I believe it will be an easy piece of duty; you are all very dutiful when you are ordered to follow your inclinations; but young lady, what I insist on at present is, that if this gentleman has your affections, you will be so good as to conceal them.

Miss Val. Pray, Sir, why should you think he has my affections?

Val. Again at your whys! Madam, I tell you I expect you to behave with discretion; that is, in other words, to deal as dishonestly with your lover as you do with your father; I am sure you can never repine at such easy commands; so this afternoon, I desire you will put on all your reserve, all your airs of indifference: but, perhaps, you have given him encouragement already, per-

haps you have dutifully intended to marry him without concent or approbation of mine?

Miss Val. Indeed, Sir, you have no reason——

Val. How, have I no reason! a pretty compliment to your father; go to your chamber, Madam, and stay there till you have learnt a more respectful behaviour.

Miss Val. Sir, I obey—— [*Exit.*

Val. Ah, there's nothing like severity! children are so vile, that one dares not indulge one's good inclinations towards them: I have brought all this on me by my own generosity; but now for the business with Boncour, I will go to my lawyer, and we will draw up proposals together. An imprudent man in my situation, would have testified immediate raptures, but the best general rule I know is, never to discover your thoughts, either in your words or your countenance. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

BONCOUR'S *House.*

Enter BONCOUR *and Miss* BONCOUR.

Miss Bonc. Dear papa, don't teize me about the fellow: I care not if he was hanged, and all other follows; I affections for the creature! I wonder who can have put it into your head!

Bonc. Nay, if it be not so, tell me frankly, and you shall be left out of the treaty which I am carrying on with the old gentleman, relative to a match between your brother and his daughter.

Miss Bonc. A match between my brother and Miss Valence?

Bonc. We met this morning, and shall meet again this afternoon about it.

Miss Bonc. And pray tell me, dear Sir, what makes you suspect any thing between me and Mr. ————I forget the creature's name?

Bonc. Are my suspicions well grounded?

Miss Bonc. La, Sir, I can't conceive what should make you imagine any such thing.

Bonc. You will not answer me directly?

Miss Bonc. I don't know what to answer.

Bonc. Nay I desire no more! well, my dear, we will not be long in finishing the settlements.

Miss Bonc. Settlements! Sir, you frighten me. I hope I have not said any thing—can't one converse and dance with a man—But I assure you, Sir, it is no such thing.

Enter Young Boncour.

Bonc. So, George, you find me engaged in an impossible task.

Young Bonc. I am sorry for that, Sir, pray what is it?

Bonc. Nothing more than trying to get truth from a woman; it seems we have been under a mistake all this while, and one half of our treaty is abortive; your sister disavows all regard for Mr. Valence.

Young Bonc. I am glad of it! for I should be sorry if she threw away her affections on one so worthless—one who, while he is addressing her, is engaged to another woman.

Bonc. How!

Young Bonc. Sir, I have had occular demonstration; nay, I question if he be not married al-

ready; at least, I am certain every thing is concluded.

Bonc. Say you so; this very well accounts for that backwardness which surprized me in the father——

Miss Bonc. Ha, ha, ha,—an affection, indeed! —ha, ha, ha!—no, I assure you, Sir, I have no affection—an affection truly!—no I have all the abhorrence and contempt in the world for him.

Young Bonc. Dear sister, don't be in a passion.

Miss Bonc. I am in no passion, brother; it is impossible for a man I hate and despise to put me in a passion; no brother, when I know a man to be a villain, I assure you, brother, he shall never have it in his power to give me uneasiness.

Young Bonc. But, my dear——

Miss Bonc. No, brother, I would not have you think I am in a passion on his account; all that vexes me is, that my father should think I had a value for him.

Young Bonc. Well, dear Sir, I believe I need not fear to ask you the success of the business you was so kind to undertake.

Bonc. Upon my word, George, it was such as surprized me, till you accounted for it; by this engagement of young Valence's, I think on comparing his circumstances, I might have expected a more hearty concurrence; but I do assure you, the best answer I could obtain was, that he would consider of it.

Young Bonc. O, Sir, that was only to lessen the opinion which he feared you might have had of the advantageousness of the proposal; I think I know him so well, that he would make an outward difficulty of assenting to a point, which inwardly, he heartily wish'd to compass; especially,

when he had no fear of losing it by so doing; as perhaps your good-natur'd forwardness made him secure on that side.

Bonc. Aye, faith, it is surprizing there should be such foolish wise men in the world.

Miss Bonc. Brother, one word with you; who told you this villain was to be married?

Young Bonc. Excuse me—I cannot tell you.

Miss Bonc. I would not deny you, brother.

Young Bonc. I should not have curiosity enough to ask what no ways concern'd me.

Miss Bonc. But suppose it did concern me?—

Young Bonc. Is that possible?—what, he that never made any addresses to you?—

Miss Bonc. Addresses, pugh!—Pshaw, this is using me in a manner I did not expect; I would not conceal a secret from you, especially a secret of this nature.

Young Bonc. Oh! a secret of this nature; now, be honest, and tell me why you call'd Valence a villain, and I will discover the whole.

Miss Bonc. A villain! if you knew as much as I, you would think it a term too gentle. Don't imagine I have the least concern at loosing him; but if what you say is true, he is the most perfidious wicked villain that ever broke his solemn vows to a woman.

Young Bonc. Then to be as honest and sincere with you, there is not one single syllable of truth in all I have said. I am convinc'd he loves you sincerely, and since I find you return his passion with equal ardour——

Miss Bonc. What do you mean, brother?——

Bonc. Nay, child, 'tis in vain to dissemble, you are fairly caught.

Miss Bonc. Well, I protest now, this is the

most barbarous treatment; and so the story you rais'd of poor Valence is absolutely false?

Young Bonc. As mere fiction as ever came from a traveller or a news-paper.

Bonc. Well, child, I think you need say no mor to encourage me to include you in the treaty, at least I shall take your silence for consent.

Miss Bonc. Then if I must speak——

Young Bonc. Let it be the truth for once.

Miss Bonc. The devil take the story—for I never was more frightened by one in all my life.

Bonc. George, I think there will be no farther obstruction; Mr. Valence will be here this afternoon; and as soon as matters can be settled by the lawyers, you may depend on your happiness.

Young Bonc. Here is my mother coming this way; I believe it would be my sister's wish, as well as mine, that this affair should be yet a secret from her.

Bonc. I think you are in the wrong there; nor am I willing she should be unacquainted with a thing of this nature.

Young Bonc. At least, Sir, till I have the honour of seeing you again.

Miss Bonc. Aye, do, dear Sir.

Bonc. Well, so far I will indulge you.

[*Exeunt Young* Bonc. *and Miss* Bonc.

Enter Mrs. Boncour.

Mrs. Bonc. Do Mr. Valence's family dine here to-day?

Bonc. Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Bonc. Very well, then I will dine abroad.

Bonc. As you please, child, since your daughter is at home.

Mrs. Bonc. I know, Sir, it is a matter of indifference to you; but I think you need not affect it—it would be civiler to express some regard for me, tho' it was never so counterfeit.

Bonc. Would you have me say you shall not dine abroad?

Mrs. Bonc. Shall not! I should laugh at that indeed!

Bonc. Why, my dear, should I ever discover an inclination contrary to your's, by which you must be driven to the uneasiness of knowing you thwart one or the other? you know, child, concealments of this kind are the greatest delicacies of friendship.

Mrs. Bonc. To be sure I can conceal nothing, nor I have no delicacy of friendship about me; I wonder you would chuse so indelicate a woman.

Bonc. Come, it is happy for you I did chuse you; at least you might have fallen to the lot of one who would have been less observant of your temper; suppose you had been married to my brother Sir George?

Mrs. Bonc. Sir George! why Sir George? I know no man who would make a better husband.

Bonc. So he says himself, and this I must confess, he would never have had a dispute of this kind with his wife; for he would have told her peremptorily, Madam, I have invited the company, and you shall stay and dine with them.

Mrs. Bonc. Well, and that would have been kinder than indifference; for my part, I aver, I could bear contradiction from a man that was fond of me.

Bonc. What, rather than compliance!

Mrs. Bonc. I am not that fool you may imagine me; I know a little of human nature, and

am convinc'd there is no man truly fond of his wife, who is not uneasy at the loss of her company.

Bonc. Will it please you if I order you to stay at home?

Mrs. Bonc. Order me! no, truly, if my company be so indifferent that you consult only my pleasure in desiring it, I shall never think myself oblig'd to you on that account; I thank heaven, I am not every where so despicable, but that there are some weak enough to desire my conversation, and, perhaps, might prefer it to the agreeable Miss Valence herself.

Bonc. She is a guest of my daughter's not of mine: surely you don't conceive I have any particular pleasure in Miss Valence's company?

Mrs. Bonc. O, I am not jealous, I assure you, you wrong me mightily if you think I am jealous; she must be a poor creature, indeed, who could be jealous of every little flirt; no, I should have too much contempt for a man who delighted in the conversation of such flirts; but this I think I might reasonably expect, that he would enjoy them by himself, and not insist on my being of the company.

Bonc. You cannot charge me with any such behaviour, nay, scarce with a single desire that would contradict your inclinations; therefore, when you told me you would dine abroad, I answered, just as you please; tho' I knew not the company to be disagreeable to you.

Mrs. Bonc. But I will not dine abroad, Mr. Boncour, I will dine at home; pray give me leave to know my own inclinations better than you; I am neither a fool nor a child, whatever you may think of me, nor will I be treated as such by any

husband in the universe! What! I suppose I must shortly come with my hands before me, and ask you leave before I do any thing; pray, Mr. Boncour, will you give me leave to make a few visits this morning?

Bonc. Ha, ha, ha! My dear, did I ever deny you!

Mrs. Bonc. You insist on my asking then it seems, but I assure you I shall not; I did not part with my fortune to part with my liberty too, so your servant. [*Exit.*

Bonc. Well, Sir George is in the right; I have spoil'd this woman certainly; for her temper from a good one is now become intolerable; but she brought me a fortune; true, she did, and an immence one, and with it, what I took for better and for worse; and so it is idle to complain. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mr. Boncour's *House.*

Enter Boncour *and* Servant.

Servant.

Mr. Valence's man left this letter.

Bonc. So! here I shall have, I suppose, my neighbour's sentiments at large on this important business. (*Reads the letter.*)

SIR,

"I have maturely weigh'd your proposal; and to convince you of the desire I have to an alliance with your family, notwithstanding some offers lately made me, which, to a worldly-minded man, might perhaps appear more advantageous, I have consented to the union between our children, for which purpose I have drawn up a few articles, not doubting but you will think them very reasonable.

"First, You shall vest your whole estate immediately in the possession of your son, out of which, besides your wife's fortune, you shall be allotted two hundred pounds per annum during life.

"Secondly, You shall pay down fifteen thousand pounds as your daughter's portion, for which she shall have a proportionable settlement, as our lawyers shall agree.

"Thirdly, That, as a very large part of my estate will, at my death, descend to my son, I shall remain in possession of the whole during my life, except———" But why should I read any farther? is this man mad, or doth he conclude me to be so?

Enter Sir GEORGE BONCOUR.

Sir Geo. I call'd on you, brother, to let you know I shall dine with you, for my friend has sent me word the house will sit late.

Bonc. Oh, Sir George, I am particularly glad to see you; I will give you an instance that your opinion of mankind is juster than my own; since

I saw you, I have, to comply with my son's inclination propos'd a match in Mr. Valence's family; could you imagine he would send me such a letter as this in answer? oh, you need only look at the articles.

Sir Geo. (reading.) Well, what of this?

Bonc. What! can you think the man is in his senses?

Sir Geo. Certainly; for 'tis impossible he should suppose you to be in your's, when you made him the offer to which this letter is an answer.

Bonc. But, brother, is my making him an advantageous offer, a reason for so impudent an imposition?

Sir Geo. Aye, surely, no one can give another a stronger hint to impose upon him, than by first imposing upon himself; you have infinite obligations to him I think, for he sees you have an inclination to beggary, and therefore would make you a beggar. Besides, can any thing be more reasonable than what he proposes? I am sure I should not expect such gentle terms in the same case: what doth he desire of you more than to throw yourself on the bounty of your son? well, and who the devil would make a scruple of trusting a son, especially such a son as your's—a fine gentleman—one who keeps a wench—never fear, man, I warrant he'll allow you pocket-money enough.

Bonc. Raillery, Sir George, may exceed the bounds of good-nature, as well as good-breeding; I did not expect that you would have treated the serious concerns of my family in so ludicrous a manner, nor have laughed at me when I ask'd your advice.

Sir Geo. Zounds! what shall I say? I thought

to have pleas'd you, by calling his demands reasonable; shall I take the other side of the question? for, like a lawyer, I can speak on either; he hath taken the most prudent way of calling you a fool, and his proposals seem to proceed rather from a design of insulting you, than from any hopes of success.

Bonc. It really has that appearance.

Sir Geo. Well, then, and do you want my advice what to do?

Bonc. I shall, undoubtedly, reject them with scorn, and if myself alone were concern'd, I could with ease; but my son, I fear, has set his heart on the young lady.

Sir Geo. Then break his heart: why what a devil of a fellow is this son of your's? he sets his fortune on one wench, and his heart on another?

Bonc. Come, brother, you are a little too hasty: when we reflect on the follies of our youth, we should be more candid to the faults of our children.

Sir Geo. You are welcome to throw the sins of my youth in my face: I own I have been as wicked as any, and therefore I would not suffer a son to be so; of what use is a parent's experience, but to correct his children; and, give me leave to tell you, you are a very unnatural father, in not suffering your son to reap any benefit from your former sins; but you, brother, to obtain the character of a good-natur'd man, are content to be the bubble of all the world.

Bonc. Well, I had rather be the bubble of other men's will than of my own; for, let me tell you, brother, whatever impositions knavery puts upon others, it puts greater on itself.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, dinner is upon the table.

Bonc. Well, we will defer this affair till the afternoon, when I believe my behaviour will please you.

Sir Geo. It will surprize me too, if it does.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VALENCE'S *House.*

Enter VALENCE *and* Servant.

Val. Sir Gregory come to town, say you?

Serv. He is at the coffee-house, and will be here immediately.

Val. Well, shew him up. (*Exit* Servant.) What great affair can have brought him up? who has not, I believe, been in town these twenty years: something of vast importance must have drawn him from his fox-hounds! he hath been so long absent, the town will be a sight to him, at least he will be a sight to the town. (*Sir* Gregory *hallows without.*) He is not far off, I hear.

Enter Sir GREGORY KENNEL.

Sir Greg. Hey a vox, master Valence—how goes it my old friend? you look surpriz'd to see me in town.

Val. I must confess, Sir Gregory, you were one of the last persons I expected to see here.

Sir Greg. It is like a fox running against the wind: well, how does madam, and how does your fine son do?

Val. Alas! my wife, poor woman, I have lost her some time; I thought you must have heard of that.

Sir Greg. Like enough I may: I can't remember every trifle.

Val. I hope your family is well, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Why I have lost my lady too, since I saw you: she is six feet deep, by George; but the boys are well all enough: Frank, he is at home; and Will is at Oxford; and the 'Squire, he is just come from his travels.

Val. And how does master Francis? I think he is my godson.

Sir Greg. Why Frank, Frank is well enow; I would a brought un to town, but the dogs would not spare un: he is mightly improved, I can tell you, since you saw un; he takes a five-bar gate like a greyhound; but the 'Squire is the top of pack: I have been at some pains in his education: he has made, what do you call it, the tower of Europe.

Val. What, has master Gregory been abroad?

Sir Greg. I think so—he hath been out almost two years, in France, and Italy, and Venice, and Naples, and I don't know where.

Val. Indeed! why I thought he had been too young to travel.

Sir Greg. No, no; he's old enough, he will be of age in half a year more.

Val. He is much improv'd by his travels, no doubt on't.

Sir Greg. Improv'd, aye, that he is—Egad he over-tops them all—he was the finest gentleman

at sessions—I have nothing to do for'n, but marry un to a woman of quality, and get un made a parliament man, and then his fortune is made, then he will be a complete gentleman; now I have secur'd one o' um; I have agreed for a borough, and I fancy, neighbour Valence, you can recommend me to t'other; you converse with quality; do you know now ever a woman of quality that's very handsome, with a great fortune, that wants a husband?

Val. Quality, beauty, fortune; you are somewhat high in your demands, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Why if she be not handsome, the boy won't like her; and if she have no fortune I shan't.

Val. But, why quality? what use is there in that?

Sir Greg. Nay, I can't tell much use in it; but there is something in it to be sure, for I have seen men proud on it in the country, who have nothing else to be proud of—Odsure—I fancy they have forgot to direct the boy hither: I left him at the coffee-house having his shoes clean'd; the dog's grown so nice since his travels, that he did but just step into a kennel, tho' he wan't over the instep: the shoes o'un must be clean'd immediately; I will step and see for 'un, and be back with you in an instant. [*Exit.*

Val. If this cub hath no more wit than his father, it will not be difficult to match him to my own daughter. He will be a much greater match than young Boncour: this is an effect of my prudence; but I am afraid, as unreasonable as my demands are to Boncour, folly will make him except them; if he should, I can raise them so high,

that, even so great a fool as he is, will reject them: however, I will be first sure on this side.

Enter Sir GREGORY *and Young* KENNEL.

Sir Greg. Here he is; here is the boy; child, this is my friend Mr. Valence.

[*Young* Ken. *runs to* Val. *and kisses his hand.*

Val. I am glad to see you returned.

Young Ken. Pardie! Sir, your most humble servant.

Sir Greg. Is not he a fine gentleman? well Gregory, let us hear a little more of your travels; come, don't be asham'd before folks, don't—— Come, tell us what you——

Young Ken. Dear, old Gentleman, don't give yourself any pain on my account: I should have made the tour of Europe to very little purpose, if I had any modesty left.

Sir Greg. Neighbour Valence, do ask him about pleaces?

Val. Pray, Sir, how do you like Venice?

Young Ken. Not at all, Egad it stands in the middle of the sea!

Sir Greg. How! no lies, Greg.—don't put the traveller upon us!

Val. Indeed he speaks truth. How do you like the humour, the temper of the Italians?

Young Ken. I don't know any thing of them, for I never would converse with any, but those of my own country.

Sir Greg. That's right; I would have thee always be a true Englishman.

Val. I suppose you saw Rome, Sir.

Young Ken. Faith, Sir, I can't say I saw it, for I went extremely late in, and staid there but

a week: I intended to have taken a walk or two about town, but happening to meet with two or three English dogs at our inn—mortblue! I never stirr'd abroad till the day I came away.

Sir Greg. What! did'st not see the Pope of Rome?

Young Ken. No, not I: I should have seen him, I believe, but I never heard a word that he was at Rome till after I came into France, and then I did not think it was worth going back for: I did not see any one thing in Italy worth taking notice of, but their pictures; they are magnifique, indeed!

Val. How do you like the buildings, Sir, in Italy?

Young Ken. They shew'd me some old buildings, but they are so damnably out of repair, one can't tell what to make of them.

Sir Greg. Well, Gregory, give us a little account of France: you saw the king of France, did not you Greg?

Young Ken. Yes and the Queen and the Dolphin; why, Paris is well enough, and the merriest place I saw in my travels: one never wants company there; for there is such a rendezvous of English, I was never alone for three months together, and scarce ever spoke to a Frenchman all the while.

Sir Greg. There, Mr. Valence, you see how unjustly they speak against our sending our sons to travel: you see they are in no danger of learning foreign vices, when they don't keep company with foreigners. Well, Mr. Valence, how do you like 'un?

Val, O, infinitely well, indeed! he is really a finish'd gentleman—

Sir Greg. Aye, is he not a fine fellow? But, Greg, you don't tell Mr. Valence half what you told me, about the strange man at Orlines.

Young Ken. You will excuse my father's pronunciation, as he has never been abroad: he means Orleans, where I saw one of the largest men I ever saw in my life; I believe he was about eight foot high.

Sir Greg. What a misfortune it is not to travel in one's youth: I can scarce forgive my father's memory for keeping me at home. Well, but about the King of France.

Young Ken. Zounds! father, don't ask me so many questions. You see, Sir, what a putt he is. [*Aside to* Val.

Sir Greg. Why, you rogue, what did I send you abroad for, but to tell me stories when you came home.

Young Ken. You sent me abroad, Sir, to learn to be a fine gentleman, and to teach me to despise clownish fellows.

Val. Come, Sir Gregory, perhaps the young gentleman will be more open over a bottle; what say you?

Sir Greg. You know I never flinch from a bottle, and we will have some stories after a glass. Well, Greg, you know what I came to town about, and this gentleman will assist us; he will recommend a wife to you.

Young Ken. I am this gentleman's very humble servant; but I want none of his assistance, There is a lady whom I knew before I went aboad, and saw again last night with another young lady at the play, and mortblue if I marry any other woman.

Sir Greg. How! sirrah.

Young Ken. Pray, dear old gentleman, don't put on that grum look: rat me, do you think I have made the tour of Europe to be snubb'd by an English father, when I came home again?

Sir Greg. Sirrah, I'll beat the tour of Europe out of you again: have I made you a fine gentleman, in order to despise your father's authority!—

Val. Pray, Sir Gregory——

Sir Greg. Sirrah, I'll disinherit you; I'll send your brother Will a travelling, and make Frank a parliament-man in your room.

Young Ken. A fig for your disinheriting! it is not in your power; if I can but get this girl, I'll marry her, and carry her back to France. There is as good English company at Boulogne, as I ever desire to crack a bottle with—what do you take me for? a boy! and that you are to make me do what you please, as you did before I went abroad; Diable! do you think to use me as you do brother, Frank, who is but your whipper-in? mortblue, I have been hunting with the King of France.

Sir Greg. If you have been hunting with the devil, I'll make you know I am your father; and, tho' you are a fine gentleman, the same pains will make your brother Will as fine a gentleman to the full.

Val. Pray, Sir, consider; don't disoblige your father. Come, Sir Gregory, I have order'd a bottle of wine within; let us go and talk over that matter; I dare say I shall bring the young gentleman to reason, come, pray walk in.

Sir Greg. He shall obey me, or——

Young Ken. I have travell'd to a fine purpose, truly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE BONCOUR'S *House*.

Enter BONCOUR *and* YOUNG BONCOUR.

Young Bonc. Tho' the articles are a little unreasonable, if you had any compassion or love for your children, who you know have plac'd their hearts on the match, you would comply.

Bonc. My children are ungrateful, if they upbraid me with want of affection: but this is a mere trick, a poor scheme of Mr. Valence's, to take advantage of your passions, and my indulgence.

Young Bonc. So, we are sacrific'd to contention 'twixt our fathers, for the superiority of understanding.

Bonc. You injure me, son; the low dirty reputation of cunning, I scorn and detest.

Enter MRS. BONCOUR.

Mrs. Bonc. So, Sir, I hear there are marriages going on in the family, which I was not to be acquainted with.

Bonc. Pardon me, my dear; I intended to have acquainted you, and should before, but for a particular reason.

Mrs. Bonc. What reason, pray?

Bonc. You need not concern youself.

Mrs. Bonc. Indeed! not concern myself! who am I? have not I an equal concern; aye, and a superior one?

Bonc. But hear me, madam.

Mrs. Bonc. No I won't hear any thing said for the match; it is below them in family and fortune both.

Bonc. I do not intend——

Mrs. Bonc. I don't care what you intend; you may keep your reason to yourself, if you please; but, as for the double marriage, I will have no such thing; all your plots shan't compass it.

Bonc. I tell you, it is broke off—there is to be no match.

Mrs. Bonc. How, no match! and pray what was the reason you kept it a secret from me?

Bonc. Ma'am!

Mrs. Bonc So; I am nobody in the house; matches are made and unmade, I know nothing of the matter. And why did you break it off?

Bonc. Because his demands were monstrous—exorbitant beyond credibility.

Mrs. Bonc. and pray what was the reason you kept it a secret from me; nay, I will know—I am resolved I will know—won't you tell me?—you are a barbarous man, and have not the least affection me in the world *(crying.)*

Enter Miss BONCOUR.

Miss Bonc. Bless me, Madam, what is the matter?

Mrs. Bonc. Nothing extraodinary; your father has behaved to me like a monster.

Miss Bonc. La, Sir, how can you vex my mamma in this manner!

Bonc. So! she for whom I suffer'd all this, is the first to accuse me.

Mrs. Bonc. It seems you are to be married without my knowledge.

Miss Bonc. Married, Madam! to whom, pray?

Mrs. Bonc. Nay I don't know whether it is to

be so now; for the same wise head which made the match, has, it seems, broke it off again.

Bonc. Yes, child; Mr. Valence hath been pleas'd, from my easy behaviour to him, to use me in such a manner, and insist upon such terms, that I can't, either consistently with common sense or honour, comply with; now, my dear, you see I do not keep all secrets from you, examine them yourself.

Miss Bonc. (Aside) So, so, so! after my affections are engag'd they are to be baulked, it seems: but there shall go two words to that bargain.

Mrs. Bonc. I can't see any thing so unreasonable in his demands: if the match was otherwise good, I should not have broken it off on this account.

Bonc. What! would you subvert the order of nature, and change places with your children? would you depend on their duty and gratitude for your bread; and give way to the exorbitant demands of a man, who has made them for no other reason, but because I offered him more than he expected, or could have hoped for?

Mrs. Bonc. I say his demands are for the advantage of our children, and truly if I can submit to them, you, Mr. Boncour may be satisfied.

Young Bonc. Nay, then, I think it is a good time for me to appear: O, madam, eternal blessings on your goodness, which it shall be the business of my life to deserve; O cease not till you have prevailed on his obdurate heart to relent.

Miss Bonc. I must second my brother—Have pity on him, dear mamma! see how he trembles, his lips are pale, his voice faulters! O consider what he suffers with the apprehension of losing the woman he loves; though my father's cruel heart is deaf to all his sufferings, you are all goodness, all

tenderness; you, I know, will not bear to see him miserable!

Mrs. Bonc. Why do you address yourself to me? there stands the good man, who wisely contriv'd this match, and then with so much resolution broke it off.

Young Bonc. My passion, till you encouraged it, was governable—'Twas you, Sir, who bid me hope, who cherish'd my young love; and though the modesty of her sex may make her backward to own it, my sister's heart is as deeply concern'd as mine.

Miss Bonc. Thank you brother, but never mind me:—I had my father's command to give my promise, and I must not obey him if he commands me to break it.

Young Bonc. (*Takes hold of his sleeve.*) Sir, I beseech you—

Miss Bonc. (*Takes hold of the other.*) Dea papa——

Mrs. Bonc. And for what reason was this secret kept from me?

Miss Bonc. When he hath put it into his children's heads——

Young Bonc. When their whole happiness is at stake.—Then it is into a family of so good character——

Mrs. Bonc. I must take my children's parts, and shall consent, or never——

Miss Bonc. I'll never let go your hand——

Young Bonc. I'll never rise again.——

Enter Sir George Boncour.

Bonc. O, brother! you never arriv'd so fortunately to my assistance as now——

Sir Geo. Why, what's the matter?

Bonc. O, I am worried to death by my wife and my children.

Mrs. Bonc. Nay, brother, you shall judge if he hath reason to complain: he hath, without my knowledge, coutracted a match between Mr. Valence's children and his own; and when the young people had united their affections, truly he hath, of his own wise head, broke it off again.

Bonc. You have appeal'd to a very wrong person now; my brother knows the whole affair.

Sir Geo. I know, brother! what do I know? if you have broken off the children's match, you have done a very ill thing, let your reasons be what they will.

Bonc. How, brother! are you my enemy too?

Sir Geo. Can you imagine I will be your friend, brother, when you run rashly of your own head into schemes of consequence without consulting your wife!—without taking the advice of her, your best friend, your best counsellor?

Mrs. Bonc. True, dear brother——

Sir Geo. And then when you have done so, and suffer'd a fine gentleman here to engage his precious affections, to fix his constant heart, which always doats with the same ardour on the same beauteous object—

Young Bonc. True, by heavens!

Sir Geo. And this little bud here, to throw off the veil of her virgin modesty, and all overspread with blushes and confusion, to tell an odious man she will have him, which nothing but her duty to you could ever extort from her—

Miss Bonc. True, dear uncle!

Sir Geo. Then after all this, out of base worldly motives, such as should never enter into the thoughts of a good man——

Young Bonc. Too true!

Sir Geo. To disappoint all their hopes, to ruin all their fair prospects of happiness—to throw your wife into an ill humour——

Mrs. Bonc. Monster!

Sir Geo. To make your son here distracted.

Young Bonc. Unnatural father!

Sir Geo. To break your daughter's heart!

Miss Bonc. Cruel! barbarous!

Bonc. Now, madam, wife, children, marry, do as you will——I oppose you no longer——a leaf may us well swim against a cataract———

Mrs. Bonc But why keep it a secret from me? why must not I be trusted with a secret?

Young Bonc And may I depend on my father's permission to be happy?

Bonc. Even as you please, Sir—O—aye—Madam, and you too, I will prevent you the trouble of speaking.

Young Bonc. Come, dear girl, let us haste to make our friends happy with the news.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Bonc. Young Bonc. Miss Bonc.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha!

Bonc. You use me kindly, brother.

Sir Geo. How would you have me use you, brother? you must excuse me if I don't follow your example: you see an instance now, that by humouring these good pople, I have gained their affections, I mean their thanks; affections, indeed, they have none, but for themselves; but had I taken your part, and spoken my real sentiments, I had pull'd an old house on my head; your wife would have abus'd me, your daughter have hated me, and your son have wished to send me out of the world.

Bonc. But is this consistent with your behaviour this afternoon, when I receiv'd your letter?

Sir Geo. Remember, brother, we were alone then; and at the worst I should only have oppos'd my judgment to yours; here I must have encounter'd a majority—a measure seldom attended with success; well, but for your comfort, I have contriv'd a scheme to disappoint them all effectually.

Bonc. Brother, I thank you; but will it be a good-natur'd thing to disappoint them, poor things?

Sir Geo. Good-nature! damn the word; I hate it:——they say it is a word so peculiar to our language, that it can't be translated into any other —Good-nature! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VALENCE'S *House.*

Enter VALENCE *and* Young KENNEL.

Valence.

CONSIDER, young gentleman, the consequence of disobedience to a father; especially to so passionate a father as Sir Gregory?

Young Ken. Don't talk to me of fathers! Parblieu! it is fine topsy-turvy work, to travel first and go to school afterwards.

Val. Upon my word it would do some of our young travellers no harm.

Young Ken. That I, who am to inherit a fortune of five thousand pounds a year, may not marry whom I please, but must have cramm'd down my throat some bread-pudding of a citizen's daughter, or scrag end of a woman of quality!

Val. You don't know whom Sir Gregory may provide for you.

Young Ken. But I know whom he will not;—besides, I shall provide for myself——

Val. Consider first the sin of disobedience;—you know it is in his power to disinherit you.

Young Ken. No, indeed, don't I, nor he neither, that's better:—plague! if he could do that, I believe I should be a little civiler to him—no, no, that's out of his power, I assure you; my tutor let me into that secret a great while ago.

Enter Miss VALENCE.

Val Oh, here comes my daughter according to my orders;—now if he had not unluckily seen this wench at the play—— [*Aside.*

Miss Val. Did you send for me, Sir?

Val. I send for you! no; but come hither.

Young Ken. Ha! parblieu! 'tis she—'tis the very same.

Miss Val. What coxcomb is this? [*Aside.*

Young Ken. This is the most lucky adventure that hath happened in all my travels.

Val. You stare at my daughter as if you had seen her before.

Young Ken. As certain as I have seen the king of France;—but, Sir, is this lady your daughter?

Val. She is, Sir; I have only one other child.

Young Ken. Then I believe, Sir, you are father

to an angel; you know, Sir, I told you I saw a lady at the play, and for whom I would be disobedient to all the fathers in the universe.

Val. I protest, Sir, you surprise me.——

Miss Val. Sir, may I go?

Val. Aye, aye, child;——go——go.

[*Exit* Miss Val.

Young Ken. Sir—Madâm, can you be so barbarous?

Val. Sir Gregory will be back in a minute, I would not have him know any thing of this for the world, he would run me through the body, tho' I am innocent.

Young Ken. Never fear him, I will defend you. Let me see her once more.

Val. You shall see her again; but have patience, if you will get your father away, and return back by yourself, you shall see her once to take your leave of her, for you must not disobey your father; but are you certain he can't disinherit you? that is, that he is only tenant for life?

Young Ken. I don't know whether he is tenant for life or for death; but I know that my tutor, and several lawyers too, have told me he could not keep me out of one acre.

Val. But you are sure you had it from good lawyers?

Young Ken. Aye, as any in the kingdom.

Val. Well, I am glad of it; 'tis a terrible thing for a man to disinherit his children:—don't be undutiful, unless you can't help it, and if you can't help it, why it is not your fault; but hush, here's Sir Gregory.

Enter Sir GREGORY.

Sir Greg. Well, have you brought him to it; will he be a good boy, and marry a woman o quality, or no?

Val. I have said all that I can say, Sir Gregory, and upon my word he is rather too hard for me; I would have you consider a little, Sir, it is only whether he shall chuse a wife for himself or not: —consider, Sir Gregory, he is to live with her, not you.

Young Ken. Aye, I am to live with her, not you——

Sir Greg. That's not true, Mr. Valence; I intend both he and she shall live with me; they shall down to Dirty Park next week, and there they shall remain.

Young Ken. I'll be curs'd tho', if we do.

Val. That very argument makes against you; for if he shou'd have fix'd on a private gentlewoman, and that you don't know but he hath, she may go down to Dirty Park; but a woman of quality—why, Sir Gregory, she'd fetch Dirty Park up hither, and convert a thousand of your acres into half a rood in Grosvenor-square.

Young Ken. Aye, into half a rood in Grosvenor-square.

Sir Greg. Would she? let me see her there once, I'll answer for her; why Mr. Valence, I'll tell you what I did myself. I married this boy's mother in this town, she was a woman of fashion, a well-bred woman; tho' I had but a small fortune with her, but twenty thousand pounds.—I married her for love; well, the next morning, down trundled her and I to Dirty Park, and when

I had her there, ecod, I kept her there; and whenever she ask'd to go to London, my answer was, that as I hated the town myself, she had better stay till she had a daughter old enough to be her companion.

Val. But she was not a woman of quality, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. No, not quite your tip-top of all, not one of your duchesses, nor your countesses, but her father was a 'squire, and that's quality enough.

Val. Now you talk like a reasonable man.

Young Ken. Aye, faith, that's something like a christian.

Sir Greg. Why, you rogue do you make a heathen of me? why, did I ever talk otherwise?

Val. Nay, do not be captious, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Captious! ha, ha, ha! why do you think I am angry with the boy for his wit? no, no, let him be as sharp as he will, I always encourage his wit, that is the chief thing he learnt in his travels.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir George Boncour, Sir—

Sir Greg. But, come Mr Valence, let's go and crack one bottle together.

Val. Shew him up. [*Exit Servant.*] Excuse me, Sir Gregory, I have business.

Sir Greg. Well, come Greg, you shan't flinch —ah, Mr. Valence, I assure you the rogue is as true an Englishman at his glass as ever. [*Exit.*

Young Ken. I shall give him the slip, and be back again as soon as I can.

Sir Greg. (*within*) Why, Greg!—Greg!—

Young Ken. Coming! Pardie! he hollows at me as if I was a whipper-in. [*Exit.*

Val. This was beyond my hope, beyond my expectation; I despair not of Sir Gregory's consent——but if not, as long at he can't cut off the entail——

Enter Sir GEORGE BONCOUR.

Sir Geo. Your servant, Mr. Valence.

Val. Most noble Sir George, I have not had the honour of seeing you a great while. I suppose he is come to make up the match, but 'tis too late. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. I am sorry, Sir, for the occasion of waiting on you now, and so will you too; I know you will: tho' perhaps, it will give you an opportunity of exerting your friendship; that may be some alleviation; in short, my brother is undone.

Val. How!

Sir Geo. Unless one can raise ten thousand pounds within an hour, an execution will be in his house.

Val. An execution in his house for ten thousand pounds! what! a man of his estate?

Sir Geo. Estate! what estate could stand out against the prodigality of his children? besides, between you and me, with all his prudence, he has been dabbling in the funds, that bottomless pit that swallows up any fortune. Estate!—ah, all mortgaged, all eat out; it matters not to tell it, for within these two days the whole town must know he is not worth a groat.

Val. I am very sorry for it, upon my word; I am shock'd to the last degree; poor gentleman! my neighbour, my acquaintance, my friend!

Sir Geo. Do not let it move you too much.

Val. Why do you ask impossibilities? do you think me more than man, or that my heart is stone? is flint? Oh, my good Sir George, you know not how tenderly I feel the misfortunes of others——of my friends especially, and for him the best of friends; I am too tender-hearted for a man.

Sir Geo. I know your goodness, your excessive goodness, and therefore contrary to the express charge, that of all men, you should know nothing of the matter.

Val. I am obliged to him—I know the reason of that, but I find you don't. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. I say contrary to his express injunction; I acquaint you with his misfortunes; since I know you are both able and willing to save him from disgrace; a mere trifle will do it, tho' nothing but money will do.

Val. Money! why does not he sell? why does he not mortgage? there is an estate of his contiguous to mine, I have a value for it, as it is his; and rather than it shall go to a stranger, I will borrow the money to purchase it—men in distress always sell pennyworths. [*Aside.*

Sir Geo. Damn'd rascal! [*Aside.*] Well, I'll tell him what you say.

Val. Pray do.—Your humble servant, and pray if that estate be sold, let me have the refusal of it. [*Exit Sir* Geo.] Mercy on me! where can one find an honest man? that ever he should lay such a plot of intermarriage between our families, when he knew himself undone! how wary ought a man to be in each moment of his life, when every fool is a politician, and capable of laying schemes to attack him.

Enter Young Valence.

Young Val. O, Sir, I have news which I am sure will please you! Mr. Boncour hath consented to your terms, so there is now no impediment to the union of our families.

Val. Indeed, there is an impediment which will be never got over; in short, I have news for you, which I am afraid will not please you. Mr. Boncour is undone.

Young Val. Undone, Sir!

Val. Not worth a groat.

Young Val. How! is it possible?

Val. Indeed, Sir, I don't know by what means men ruin themselves; we see men's fortunes ruin'd, and others made every day, no one knows how; it is sufficient, I am certain that it is so; and I expect you will have no more thought of his daughter.

Young Val. Truly, Sir, I am not very ambitious of marrying a beggar.

Val. You have none of my blood in you if you are; and take my word for it, there are in marriage many comfortable hours when a man wants not the assistance of beggary to make him hang himself.

Young Val. Sir, it was in obedience to your commands, that I thought of the match at all.

Val. And it is, Sir, in obedience to my commands, that I expect you to break it off.

Young Val. I hope you'll give me leave to do it with civility.

Val. O! with as much civility as you please, Sir, when you are oblig'd by prudence to do

what the world call an ill thing, always do it with civility.

Young Val. Sir, I shall obey you in all things.

Val. Send your sister to me in my closet, I must give her a lesson of the same kind.

Young Val. She will, I am confident, receive it with the same regard. [*Exit* Young Val.

Val. I have no reason to doubt it; thanks to my severity, for by continually thwarting my children's desires, I made their inclinations so useless to them, that at length they seem'd to have none at all, but to be entirely guided by my will. Severity is, in short, the whole duty of a parent. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Boncour's *House.*

Enter Young Boncour, *and* Miss Boncour.

Miss Bonc. La, brother, you are always teasing me with your odious questions: what condition is my heart in? what condition is your own in? we seem to be pretty much in the same circumstances.

Young Bonc. I confess, and glory in it. I wonder why the devil women should be more reserved than men.

Miss Bonc. O, don't be angry with us on that account; we have not a bit more than is useful to us; and really it seems well enough contrived to keep your whimsical affections alive, which seldom pursue us longer than you have difficulties thrown in your way.

Young Bonc. As you have had no experience, sister, you must have heard this from others; and, believe me, child, they told thee those frightful

stories, and make bugbears of men merely to deter thee from marrying, that's all: they only frighten thee, as they do children, with apparitions.

Miss Bonc. It is preposterous tho' to frighten us, in order to make us desire to lie alone.

Young Bonc. Well you don't know but I am an exception to your first rule, if it be general. (Miss Boncour *sighs)* Why that sigh?

Miss Bonc. I wish there may be another.

Young Bonc. I am convinc'd you will find another in my friend Valence.

Miss Bonc. It is my interest to hope so, since you have contriv'd among you to marry me to him.

Young Bonc. All compliance! you have no affection for him, then?

Miss Bonc. Shall I tell you the truth, brother?

Young Bonc. I would not put you to too violent pain, sister; but if, without great danger of your life it might come out——

Miss Bonc. Why, then I do love him, and shall love him to all eternity.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Valence to wait on you.

Miss Bonc. Shew him into the parlour, I'll come to him. *(Exit* Servant.) Brother you will keep my secret; at least, don't tell him till a day or two after I am married, and perhaps I may be before-hand with you. [*Exit* Miss Bonc.

Young Bonc. Get you gone for a good-natur'd girl: he is a rascal who would not make you happy, and be so himself with you.

Re-enter Servant *with a letter.*

Serv. Mr. Valence's man, Sir, delivered me this. [*Exit* Servant.

Young Bonc. Ha! I know the dear hand.—— [*Reads.*] "Sir, I am sorry to inform you, that I have this moment orders from my father to"—— Ha! confusion!——" to see you no more: you will best know on this occasion how to act, for the sake of your unhappy Sophia Valence!" my blood runs cold; I'll fly to her and know the reason of this change of my fortune—poor girl, she wants a comforter as much as myself. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Another Apartment in* BONCOUR'S *House.*

Enter Young VALENCE *and* Miss BONCOUR.

Young Val. How sudden are the changes in this world, how vain our pursuits! an hour ago I was the happiest of mankind, and am now the most miserable.

Miss Bonc. This is nothing but some scruple started between the old gentleman, which will be settled again: this be assur'd of, while your happiness is in my power, you shall never be miserable.

Young Val. Yet consider, Madam, consider my condition; I, who, if I was possest of all my father's fortune, should be an unworthy offering to your beauty: with what assurance can I throw a disinherited son at your feet?

Miss Bonc. Fathers often threaten what they

never perform: but let your's be ever so obstinate, I know my father's good-nature to be such, that he will settle a fortune on us that will enable us to live at our ease, if not in splendour.

Young Val. O! my dearest love, I fear there are no hopes from that quarter; for the reason of my father's breaking off the match, was an account he just receiv'd from undoubted authority, that your father is irretrievably ruin'd, and is not now worth a shilling in the world.

Miss Bonc. Good heavens! what do I hear?

Young Val. 'Tis but too true; and 'tis with the utmost reluctance I come the fatal messenger of such unwelcome tidings! oh, that I were now but master of the fortune I am entitled to, that I might prove the sincerity of my passion; that I might shew my sole object was the possession of your lovely self, without any sordid views of fortune.

Miss Bonc. Then all the flattering prospect of happiness I had before me is vanished in an instant.

Young Val. Why so, my angel? if the change of fortune makes no change in our love, we may still be happy.

Miss Bonc. Happy! what by indulging a hopeless passion!

Young Val. Why hopeless? it is in our power instantly to realize its joys—curse on all those who conspir'd to fetter love with any chains to make it subservient to the gain of lawyers and priests; cannot we trust to the ties of nature, and our own affections? Is not this dear hand security enough for your heart, without a more formal union? O, melting softness. Ha! by my hopes she dissolves—I'll carry her now [*Aside.*]

O my paradise, this hour, this minute, this instant——

Miss Bonc. What do you mean?

Young Val. Need I tell you my meaning? or can words do it? O no, my soul, my angel!

Miss Bonc. Sure I am in a dream! pray who are you, Sir?

Young Val. You are in a dream, indeed; do not you know your Valence?

Miss Bonc. My Valence! no, he never would use me thus.

Young Val. Does the excess of my passion offend you, which, inflamed by disappointment, will admit of no delay? I here plight my solemn vow, and call heaven to witness that you are my wife, and at my father's death——

Miss Bonc. Be gone, villain, and never see me more. [*Exit.*

Young Val. This I might expect on the first proposal; but her distress and my perseverance must in time prevail. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment in BONCOUR'S *House.*

Enter BONCOUR *and* SIR GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Your ruin will go round the town before night; by six all the good women will order their horses to blame your conduct, and pity your family in every assembly and private company they meet with.

Bonc. So, you think I shall have no more difficulty to prevent the match.

Sir Geo. I do, indeed, and hope you will reap more advantage than that from it.

Bonc. What, pray?

Sir Geo. Be cur'd of your distemper——your good-nature. Have you not oblig'd almost every one of your acquaintance? Have you not lent money without security? Have you not always inclin'd to speak well of mankind, and blam'd nothing but the most notorious villany? Have not your doors been open as those of an hospital, to the sustenance of the poor? nay, have you not taken them from a prison, and brought them to your table? Are there not many rich men who owe the original of their wealth to your bounty? and yet, if after all that you have done, should you not be able to borrow five pounds in the town, would it not cure you?

Bonc. Why should I be sorry that I have been good, because others are evil? if I have acted right I have done well, tho' alone; if wrong, the sanction of all mankind would not justify my conduct.

Sir Geo. I tell you, Sir, you have not acted right: you have acted very wrong in doing kindness to a parcel of rogues and rascals, who with the tenth part of your understanding have call'd you fool for serving them; have privately laugh'd at you in your prosperity, and will publickly despise you in your adversity—a good-natur'd man! O! 'tis a precious character.

Bonc. Ha, ha, ha! brother, you yourself are a good-natur'd man, and don't know it.

Sir Geo. Why, truly, I have been guilty of some infirmities of that kind, for which I am heartily sorry; I have told a man he deserv'd to be hang'd when he ought to have been broke on the

wheel; and sometimes I pay my tradesmen's bills in half a year without deduction, when the rascals would gain three per cent, if I paid them in a twelvemonth: I have refused going to law with a man for a debt, only because I knew he could not pay the charges: I have shaken a rogue by the hand, only because it was the fashion; and have expressed abundance of sorrow for the misfortunes of my acquaintance when they have not given me the least uneasiness, yes, I think, in the main, I am too good natur'd truly.

Bonc. Well, Sir George, let the effects this scheme of your's produces upon my children, be the test of our principles.

Sir Geo. Content.

Enter Young Boncour.

Young Bonc. My father! oh, Sir, I have heard such news! heaven forbid there should be the least shadow or colour of truth in it.

Sir Geo. Why, sure, Sir, it can't surprise you to hear your father is ruin'd, when you have been endeavouring by a long course of extravagance to bring it about!

Young Bonc. Sir, I can ill bear jesting on this subject; if the indulgence of my father has allowed the inadvertancy of my youth to bring this misfortune on him, the agonies of all my future days will not sufficiently punish me for it.

Bonc. Do you hear that, brother?

Sir Geo. I would not have you take it so much to heart neither, since your own ruin will not be absolutely included in your father's; you have a certain reversion of the estate, by the marriage-settlement, upon which you may still raise money for

your own subsistence; and I do not suppose you mad enough to give up your right to that, in order to enable your father to preserve himself, by cutting off the entail.

Young Bonc. How! is it in my power to preserve him?

Sir Geo. Yes, in that way you may, but in no other.

Young Bonc. Send for a lawyer this moment: let him point out the method: if there were no other way my blood should sign the deed. O, my father, believe me, I am blest to give you this trifling instance of my duty, of my affection!

Bonc. My child! O, brother, I can scarce support it.

Young Bonc. I'll this instant to my lawyer; I am impatient till it be done; justice, gratitude, duty to the best of fathers, will not let me rest till it is accomplish'd. [*Exit.*

Bonc. Well, Sir George, what think you now?

Sir Geo. Think! why I think he has smelt out the trick, and has artfully contriv'd this cheap method of appearing meritorious in your eyes.

Bonc. Oh, brother, that is too severe a censure; the feeling that he shewed, the warmth, the earnestness with which he expressed himself, could never be assumed by one not accustomed to dissemble.

Sir Geo. Well, if that be the case, all I can say is, that you have damn'd good luck in having a son whose natural disposition was so good, that all the pains you have taken, have not been able to spoil him entirely; but who have we here?

Enter Sir GREGORY.

Sir Greg. [*entering.*] Pshaw! at home indeed! plague on thee, dost think I want to ask whether a man's at home when I see him at the window? neighbour Boncour, how fares it?——what, Sir George!

Bonc. Is it possible! Sir Gregory Kennel in town.

Sir Greg. That question hath been ask'd by every one I have seen since I have been here: why should it not be as possible for us country gentlemen to come to town, as for you town gentlemen to come into the country? I don't know whether you are glad to see us here, but we should be glad to see some of you there a little oft'ner.

Bonc. I hope you left all well there, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Yes; I left the tenants very well; and they give their humble service to you, would be very glad of your company to spend a little of your money amongst them.

Bonc. But how does your family, Sir Gregory? how does my godson do?

Sir Greg. Why, the 'squire is very well; I was bringing him to see you: but I taught un to travel, I think, and so ecod, at the corner of one of the streets, he travell'd off, and left me in the lurch: you have no need to be asham'd of your godson, I can tell you; he is a fine gentleman: I suppose you have heard he has made the tour of Europe, as he calls it.

Bonc. Not I, truly.

Sir Greg. But, pray, Sir George, what do you think is my business in town?

Sir Geo. Faith I can't tell——To sell oxen, I suppose.

Sir Greg. No; not that entirely; though I have some cattle with me too.—Pray guess again.

Sir Geo. To see my Lord Mayor's show, perhaps.

Sir Greg. No, no; I don't love shows. Well then, since you can't tell, I'll tell you; to get a good wife for my son; for though the boy hath seen all Europe, till a man hath married his son, he han't discharged his duty—then he hath done all in his power.

Sir Geo. Aye, aye, his wife will do the rest.

Enter Miss BONCOUR.

Miss Bonc. Sir, when you are at leisure, I shall be happy to speak with you.

Bonc. Presently, my dear.—Sir Gregory Kennel—a very old friend of mine.—My daughter, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. A brave lass, faith! by your leave, Madam; why that's well; you are in the right not to be shy to me, for I have had you in my arms before now.

Bonc. And her brother too Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Aye, so I have, and truly for the matter we were talking of, since I see what I see, I don't care for going any farther; what say you, neighbour Boncour, you know my estate, and I know your's, you have seen my son, and I see your daughter; what say you to a match between them.

Bonc. My daughter, Sir Gregory, will be the properest person to ask.

Sir Greg. Not at all; what signifies asking a person a question, when you know before-hand what will be the answer? especially when you know that answer to be a false one——No, no, the boy shall ask her, and then they will lie to one another; for if she swears she does not love him, he'll swear he'll love her for ever, and that is as good a one.

Bonc. Sir Gregory, I am sensible of the honour you propose me, but shall neither force nor oppose her inclination.

Miss Bonc. I find he hath not heard our story. [*Aside.*

Sir Greg. Well, my little Gilliflower, since I am to ask thee, what would it say to a hearty, healthy, good-humour'd young dog, that would love thee till thy heart ached?

Miss Bonc. Sir; I don't understand you.

Sir Greg. O lud, there is a——

Miss Bonc. Hold, Sir, no rudeness; when I am properly ask'd, I shall know how to answer. [*Exit.*

Sir Greg. That is, when she is ask'd by the young fellow; that I, suppose, is proper ask'd.

Sir Geo. 'Tis an alliance on no account to be lost——well, Sir Gregory, I hope my niece gave you a satisfactory answer.

Sir Greg. The same snswer that a lawyer or physician could give who were attack'd without a fee.

Sir Geo. What's that?

Sir Greg. That they were not properly ask'd; but here will be the proper person himself presently; he who knows where to find me.

Bonc. In the mean time, Sir Gregory, what say you to a bottle of burgundy?

Sir Greg. I shall like a bottle of any thing very well, for I have not drank a single drop this whole hour.

Bonc. I am ready to wait on you.

Sir Greg. Wait on me! prithee get out and shew me the way; a plague of ceremony.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE. A Room in VALENCE'S *House.*

Enter Young BONCOUR *and* Miss VALENCE.

Miss Valence.

AND so you have promised to resign your right of inheritance in the estate to your father?

Young Bonc. I have, Madam.

Miss Val. Then you have done like a fool; and deserve to be pointed at as such.

Young Bonc. How, Madam? would you have me insensibly and quietly sit down, and see my father ruin'd?

Miss Val. Aye, fifty fathers, rather than part with my prospect of a fortune.

Young Bonc. Does this agree with those pro-

fessions of filial duty I have heard from Miss Valence?

Miss Val. Profess'd! ha, ha, ha! to my father! when I never dar'd to do otherwise. I may rather say, this foolish generosity is little of a piece with your frequent professions of disobedience.

Young Bonc. Well, no more of this, dear Sophia. Tell me when you will make me happy?

Miss Val. I don't know what you mean—

Young Bonc. How!

Miss Val. Sure you can't imagine, when you parted with the right to your estate, but that you parted with your right to your mistress. Do you think I would do so imprudent a thing as marry a beggar?

Young Bonc. Did you not tell me to-day, nay scarce an hour ago, that neither the misfortunes of my father, nor the commands of your own, should prevent our happiness?

Miss Val. Nor do they. 'Tis your own folly you are to thank; a folly, which had you lov'd me, you could not have been guilty of——Besides, I did not know then, that I had a lover at my command. [*Aside.*

Young Bonc. Sure my eyes or my ears deceive me! these words cannot come from the generous Miss Valence.——

Miss Val. Indeed, I am as generous as a prudent woman ought to be, or ever will be; I hope you do not expect me to have the romantic ideas of a girl of fifteen, to dream of woods and deserts; you would not have me live in a cottage on love.

Young Bonc. I find I have been in an error, the grossest, wildest, and most monstrous of er-

rors; I have thought a woman faithful, just and generous.——

Miss Val. Why truly, that is a mistake, something extraordinary in so great a man; but if you have any thing of importance, I beg you would communicate it, for my mantua-maker waits for me in the next room, and I expect a lady every moment, to carry me into the city, where I am to give her my judgment on a fan mount. So, Mr. Boncour, you will excuse me at present, and do me the favour to give my compliments to your sister. [*Exit* Miss Val.

Young Bonc. [*Stands sometime silent.*] I have been deceiv'd with a vengeance! Thou art indeed another creature than the object of my affection was; where is she then? why no where. This is the real creature, and the object of my love was the phantom. Vanish then, my love, with that, for how can a building stand, when the foundation is gone? [*Exit* Young Bonc.

SCENE II.

Enter Young VALENCE *and* Miss VALENCE, *(laughing.)*

Miss Val. I assure you, brother, I take it ill of you to overhear my privacies.

Young Val. Nay, never be asham'd of your merit. I shall esteem you always for your resolution, I own I scarce believ'd any woman could s easily have resign'd her lover.

Miss Val. O, 'tis a terrible thing for a woman to resign her lover, when she is under fifteen, or above fifty; that is, for a girl to part with what

she calls her first love, or an old woman with what she fears will be her last. But at one-and-twenty, when one has seen a little of the world, the changing of one lover for another, is as easy as changing one's cloaths.

Young Val. Well, since you are so frank with me, I'll be as communicative with you. My passion for Miss Boncour, is a little more ungovernable, than your's for her brother; and since it is inconvenient to have her for a wife, I have determined to have her for a mistress.

Miss Val. And do you think you shall be able to accomplish your point?

Young Val. Yes, and you will think so too, I believe, when you know all——In short, I attack'd her this very morning, depreciated marriage with violence, and press'd her with all the eagerness of a man, whose appetites were too impatient too endure the tedious ceremony of saying grace before he satisfies them.

Miss Val. And how did she receive you?

Young Val. Much better than I expected. However, at last she rallied her spirits, and with some passion commanded me to leave her; I was scarce at home before I received this letter.

Miss Val. Any letter after such a proposal was an acceptance of it.

(Reads.)

" As you cannot wonder at my being a little
" surprised at what past this morning between us,
" you will be easily able to account for my be-
" haviour on that occassion. If you desire me to
" say I am sorry for so peremptorily putting an
" end to your visit, you may think I have said so.

"However, I desire to see you this evenin "punctually at eight, and that you would, if pos- "sible, avoid being seen by any of the family, "but your's,"

Young Val. What are you considering about?

Miss Val. Only whether it is her hand.

Young Val. that I am sure it is.

Miss Val. Then I am sure you have nothing to do, but to keep your appointment.

Enter VALENCE *and* YOUNG KENNEL.

Val. Since you are so very desirous, Sir, to see my daughter, I don't see how I can refuse the son of my good friend Sir Gregory; refusing indeed is not my talent—I own I cannot guess what earnest business you can have with her.

Young Ken. Upon my honour, Sir, it is not of any disservice to the young lady, nay, I believe I may trust you with it.

Val. No, no, no, I will be trusted with nothing.—I see nothing, I hear nothing, I know nothing. But pray, young gentleman, are you sure now (I only ask for an impertinent curiosity) are you sure that Sir Gregory can't cut off the entail of his estate?

Young Ken. Why, if you won't believe, you may ask the lawyers that my tutor consulted about it.

Val. Nay, nay, it is nothing to me, it is no business of mine———O, here is my daughter. Child, Mr. Kennel, eldest son of Sir Gregory Kennel, desires me to introduce him to your acquaintance——*(They salute)*——Well, Mr. Kennel, you must pardon me, I must leave you on business of consequence: Son, you must come

along with me, I ask pardon for only leaving my daughter to keep you company.

Young Val. Sir, I wait on you.

[*Exit* Val. *and* Young Val.

Young Ken. Pray, Madam, was you ever at Paris?

Miss Val. No, Sir, I have never been out of my own country.

Young Ken. That is a great misfortune to you, Madam; for I would not give a fig for any thing that had not made a tour of Europe.

Miss Val. I thought, Sir, travelling had been a necessary qualification only to you gentlemen. I need not ask, Sir, if you have been at Paris.

Young Ken. No, I hope not, Madam; I hope no one will imagine these cloaths to be the handy-work of any English tailor: Paris, indeed! why, Madam, I have made the tour of Europe.

Miss Val. Upon my word, this is extraordinary in one so young; I suppose, Sir, you went abroad very soon after you left school.

Young Ken. School! ha, ha, ha! why, Madam, I was never at school at all; I liv'd with the old witch my grandmother, till I was seventeen, and then my father stole me away from her, and sent me abroad, where I wish I had staid for ever—— for, ah! Madam!

Miss Val. Now he begins (he is just what I would chuse for a husband)—— [*Aside.*

Young Ken. Can you not read in my eyes that I have lost my heart?

Miss Val. Avez-vous donc laissez vôtre cœur à Paris, Monsieur?

Young Ken. What the devil is that Madam?

Miss Val. Don't you understand French, Sir?

Young Ken. Not a syllable, upon my soul, except an oath or two.

Miss Val. I suppose, I say, Sir, you have left your heart at Paris.

Young Ken. No, Madam, you cannot suppose that: you saw, you must have seen at the play in what corner of the world my heart was.

Miss Val. I have no time to play the coquette. [*Aside.*] High-ho! [*Sighs.*]

Young Ken. Ha! sure that sigh betokens pity.

Miss Val. How do you know you want it? Have you declared your passion?

Young Ken. Not, unless my eyes have done it.

Miss Val. Perhaps she who hath your heart, may have returned you her own.

Young Ken. That will make me happier than the King of France, the Doge of Venice, or any prince I have ever seen; but if she hath, sure you must know it, and it is in your power——

Miss Val. I, Sir!——O bless me!——My power!——What have you said?

Young Ken. O, take pity of the most unhappy man that ever was at Versailles.

Miss Val. I am so frightened, so confounded—Could I have imagin'd that I had made this impression on your heart.

Young Ken. No, Madam, no, no, no, not you, the other lady that was with you:

Miss Val. How, Sir!

Young Ken. I am only soliciting you, to let me know where I may find that dear, adorable, divine creature, who was with you at the play the night before last; I lost you both in the crowd by a cursed accident, and by the most fortunate one have met with you once again to direct me to my love.

Miss Val. Unheard-of impudence——and I am to be a go-between?

Young Ken. Can you refuse me?

Miss Val. Refuse you! Go, oaf! Go, find your slut, your trollop, your beggar, for so she is.

Young Ken. Were she the meanest beggar upon earth, could I find her, I should be happy.

Miss Val. I could tear my fan—my hair—my flesh——I'll to my closet, and vent myself in private. [*Exit* Miss Val.

Young Ken. Hey-day! what can have put the woman in such a passion?—But tho' she won't tell me, now I have found her out, I shall surely find out her acquaintance; I will watch her closely, for I will discover my angel, tho' I make the tour of the whole world after her. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Boncour's *Apartment.*

Enter Boncour *and* Mrs. Boncour.

Mrs. Bonc. But why kept a secret from me, why am I not worthy to know secrets?

Bonc. I have given you what should be a satisfactory reason.——I had promised not to tell it you.

Mrs. Bonc. No, to be sure! A wife is not a proper person to be trusted with any thing.

Bonc. You have no reason to arraign my want of confidence in you.

Mrs. Bonc. Well then, do tell me the reason why you keep this a secret from me?

Bonc. That would be to have no confidence in myself: come, my dear, leave this vain solicita-

any thing: but when I do, I have never been wheedled, or cry'd, or bullied out of my resolution.

Mrs. Bonc. What can I think of this?

Bonc. Why you are to think that you owe my condescension, to my tenderness, and not my folly.——Pray, my dear, lay aside this caprice of temper, which may work your own misery, but shall not mine; my gratitude to you will prevent my contributing to your uneasiness, but shall never make the quiet of my own life dependant on any other.

Mrs. Bonc. It is a pretty compliment truly, to assure me that your happiness does not depend on me.

Bonc. I scorn to compliment you, nor did I ever speak to you but from my heart. I challenge you in any one instance of my whole course of behaviour, to blame my conduct, unless you join the world and condemn me for too much easiness of disposition; but I must leave you a little while.

Mrs. Bonc. But I desire you will not leave me.

Bonc. I am oblig'd, I am guilty of rudeness every moment I stay. I assure you it is regard to decency only, and not to pleasure, calls me from you.

Mrs. Bonc. Why will you go then?

Bonc. Because I will always do what I think right, without regard to my own pleasure, or that of others.

Mrs. Bonc. You shall stay?

Bonc. I will not.

Mrs. Bonc. I will come and disturb your company.

Bonc. You would make me miserable, if you did, by forcing me to the last of evils.

Mrs. Bone. What is that, pray?

Bonc. That of using violence to you.

[*Exit* Boncour.

Mrs. Bonc. What does the man mean? he never utter'd any thing like this before! I must turn over a new leaf, and exert more spirit than I have lately done. I will go this instant and break up his company—but suppose he should use violence; he seemed very resolute. Ha! I will not provoke him so far—but the secret I will hear—or—he shall never sleep again, that I am resolv'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another Room in* BONCOUR'S *House.*

Sir GEORGE, Sir GREGORY, *and* Mr. BONCOUR, *discovered drinking.*

Sir Geo. Sir Gregory, it is your glass.

Sir Greg. Well, and it shall be my glass then —here's success to the war; and I hope we shall shortly have French pointers in England as plenty as curs.

Sir Geo. Well said, Sir Gregory, spoke like a true Englishman.

Sir Greg. Aye, like an Englishman that will drink as long as he can stand, for the good of his country—odso, here he comes my son.

Enter Young KENNEL.

Bonc. Sir George, this is young Mr. Kennel.

[*They salute.*

Sir Geo. Is this your son, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Aye, I think so.

Sir Geo. A hopeful youth, truly. [*Aside.*

Sir Greg. So, rascal, how have you the assurance to look me in the face? how have you the impudence to come into my presence, sirrah, after running away from me.

Young Ken. Nay, if you come to that, you run away from me.

Sir Greg. That's a lie, and would be a pretty story if it was true, to be outwalked by your father.

Young Ken. Hold there, not so fast, Sir, I don't allow you can outwalk me neither.

Sir Greg. Don't you? why then I will see whether I can out-drink you, I believe I can do that yet: Mr. Boncour let us have a quart glass, for the rascal shall start fair, we won't give him a bottle scope.

Young Ken. A quart glass! why, Sir, you don't intend to make me drunk?

Sir Greg. Yes I do, Sir, but I hope a quart won't do it; you are not such a milk-sop as that. Harkee, sirrah, it is all over, I have done your business for you; this gentleman and I have agreed that he shall be your father-in-law, so nothing but for you to see the wench, marry, and to bed, and then down to Dirty Park.

Young Ken. Two words to that bargain, Sir, for I am engaged.

Bonc. Nay, Sir Gregory, then——

Enter Young Boncour, *and takes his Father aside.*

Young Bonc. Sir, I have something to say to you in private from my sister.

Sir Greg. You are engaged?

Young Ken. Even so, Sir.

Sir Greg. Why then, Sir, my estate is engag'd too; I will disinherit you, sirrah: I won't leave you money enough to pay the tailor for such a fool's cover as you have on now.

Young Ken. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Greg. Do you laugh at me, you dog?

Young Ken. Only at your disinheriting me; my tutor has let me into that secret.

Sir Greg. O, ho, he has, I will thank him for that the first time I see him: and in the mean time, sirrah, do as I would have you, or——

[*Lifts up his stick.*

Sir Geo. Why, Sir Gregory, do you think this is the way to prevail with your son? It may be a knock-down argument, I grant you, but I am much mistaken if it will ever prove a convincing one.

Young Ken. If he could disinherit me, as I know he can't, I will never marry unless it be the woman I love. Nay, don't shake your stick about, I know a little of quarter-staff as well as you.

Sir Greg. Sirrah—I'll—I'll—

Sir Geo. It is almost a pity to hinder these two loggerheads from falling foul of one other.

Bonc. Gentlemen, I must beg to be excused one moment, I will return to you instantly—Sir George, I wish you would bring the company after us, I have a particular reason for it.

[*Exit* Boncour *and* Young Boncour.

Sir Geo. (*To* Sir Gregory,) Come, Sir Gregory, be pacified, you had best try by gentler methods to bring the young gentlemen to reason.

Sir Greg. I'll bring him by a good cudgel, that's my reason, odsbodikins, I have sent him a travel-

ling to a fine purpose, truly, to learn to despise his father!

Young Ken. You have hit it at last, my good old gentleman.

Sir Geo. Come, Sir Gregory, we will, if you please, adjourn for a few minutes; you have not seen the house—here are some pictures worth your seeing.

Sir Greg. Why, I like to see pictures well enough, if they are handsome ones.

Young Ken. They may do well enough for you, but I am convinced they must be sad trash to a man that has seen Italy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another Apartment.*

Young VALENCE *and* Miss BONCOUR.

Young Val. I will outwit my father, I will plunder him of every thing he has, to keep you in affluence equal to your desire.

Miss Bonc. And do you intend literally to make me your mistress?

Young Val. I intend to make you happy, and myself with you; be assured, if love, if wealth, can make you happy, thou shalt be so.

Miss Bonc. No, there is something in that word mistress, which I don't like.

Young Val. A groundless prejudice —cannot we join ourselves, without the leave or assistance of a priest? are we more capable of transferring raptures to each other's bosom by a few cant words which he pronounces? Where is the difference then of our being one another's, with marriage or without it?

Miss Bonc. Yes, as to me, it differs a little.

Young Val. How, my dearest creature?

Miss Bonc. I shall be infamous this way, that's all.

Young Val. A false opinion of the world, unworthy your regard, our happiness is precarious, indeed, if it is to be blown up and down by the inconstant changeable breath of mankind.

Miss Bonc. It seems strange to me, however, that a man would make the creature he loves infamous. Could I ever have thought I should have brought infamy on myself by that tender passion for you, which I now frankly own? Can you endeavour to make use of the sincerest, honestest, and tenderest affection, to the ruin of her who bears it to you? I need not tell you how willingly I would have sacrificed my all,—how eagerly I would have done, or suffer'd any thing for you; and would you sacrifice my eternal guilt, my spotless fame,my unguarded innocence, to the satisfaction of an appetite which every common prostitute may serve?

Young Val. Every moment I see you, every word you utter, adds new fuel to my flame.

Miss Bonc. Think of the injury you do me, and the least drop of humanity will cool the hotest passion.

Young Val. Think of the bliss I am to enjoy.

Miss Bonc. And would you enjoy it to my ruin? O consider those tedious miserable hours which I must suffer for the momentary bliss you will possess! behold me abandoned by my father, deserted by my relations, denied by my acquaintance, shunn'd, slighted, scorn'd by all the world! see me in the horrors of this state, and think 'twas you who brought me to it: 'twas you who plunged me into this scene of misery, that creature who would not, to have gain'd the trea-

sures of the world, have done an act to destroy your quiet; consider this and answer me, could you enjoy any happiness at the price of my eternal ruin?

Young Val. O, can you ask it? let us not think beyond the present moment.

Miss Bonc. Hold——thou lowest, meanest, and most abject villain, think not this trial was made to recover your love: O, no! this morning I saw, —I despised the baseness of your heart, and bore your hated presence those few moments but to expose you. Open the door.

Young Val. Ha! damnation!

Enter BONCOUR, VALENCE, *and the rest.*

Val. O, monstrous? Nothing but my own ears could have made me give credit to it: you will outwit your father, Sir; your father will outwit you of every farthing, I can tell you; I'll disinherit you this afternoon, and turn you out like a vagabond as you are.

Young Val. Death and despair I'm ruin'd for ever. [*Exit* Young Valence.

Val. Not one penny, nor one single farthing shall he ever have of mine.

Bonc. My daughter, my dear child! as much now the object of my admiration, as this morning of my love.

Miss Bonc. Thou best of men, it shall be the business of my future days, to be your comfort only.

Enter Sir GEORGE, Sir GREGORY, *and* Young KENNEL.

Sir Greg. You are a civil man, indeed, neigh-

bour, to have one in your own house—What, do you grudge your wine?

Bonc. You'll pardon me, Sir Gregory, I had a little business; besides, I am not able to drink, and my brother there is your match.

Sir Greg. As to the business, that's a lie, I believe; and if you can't drink, what a plague are you good for: but come, is this my god-daughter? Here sirrah, where are you; this is the lady you are to have: come, let one see you fall to making love: let us see a little of the fruits of your travels.

Young Ken. Sir, I am so surpris'd! nor know I whether to thank you or fortune.

Sir Greg. I know you had rather thank any body than your father, you rascal; but this is the lady whom I found out for you, you dog.

Young Ken. And this is the lady for whom alone I refus'd to be obedient, not knowing who your choice was.

Val. Hah! what's that, what's that?

Miss Bonc. With your leave, I would be excus'd at present, Sir.

Bonc. No, no, my dear, pray stay, do not disoblige Sir Gregory; you may trust me, that I shall not force your inclinations.

Sir Greg. Come, begin, sirrah, begin,

Enter Young Boncour.

Young Bonc. Sir, Mr. Recorder, your lawyer, is in the next room, and waits to execute the deed.

Bonc. My heart, my eyes overflow with tenderness, for so much goodness; sure 'tis a sensation almost worthy to be bought with ruin: but, oh!

what happiness must be mine, who, while I hear these instances of my children's goodness, can assure them my fortune wants not so dear a reparation. The story was your uncle's invention; the reason for it I will tell you anon: no, my son, tho' perhaps I may not much increase, I shall be at least a faithful steward of my wife's fortune to her children.

Val. How, Mr. Boncour! is this possible?

Bonc. It is true, indeed, neighbour.

Val. Indeed neighbour, I am very glad of it; and what was this only a jest of Sir George's!

Bonc. Even so.

Val. I am extremely happy in hearing it, and will if you please make this a memorable æra in the happiness of our children. I speak not of my son, I will abandon him, and give all I am worth to my daughter, and give that daughter to your son.

Young Bonc. You will pardon me, Mr. Valence; but, had I been reduc'd to the lowest degree of distress, I would not have accepted of your daughter with any fortune she could have brought.

Val. How, Sir!

Young Bonc. She will, if she relate to you faithfully her behaviour to me this day, lessen your surprise at what I say.

Val. I will go home, turn my daughter out of doors, disinherit my son, give my estate to build an hospital, and then hang myself up at the next charitable tree I can find.

Sir Geo. Mr. Valence, Mr. Valence! I have spoke to my brother about that estate that lies so contiguous to your's, and when it is to be sold, you shall certainly have the refusal of it.

Val. What, am I mock'd, scoff'd? ah! zounds! I shall run mad. [*Exit* Valence.

Young Ken. Madam, I have seen a great deal of the world; but all the women I have seen, are no more comparable to you then the smallest chapel in London is to the church of Notre Dame.

Miss Bonc. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Greg. (*To* Boncour.) Why should there go so many words to a bargain: let us have the wedding directly.

Sir Geo. Wedding, directly! what, do you think you are coupling some of your animals in the country? Do you think that a union of bodies is all that is requisite in a state, wherein there can be no happiness without a union of mind too? Go, and redeem past time: your son is not yet too old to learn: employ some able man to cultivate the share of understanding that nature gave him; to weed out all the follies and fopperies that he has pick'd up in the tour of Europe, as he calls it: then, when he appears to be a rational creature, and not till then, let him pay his addresses to my niece.

Young Ken. So then I find I am not a rational creature! and faith, I begin to think so myself. And whose fault was that, father, but your's, that did not give me a rational education.

Sir Greg. Why you dog I gave you the same education I had myself: would you have had a better education than your father, sirrah? But did a not I send you, besides, to travel, to finish your education? and when an education is finish'd, is not that enough? what signifies what the beginning was? But never fear them, Greg; with such an education as I had, I got twenty thousand pounds with my wife; and you who have travelled may,

I think expect more. Never fear 'em, boy, the acres, the acres, will do the business.

Sir Geo. There you may find yourself mistaken; for I have some dirty acres to add to my niece's fortune that may chance to weigh against your scale. Her behavior this day has pleas'd me; and I never will consent to see her wedded to any one, who has not understanding enough to know her value.

Young Ken. Oh! heavens! I'll do any thing to mend my understanding rather than lose the only woman I can love; and tho' I have hated books as I do the devil, if that be the only way to improve it, I'll pore my eyes out rather than lose her.

Bonc. Why this must be the work of time; and whenever you render yourself worthy of her, you may have a chance to succeed.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lady has sent me to acquaint your honour, that supper is on the table.

Bonc. We will attend her. [*Exit.* Serv.

Sir Geo. Well brother, I think you begin to find already the good effects of my advice to you: your wife, you see, civilly sends in, instead of rushing herself into company with her scream of, "Why must not I be let into the secret?"

Bonc. Sir George, I thank you; and am now convinc'd, that a little exertion of a proper authority on my part, will soon make my wife act like a rational woman.

Sir Geo. Well, George, your behaviour this day has, I confess, wiped away some part of the very bad opinion I had of you; and if you will cast off

your follies, and turn away your wench, I have a wife in view for you, the same that your father intended to propose, who will make you amends for the one you have lost: and in that case, to make you more worthy of her, I don't care if I settle the best part of my estate on you.

Young Bonc. Sir, I know that professions, on such occasions, often pass only for words of course; but you will see, by a total reformation of my past conduct, that the whole study of my life hereafter shall be to please so generous an uncle, and so good a father.

Sir Geo. What a variety of strange events has this day produced! I can't help thinking, that they might furnish out a good subject for a comedy.

Bonc. Only a catastrophe would be wanting; because you know it is a constant rule, that comedies should end in a marriage.

Sir Geo. That's true; but if the performer, who is to represent your character, should only step forward at the end, and make a smooth speech or so, an English audience is generally so good-natur'd, that they would pass over that, and all the other faults that might be in the piece, for the sake of the GOOD-NATUR'D MAN.

EPILOGUE:

WRITTEN BY

MR. GARRICK,

SPOKEN BY

MISS YOUNG.

PROLOGUES and Epilogues—to speak the phrase
Which suits the warlike spirit of these days——
Are cannon charg'd, or shou'd be charg'd, with wit,
Which, pointed well, each rising folly hit;
By a late Gen'ral who commanded here,
And fought our bloodless battles many a year!
'Mongst other favours were conferr'd on me,
He made me Captain of Artillery!——
At various follies many guns I fir'd,
Hit 'em point blank, and thought the foe retired,—
But vainly thought—for to my great surprise,
They now are rank and file before my eyes!
Nay to retreat may even me oblige;——
The works of Folly stand the longest siege!
With what brisk firing, and what thunder-claps,
Did I attack those high-built castles—caps!
But tow'ring still, they swell in lofty state,
Nor strike one ribband to capitulate;—

Whilst beaux behind, thus peeping, and thus bent,
Are the besieg'd, behind the battlement:
But you are conquerors, Ladies—have no dread,
Henceforth in peace enjoy the cloud-cap'd-head!
We scorn to ape the French, their tricks give
o'er,
Nor at your rigging fire one cannon more!
And now ye bucks and bucklings of the age,
Tho' caps are clear, your hats shall feel my rage;
The high-cock'd, half-cock'd, quaker, and the
slouch,
Have at ye all!—I'll hit you, though ye crouch;
We read in history—one William Tell,
An honest Swiss, with arrows shot so well,
On his son's head, he aim'd with so much care,
He'd hit an apple, and not touch one hair:
So I, with such-like skill, but much less pain,
Will strike your hats off, and not touch your
brain:
To curse our head-dress! an't you pretty fellows!
Pray who can see thro' your broad-brim'd um-
brellas?
That pent-house worn by slim Sir Dainty Dandle!
Seems to extinguish a poor farthing candle—
We look his body thro'—But what fair she,
Thro' the broad cloud that's round his head can
see?
Time was, when Britons to the boxes came
Quite spruce, and *chapeau bas!* address'd each
dame,
Now in flapt hats, and dirty boots they come,
Look knowing thus—to every female dumb;
But roar out—Hey, Jack! so, Will! you there,
Tom?
Both sides have errors, that there's no concealing,
We'd low'r our heads, had but men's hearts some
feeling.

Valence, my spark, play'd off his modish airs,
But nature gave us wit to cope with theirs;
Our sex have some small faults won't bear defending.
And tho' near perfect, want a little mending;
Let Love step forth, and claim from both allegiance,
And bring back caps and hats to due obedience.

AN

INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,

AND

MERCURY.

Which was originally intended as an

INTRODUCTION TO A COMEDY,

CALLED

JUPITER'S DESCENT ON EARTH.

AN

INTERLUDE

BETWEEN

JUPITER, JUNO, APOLLO,

AND

MERCURY.

SCENE I.

JUPITER, JUNO.

Jupiter.

PRAY be pacified.

Juno. It is intolerable, insufferable, and I never will submit to it.

Jup. But, my dear——

Juno. Good Mr. Jupiter, leave off that odious word; you know I detest it. Use it to the trollop Venus, and the rest of your sluts. It sounds most agreeable to their ears, but it is nauseous to a goddess of strict virtue.

Jup. Madam, I do not doubt your virtue.

Juno. You don't? That is, I suppose, humbly insinuating that others do: but who are their di-

vinities? I would be glad to know who they are; they are neither Diana nor Minerva, I am well assured; both of whom pity me, for they know your tricks; they can neither of them keep a maid of honour for you. I desire you will treat me with good manners at least. I should have had that, if I had married a mortal, though he had spent my fortune, and lain with my chamber-maids, as you suffer men to do with impunity—highly to your honour be it spoken!

Jup. Faith! Madam, I know but one way to prevent them, which is, by annihilating mankind; and I fancy your friends below, the ladies, would hardly thank you for obtaining that favour at my hands.

Juno. I desire you would not reflect on my friends below; it is very well known, I never shewed any favour, but to those of the purest, unspotted characters. And all my acquaintance, when I have been on the earth, have been of that kind; for I never return a visit to any other.

Jup. Nay, I have no inclination to find fault with the women of the earth; you know I like them very well.

Juno. Yes, the trollops of the earth, such as Venus converses with. You never shew any civility to my favourites, nor make the men do it.

Jup. My dear, give me leave to say, your favorites are such, that man must be new made before he can be brought to give them the preference; for when I moulded up the clay of man, I put not one ingredient in to make him in love with ugliness, which is one of the most glaring qualities in all your favourites, whom I have ever

seen; and you must not wonder, while you have such favourites, that the men slight them.

Juno. The men slight them! I'd have you know, Sir, they slight the men; and I can, at this moment, hear not less than a thousand railing at mankind.

Jup. Ay, as I hear at this instant several grave black gentlemen railing at riches, and enjoying them, or at least coveting them, at the same time.

Juno. Very fine! Very civil! I understand your comparison.——Well, Sir, you may go on giving an example of a bad husband, but I will not give the example of a tame wife; and if you will not make men better, I will go down to the earth and make women worse; that every house may be too hot for a husband, as I will shortly make heaven for you.

Jup. That I believe you will——but if you being your project of making women worse, I will take Hymen, and hang him; for I will take some care of my votaries, as well as you of yours.

SCENE II.

Enter Apollo.

Apol. Mr. Jupiter, good-morrow to you.

Jup. Apollo, how dost thou?——You are a wise deity, Apollo; prithee will you answer me one question?

Apol. To my best ability.

Jup. You have been much conversant with the affairs of men, what dost thou think the foolishest thing a man can do?

Apol. Turn poet.

Jup. That is honest enough, as it comes from the god of poets; but you have missed the mark, for certainly the foolishest thing a man can do, is to marry.

Apol. Fie! What is it then in a god? Who, besides that he ought to be wiser than man, is tied for ever by his immortality, and has not the chance which you have given to man, of getting rid of his wife.

Jup. Apollo, thy reproof is just: but let us talk of something else; for when I am out of the hearing my wife, I beg I may never hear of her.

Apol. Have you read any of those books I brought you, just sent me by my votaries upon earth?

Jup. I have read them all.——The poem is extremely fine, and the similies most beautiful.—There is indeed one little fault in the similies.

Apol. What is that?

Jup. There is not the least resemblance between the things compared together.

Apol. One half of the simile is good, however.

Jup. The dedications pleased me extremely, and I am glad to find there are such excellent men upon earth.———There is one whom I find two or three authors agree to be much better than any of us in heaven are. This discovery, together with my wife's tongue, has determined me to make a trip to the earth, and spend some time in such godlike company. Apollo, will you go with me?

Apol. I would with all my heart, but I shall be of disservice to you; for when I was last on earth, though I heard of these people, I could not

get admission to any of them: you had better take Plutus with you, he is acquainted with them all.

Jup. Hang him, proud rascal, of all the deities he is my aversion; I would have kick'd him out of heaven long ago, but that I am afraid, if he was to take his residence entirely upon the earth, he would foment a rebellion against me.

Apol. Your fear has too just a ground, for the god of riches has more interest there than all the other gods put together: nay, he has supplanted us in all our provinces; he gives wit to men I never heard of, and beauty to women Venus never saw.——Nay, he ventures to make free with Mars himself; and sometimes, they tell me, puts men at the head of military affairs, who never saw an enemy, nor of whom an enemy ever could see any other than the back.

Jup. Faith! it is surprising that a god whom I sent down to earth when I was angry with mankind, and who has done them more hurt than all the other deities, should ingratiate himself so far into their favour.

Apol. You may thank yourself, you might have made man wiser if you would.

Jup. What to laugh at? No, Apollo, believe me, man far outdoes my intention; and when I read in those little histories, called dedications, how excellent he is grown, I am eager to be with him, that I may make another promotion to the stars; and here comes my son of fortune to accompany us.

SCENE III.

MERCURY, JUPITER, APOLLO.

[MERCURY *kneels.*]

Merc. Pray, father Jupiter, be pleased to bless me.

Jup. I do, my boy. What part of heaven, pray, have you been spending your time in?

Merc. With some ladies of your acquaintance, Apollo. I have been at blind-man's-buff with the nine muses; but before we began to play, we had charming sport between Miss Thally and one of the poets; such a scene of courtship, or invocation as you call it. *Say, O Thalia*, cries the bard; and then he scratches his head; and then, *Say, O Thalia*, again; and repeated it a hundred times over; but the devil a word would she say.

Apol. She's a humoursome little jade, and if she takes it into her head to hold her tongue, not all the poets on earth can open her lips.

Jup. I wish Juno had some of her frolicks, with all my heart.

Merc. No, my mother-in-law is of a humour quite contrary——

Jup. Ay; for which reason I intend to make an elopement from her, and pay a short visit to our friends on earth. Son Mercury, you shall go along with me.

Merc. Sir, I am at your disposal: but pray what is the reason of this visit?

Jup. Partly my wife's temper and partly some informations I have lately received of the prodigious virtue of mankind; which, if I find as great

as represented, I believe I shall leave Madam Juno for good-and-all, and live entirely amongst men.

Merc. I shall be glad to be introduced by you into the company of these virtuous men; for I am quite weary of the little rogues you put me at the head of. The last time I was on the earth, I believe I had three sets of my acquaintance hang'd in one year's revolution, and not one man of any reputable condition among them; there were indeed one or two condemned, but, I don't know how, they were found to be honest at last. And I must tell you, Sir, I will be God of rogues no longer, if you suffer it to be an established maxim, that no rich man can be a rogue.

Jup. We'll talk of that hereafter. I'll now go put on my travelling clothes, order my charger, and be ready for you in half an hour.

SCENE IV.

APOLLO, MERCURY.

Merc. Do you know the true reason of this expedition?

Apol. The great virtue of mankind, he tells us.

Merc. The little virtue of womankind rather ——Do you know him no better, than to think he would budge a step after human virtue; besides, where the devil should he find it, if he would?

Apol. You have not read the late dedications of my votaries.

Merc. Of my votaries, you mean: I hope you will not dispute my title to the dedications, as the god of thieves. You make no distinction, I hope, between robbing with a pistol and with a pen.

Apol. My votaries robbers! Mr. Mercury?

Merc. Yes, Mr. Apollo; did not my Lord Chancellor Midas decree me the lawyers for the same reason. Would not he be a rogue who should take a man's money for persuading him he was a lord or a baronet, when he knew he was no such thing? Is he not equally such, who picks his pocket by heaping virtues on him which he knows he has no title to? These fellows prevent the very use of praise, which, while only the reward of virtue, will always invite men to it; but when it is to be bought, will be despised by the true deserving, equally with a ribbon or a feather, which may be bought by any one in a milliner's or a minister's shop.

Apol. Very well! at this rate you will rob me of all my panegyrical writers.

Merc. Ay, and of your satirical writers too, at least a great many of 'em; for unjust satire is as bad as unjust panegyric.

Apol. If it is unjust indeed——But, Sir, I hope you have no claim to my writers of plays, poems which have neither satire nor panegyric in 'em.

Merc. Yes, Sir, to all who are thieves, and steal from one another.

Apol. Methinks, Sir, you should not reflect thus on wits to me, who am the god of wit.

Merc. Heyday, Sir, nor you on thieves, to me who am the god of thieves. We have no such reason to quarrel about our votaries, they are much of the same kind; for as it is a proverb, That all poets are poor; so it is a maxim, That all poor men are rogues.

Apol. Sir, Sir, I have men of quality that write.

Merc. Yes, Sir, and I have men of quality that rob; but neither are the one poets, or the other rogues; for as the one can write without wit, so

can the other rob without roguery. They call it privilege, I think: Jupiter I suppose gave it them: and instead of quarrelling with one another, I think it would be wiser in us to unite in a petition to my father, that he would revoke it, and put them on a footing with our other votaries.

Apol. It is in vain to petition him any thing against mankind at present, he is in such good humour with them; if they should sour his temper, at his return perhaps he may be willing to do us justice.

Merc. It shall not be my fault if he is not in a worse humour with them; at least I will take care he shall not be deceived; and that might happen; for men are such hypocrites, that the greatest part deceive even themselves, and are much worse than they think themselves to be.

Apol. And Jupiter, you know, though he is the greatest, is far from being the wisest of the gods.

Merc. His own honesty makes him the less suspicious of others; for except in regard to women, he is as honest a fellow as any deity in all the Elysian Fields; but I shall make him wait for me —Dear Mr. Apollo, I am your humble servant.

Apol. My dear Mercury, a good journey to you; at your return, I shall be glad to drink a bottle of nectar with you.

Merc. I shall be proud to kiss your hands.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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